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TURNER'S
ANNUAL TOUR.
1835.



Turner's Annual Tour.
1835.

LONDON, PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETOR, BY
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WANDERINGS BY THE SEINE,

FROM ROUEN TO THE SOURCE.

BY

LEITCH RITCHIE, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF

HEATH'S PICTURESQUE ANNUAL, SCHINDERHANNES, ROMANCE
OF FRENCH HISTORY, &c.

WITH

TWENTY ENGRAVINGS

From Drawings

BY

J. M. W. TURNER, ESQ. R.A.

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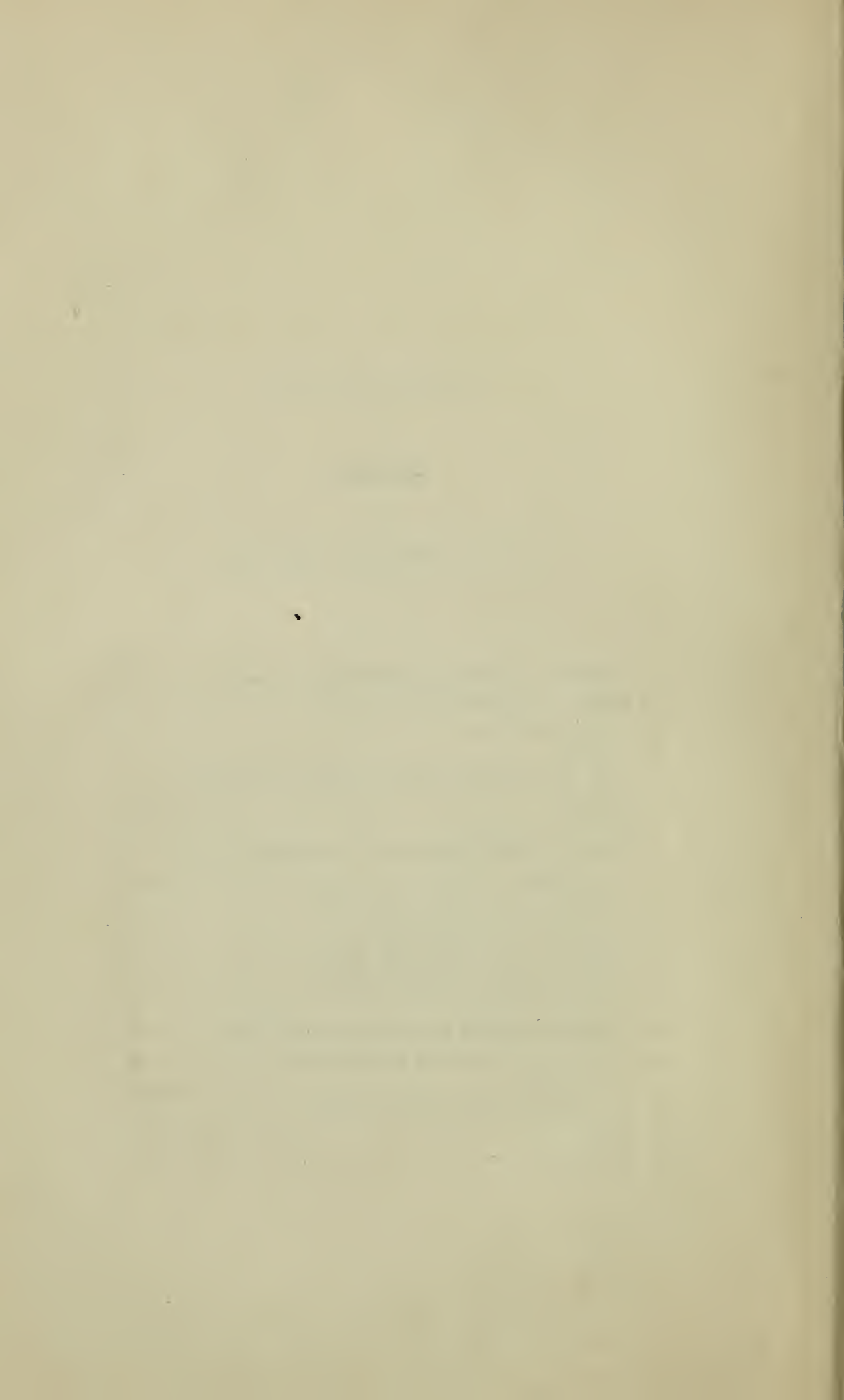
FROM

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WANDERINGS BY THE SEINE.

CHAPTER I.

THE VALLEY OF ANDELI.

FOR a short period in summer, it is possible to travel from Rouen to Paris by a passage steam-boat on the Seine: the voyage, however, is long, and not always pleasant. Our eyes, accustomed to the magnificent panorama presented by the lower part of the river, become discontented even with beauty itself; the towns, villages, and castles, flit past us like shadows, and carry away with them, like shadows, their historical associations; till, by the time we reach our destination, we heartily regret having forsaken the moral world of the past and present, for the cold, dead face of external nature.

For our part, we hate to be stuck, like one of its masts, in a river-boat, and with no greater faculty of volition. Give us the firm land for our wandering foot, and let us feel that we are free denizens of the earth! Give us the rock for our seat, the forest for our shade, the mountain-top for our temple, the city for our theatre—where we may laugh and weep, when we are i' the vein, at the tragi-comedy of life! But, above

all, let change be at our command ; and let us feel, in gazing at rock, forest, mountain, or city, that wherever our fancy leads us,

“ We have the passion and the power to roam ! ”

At sea, the case is different. There, indeed, the traveller is still more a captive than on a river ; and the jailer-waves fling their spray in his face, while the insulting winds shout wildly in his ear. The effect, however, is forgotten in the magnitude of the cause ; or rather, his sense of helplessness is so profound, as to amalgamate, if the expression is intelligible, with the things which produce it. All is sublimity around and within ; and the feeble object of destiny claims kindred with its elemental agents.

In a carriage—the meanest, most commonplace, and unsatisfactory, of all the modes of journeying—if not occupied with our fellow-travellers, we are sensible of little more than the circumstance of progression. We have a goal before us ; and how to get there most quickly and easily is the grand question. The English love of rapid travelling is one of the most rational, as it certainly is one of the most powerful, of the national tastes ; and at this moment, when the horses have broken for the first time into a canter, (perhaps we omitted to say that we mounted the diligence at Rouen), we recognise a countryman by the gleam of intelligence which rises into his eyes. The man has not uttered a word, nor moved a muscle, since we left the Norman capital. Can it be that we are mistaken ? No ; he has just leant out of the window, in the ful-

ness of his heart, and shouted, in his own language, to the postilion—"Go it, my boy—that's your sort!"

We are confident that the French will "go it," one day. Already they begin to renew the paint of their diligences, and to scrape, if not absolutely wash, their harness. This looks well; and the lesson lately given by Louis-Philippe will, in all probability, induce them, in the course of a few years, to improve the form of their vehicles. In the mean time, the purchase made by the king, of an English carriage, has given great offence to his coach-building subjects!

The French, in fact, are in a very singular and interesting position. They seem to have overleaped, by their own resistless energy, most of the minuter landmarks which point the upward march of civilisation; and, standing on the height they now occupy, acknowledging no superior on earth, they very naturally suppose themselves to possess all the attributes, great and small, peculiar to their station. Learned, however, as they may be in political philosophy, they are yet ignorant of many of the arts and comforts of social life. Climbing with seven-league boots the loftiest heights of national greatness, their diligences, *par exemple*, dodge after them at the rate of four miles an hour!

There are some people who take a pleasure in contemplating corn-fields and apple-trees; but our countryman, apparently, did not belong to the number. There was absolutely nothing else to be seen on the route, which, to be more explicit, lay on the right bank of the river. The trees were not disposed in orchards,

but stood singly here and there, giving a still more dreary uniformity to the sea of corn around us. The apple-tree, besides, is one of the least picturesque and poetical in nature; and in this part of the country more especially, its straight, thick trunk, generally inclined to one side, and surmounted by an immense circular *wig* of branches and leaves, has a most awkward and ungraceful effect.

The ground at length sunk, almost suddenly, and the whole character of the view was changed, like the shifting of the scenes in a theatre, where there is no law of approximation or analogy to be preserved. Stretching to the right and left, a deep and beautiful valley lay before us, the opposite side of which was so steep, that the road, after traversing the bottom, was carried up to the level of the earth by means of successive terraces. In the middle, a village, sequestered in a grove of poplars, had a charming effect; and the fields surrounding it, of different shades of green, embroidered with those gorgeous flowers—red, blue, and white—which the unpoetical farmer calls weeds, gave an extraordinary richness to the landscape.

In ascending the terrace-roads on the opposite side, this agreeable scene assumed a new phasis at every turning; till, at last, line by line, the verdant fields, the poplar grove, the sequestered village, the whole valley itself, were effaced from the picture, and we found ourselves, as before, wandering in a uniform track of abundance and fertility. The level of the soil, however, was changed. We could now see so far on either side, that it appeared as if the view terminated

only with the powers of vision ; the fields and apple-trees extended to the utmost verge of the far horizon, and the very vastness of the monotony redeemed it from dreariness.

By and by, another change, similar to the former, took place, and we plunged anew into a deep and beautiful valley. This, however, appeared to be the term of our wanderings in the same direction. Instead of ascending the opposite side, we traversed the gorge towards its opening. We were in the vale of Andeli, once the grand avenue from France into Normandy, when the kings of England held sway in this famous duchy.

The town of Grand Andeli, a small, antique-looking place, is situated at the inner end of this avenue, at the foot of some steep and stony hills, and about a mile from the Seine, which shuts in the entrance of the valley. It originated in a convent of nuns, built there in the year 511 by Saint Clotilde, the wife of Clovis, which became so celebrated that Bede classes it with the famous abbeys of Chelles and Faremoutier. During the first race of the Gallic kings it continued to flourish, being a favourite place of education for the high-born damsels of England ; and in 884 it still subsisted, although greatly shorn of its beams by the piratical tribes of the north, who honoured the shrine with a visit on their way to the siege of Paris.

That this Saint Clotilde was the foundress of the church is certain ; for, by the same token, when the workmen one day were hot, weary, and athirst, she conferred upon a well in the vicinity, for their exclusive

benefit, the taste and strength of wine. The miracle is commemorated to this day by a ceremony which takes place on the second of June. The image of the saint is carried in procession to the fountain, which bears her name, and, together with some relics of her body, ducked in the water, the curé at the same time pouring several quarts of wine into the well. This is no sooner over, than the halt, the maimed, the blind, the sick, the miserable of all sorts, ages, and sexes, rush headlong to the spot, and in an instant are floundering, topsyturvy, in the consecrated stream. Even little children—born perhaps the same hour—the weak, the delicate, and the dying, are plunged into this holy fountain, whose hard and cold waters, it is said, are sometimes found, in such cases, to be an elixir of life—immortal.

At the beginning of the twelfth century, Andeli seems to have been a place of considerable importance, and fortified by walls. It was then, with the rest of the Norman Vexin, in the hands of our Henry I., a cruel and politic prince, who shut up one of his brothers in a dungeon for life, mounted the throne of the other, and even cut off his own beautiful hair, for the sake of his interest. It is true that, before making this last sacrifice, his vanity held out for more than eight years. Henry was a handsome, noble-looking man; and above all things his flowing locks were admired by the Norman women. When the Council of Rouen, therefore, declared the sinfulness of wearing long hair, he only smiled; when it interdicted such sinner from entering a place of worship, he only tossed his head; when it

forbade prayers to be said by the faithful for the unhappy soul, he only combed his hair, and allowed it to flourish on.

This was in the year 1096; but in 1104 his circumstances appear to have been somewhat different. At the latter date, Serlon, bishop of Sééz, preaching before him at Carentan, held forth with extraordinary vehemence against the exceeding sinfulness of Henry's sin. He had not, indeed, the indelicacy to allude to his crimes of ambition and blood; but he denounced the vengeance of Heaven against those lost and infatuated beings who wore long hair. The king and his whole court immediately caused their heads to be shorn to the very scalp. Perhaps the king found it his interest to be pious; perhaps he was struck with late remorse for his enormity; perhaps the hair had begun to turn grey.

Neither Henry's personal heroism, nor that of his rival, Louis, was exhibited to much advantage in a meeting which took place betwixt them near Gisors, a frontier strength, similar to Andeli, in the hands of the English prince. The two armies met at the Epte, with only a narrow and tottering bridge between them, which it was almost dangerous for a heavily armed warrior to cross even without hostile purpose. They both halted, eyeing one another attentively, and each expecting the other to begin the fray, when, in the midst of the pause, a private soldier stepped out from the ranks, and cried with a loud voice —

“ Let the two kings fight it out themselves on the tottering bridge : the affair is their own ! ”

It may be imagined what a poser this was, in an age when such a proposal was perfectly in rule, and when neither king nor commoner could absolutely decline it without infamy. The royal champions on this occasion did not fight, but they talked a great deal; and at last—since neither could, for shame's sake, give the order for the armies to engage—a kind of chance-medley fray was got up, in which the French had the advantage.

Although the domain of Andeli was under the government of Henry, it belonged to the church of Rouen; and one year (1119), the governor, Ascelin, not having paid his personal dues, the archbishop took possession of the lands without ceremony. Ascelin, dreading, perhaps, that the vengeance of Henry might be turned against himself for this insult, immediately flew, in a transport of rage and fear, to the French king, and offered to deliver the place into his hands. Louis accordingly sent some men-at-arms with him, whom he introduced into the town. The next day the enemy's army was seen before the place, and the bourgeois ran in consternation to the château, which, however, was entered at the same time by the French men-at-arms. A fierce struggle then took place; but the garrison were unable to contend against treachery and open force at the same time. The place was captured; and it is a trait in the manners of the age worth notice, that the principal officers, having taken refuge in the church of Notre Dame, after being driven from the château, were spared by the conqueror, and allowed to retire unmolested, out of respect to their place of sanctuary.

Louis, eager to follow up his success, appeared suddenly before Henry, who was then at Nojeon-sur-Andelle, employed, as historians tell us, in gathering in the harvest; and the latter, nothing loath to meet his enemy, led his forces into the plains of Brenneville, where these two powerful kings engaged in a bloody and gallant fight, with from four to five hundred men each. Here was no "tottering bridge" to give them pause. The plain was as pretty a piece of *terra firma* as heart could wish; and, accordingly, the rival princes, who had been satisfied with bawling to one another across the Epte, came to close quarters. They fought as furiously as any soldier on the field. Henry had his casque cloven by Guillaume Crespin, the ancestor of a powerful family; but, in return, the king clove casque and skull together. The French at length gave way; the standard was captured; and Louis himself was in the grasp of an English soldier.

"The king is taken!" shouted the victor, overjoyed at the value of his prize.

"Rascal!" cried the monarch, writhing himself up against his captor, and at the same instant splitting his head with his battle-axe; "get thee to hell with thy boast! At chess the king is never taken!" He then darted into the neighbouring forest, and reached Andeli in safety. Still another trait of the times: the day after the battle, Henry returned his rival's horse, accoutred as it had been taken on the field.

We are indebted to M. Achille Deville for a striking and perhaps new remark, that the feudal system imposed upon kings the necessity of appearing in person

at the head of their armies. The feudal retainers were bound to follow to the wars the banner of their suzerain; and this banner could not be displayed, except in cases of captivity or other remarkable exigencies, unless the suzerain was present in person. It is to be observed, that this extraordinary *régime* extended, without the smallest modification, from the pettiest chief up to the prince himself; and thus the latter, who was the suzerain of the great barons holding of the crown direct, was obliged to raise his own standard in order to insure the attendance of his vassal-lords.

Andeli, soon after the conflict noticed above, was given up by treaty, and in 1161 retaken and burnt by Louis. It is needless to pursue its history further; for the construction, towards the close of the century, of the Château Gaillard at the mouth of the valley, and the consequent erection, by the side of the fortress, of Petit Andeli, relieved the former town altogether from the dangerous character of a frontier strength.

The church has a very venerable appearance; and the stained glass of the windows is said by connoisseurs to be remarkably fine. There is little appearance, however, of opulence in the houses; and the principal inn is one of the most primitive in this part of the country. We had the pleasure of meeting there with an elderly lady, somewhat turned of fourscore, who was one of the liveliest, pleasantest, and most coquettish persons we have ever seen. Conscious that she *looked* her age to the last year, she was only anxious to do away with any unfavourable impression the circumstance might produce; and at last she fairly jumped from her seat,

and executed what was formerly called a high dance, with as much grace and agility as could possibly be exhibited by a damsel of sixteen.

In the room there was also an old captain of cavalry, who told us, with a manly and beautiful pride, that, half a century before, he had left that neighbourhood, a little, wooden-shod, peasant boy. Since then he had followed the glorious standard of his country over half the world; and was now retired, irrecoverably lame, it was true, but strong and healthy, and able to cultivate his little garden with his own hands, and rich enough to treat a friend with a bottle of capital wine. The last-mentioned fact he offered to prove to us, if we would walk with him to his cottage — asserting, as a further inducement, that the English were *braves gens*, that he had known them well both in peace and war, and had always found them to be true friends, and stern and terrible enemies.

CHAPTER II.

GREAT MEN OF THE VALLEY.

ANDELI and its neighbourhood have given birth to many persons still more remarkable than our veteran capitaine, and the graceful and coquettish octogenaire. Among the first of these (chronologically speaking) is Henri of Andeli, a successor, it is true, of the trou-verres of Provence and Languedoc, but still a Norman poet of considerable grace and originality. In the latter part of the tenth century, he sung the wines of France in pretty nearly the same manner as Rhedi celebrated those of Italy. The Italian poet has found, in our own day, a congenial translator, (though, alas, no great wine-drinker!) in the amiable and gifted Leigh Hunt; but the verses of Henri, we fear, are destined to remain for ever in their native French.

The plot of the poem is simple, and to the purpose. The couriers of Philippe-Auguste, a sensible prince, who, as the minstrel tells us,

“ Volontiers mouillait sa pipe
Du bon vin qui était du blanc,”

are despatched throughout the kingdom in search of the best wines. The whole are described *seriatim*; and,

in conclusion, an *English* priest is introduced, who excommunicates the bad brewings, and solemnly interdicts the king from drinking any but the best. The respectable ecclesiastic, however — zealous in good works—had of course found himself under the necessity of tasting the whole of the samples, in order to avoid countenancing injustice; and the consequence was, that the world was deprived of his services for three days and three nights thereafter, during which space he remained in a profound sleep. The moral of the poem is this:—

“ Prenons tel vin que Dieu nous donne; ”

which means, in plain English—If we cannot get the best wine to drink, let us drink the best wine we can get.

The “ *Lai d’Aristote* ” of Henri is a love-poem; more elegant, more poetical than the former, and yet fully equal to it in real orthodox good sense. The philosopher had been foolish enough to find fault with Alexander for loving too much; and the mistress of the conqueror determined to prove to this wonderful sage that he was a goose. Concealing her lover near the place, and within sight of the scene intended for him, she approached the window of Aristotle, and began to sing:—

“ Or la voi, la voi, la voi,
 La fontaine i sort serie,
 Or la voi, la voi m’amie,
 El glaiolai dessous l’aulnoi; ”

Or la voi, la voi, la belle
Blonde, or la voi.”*

The sage, enchanted with this siren voice, looked out of his window, and beheld with profound emotion a most beautiful girl, apparently unconscious of the gaze of naughty man, moving to and fro with all that free grace of nature which is the perfection of art. She at length passed close by the window, with her hands extended behind her back. This was too much for philosophy. Aristotle seized her by the insidious finger, and sung more sweetly than any frog:—

“ Ci me retient amorettes ;
Douce, trop vous aim ;
Ci me retient amorettes,
Où je tiens ma main.”

The fair vision, first with a half scream, then with a sunny smile, then with a bashful sigh, looked up in the face of the sage. He entreated her to enter, swearing all the perjuries usual on such occasions ; and the damsel appeared to want only an excuse to yield. She

* In some editions, a prettier, or at least more significant song is substituted :—

“ Enfant j’étais et jeunette,
Quand à l’école on me mit ;
Mais là onc rien m’appris
Hors un seul mot d’amorette ;
Et nuit et jour je répète
Depuis qu’ai un bel ami.”

In the “ Voyages Pittoresques dans l’Ancienne France,” the third line of the above is quoted thus :—

“ Mais là je n’ai rien appris.”

was not to be won, however, with mere breath ; it was requisite that her lover should give some proof of the reality of his devotion ; and she at length ventured to mention to him, gently and sighingly, a longing which for some time past had haunted her innocent heart like a passion. This was nothing less than to mount the philosopher with saddle and bridle, and thus have the glory of riding the noblest courser in the world !

What was he to do ? A sage to turn himself into a beast ! That mouth which had uttered so many golden sentences, to champ rusty iron ! And yet how sweet a burden ! Could it be dishonourable even for a back like his to carry such baggage ? Aristotle looked, hesitated, melted ; then sprang out of the window like a horse overleaping a five-bar gate. In an instant he was on all-fours, saddled, bridled, and mounted ; and, in another instant, compelled by whip and spur, he was scouring through the garden, — Alexander, (who had emerged from his hiding-place), laughing ready to die ; and the malicious damsel skirling in his ear,

“ Ainsi va qui à mors mène
 Pucelle plus blanche que laine ;
 Maître Musars me soutient.
 Ainsi va qui à mors mène,
 Et ainsi qui le maintient.”

Love being thus revenged, and the blushing and panting philosopher acknowledging its power, the poem concludes with a sentiment which, even in the days of Aristotle, might have been ranked as a truism :—

“ Qu’amour vaine tout et tout vaincra
 Tant com’ li siècles durera.”

In one of the huts of a hamlet near Andeli, there was born, on the fifteenth of June, 1593, a child who received the baptismal name of Nicolas. This child was accustomed to look into the workshop of a painter called Varin, who lived in the neighbourhood; and, by degrees, the love of painting possessed itself of his whole heart. This was a bad business for one in his station; but young Nicolas would paint. When he grew a great lad, he went to Paris, that he might have the pleasure of looking at better pictures than those of his friend Varin; and there he saw some engravings from Raphael, which he copied with much delight and infinite exactness.

A gentleman from the provinces, an admirer of the arts, took great notice of the friendless youth, encouraging him to go on in his vocation; and when he returned to his home in Poitou, he carried the young painter with him. But this gentleman's mother knew nothing about the fine arts, and wondered how people could think of eating who could do nothing but paint. Nicolas was hurt by her manner: he bade his friend adieu; and turned his face again towards Paris.

He had no money to pay his way, but he had now learned to paint. He could paint any thing. He painted saints, as he went along, for a capuchin church, and Bacchantes for a château; and so he wrought his way to Paris. But his hopes had fallen: he felt within him the same stirrings of genius as heretofore; but he had seen the world, and found that there was no place for him. His heart grew sick—his health declined—and he went back to Andeli.

There was one great, absorbing idea, that filled the dreams of his sick-bed. This was Rome. Every lingering desire of his mind fastened upon this "city of the soul," with all the fondness and intensity of youthful love. If he could but see Rome! It was impossible to die without seeing Rome! The thought was worth the whole pharmacopœia of the faculty. He got better; he set out for Rome: but neither industry nor genius could carry him beyond Florence. He returned to Paris, and there met with a patron who encouraged him once more to take the journey to Italy. In the thirtieth year of his age, and the sixteen hundred and twenty-fourth of the era, he arrived at Rome.

Here Nicolas lived for a long time, miserably poor, but supremely happy; starving his body, and banqueting his mind. He fell in with a sculptor called François Flamand, whose circumstances were similar to his own, and these two lived and laboured in a corner together, surrounded by the dreams and monuments of genius, and stealing out, every now and then, to sell their works for any pittance that ignorance would bid or avarice afford. But the pictures of Nicolas at length began to attract attention; and the humble artist was drawn from his solitude. This change of fortune went on; for although poverty or envy may retard the rise of genius for a time, when once risen, any attempt to repress it, however powerful, is like opposing a tempest with a fan. Every tongue was now busy with the new painter's name; every eye was fixed upon his face, or his works; all Rome was shaken with his fame.

This was soon told at Paris ; and he who, on former occasions, had travelled thither a lonely, friendless, half-starving youth, was led to the capital of France in triumph, and overwhelmed by Cardinal Richelieu and the king with honours and distinctions. After the minister's death he returned to Rome, and died there in the seventy-first year of his age, leaving the illustrious name of Nicolas Poussin a rich and glorious legacy to his country.

We remember reading, when a boy, an immense folio romance, called “ Pharamond, or the History of France ;” and when we saw, at Andeli, the place where the author lived in retirement, it had the air, to us, of classic ground. Gautier de Costes, the lord of Calprenède, lies buried beneath his own abundance. Would it be worth while for any inhabitant of Grub Street (we beg pardon, of Milton Street*), to abridge *Silvandre*, or *Cassandre*, or *Cléopâtre*, or *Pharamond*, and thus afford us a specimen of the fictions which delighted our great grandames of the seventeenth century ? The style of Calprenède, Madame Sevigné allows, is “ *maudit*” and “ *détestable*” — “ *et cependant je ne laisse pas de m’y prendre comme à de la glu. La beauté des sentimens, la violence des passions, la grandeur des événemens, et le succès miraculeux de leurs redoutables épées, tout cela m’entraîne comme une petite fille.*” Calprenède died at Andeli in 1663 ; and such was his reputation, that the news of his death no

* The base wretches who have dared to *transmogrify*, in this manner, the venerable name of Grub Street, deserve to be nailed by their long ears to one of its garrets.

sooner reached Paris, than an eminent bookseller took post-horses and rushed down to the Vexin to collect his manuscripts.

Andeli had also the honour of receiving the last sighs of the Pantagruel of Rabelais—Antoine de Bourbon, king of Navarre, who was mortally wounded, while little thinking about the matter, at the siege of Rouen. This prince seemed to be born for the sole purpose of making the world laugh. The manner of his death was as absurd as can well be imagined, and it is impossible to read his epitaph without a smile. Unfortunately, the verses are a little too coarse for that portion of our readers whose smiles we are the most ambitious of obtaining.

Leaving Grand Andeli, we walked down to the entrance of the valley, which is closed by the town of Petit Andeli and the Seine. This little place is only remarkable by its situation, which we shall notice presently, and by an hospital, attended by the Sisters of Charity, which is perhaps the largest and finest that any town of its size in Europe can boast. It was founded in the latter part of the last century, by the Duke de Penthièvre, who endowed it with a yearly rental of twelve thousand francs, which it still enjoys.

About the period of this foundation, a native of Petit Andeli began to be famous in the neighbourhood for contriving spring-guns, by means of which such rats as thought proper had an opportunity of killing themselves unawares. He was the son of very indigent parents, and, having nothing better to do, had spun cotton with them from his childhood. At last he got

married to a girl as pennyless as himself, and not very good-looking, nor very witty—for what can a poor devil expect? And then a child came popping in upon him every year, till his brain whirled round at such a rate, that all the lurking ideas were stirred up from the bottom, and came dancing to the surface. It was then he began to make the rats demolish themselves; then he built a carriage which could go alone without horses; and then he contrived a machine to make the water of the Seine play upon the naked rocks two hundred feet above the level of the town. All was unavailing. The stupid Andelians did not think the rats worth powder and shot; the self-moving vehicle was of no use in their agricultural affairs; and as for the rocks, they were watered well enough with the rain of heaven.

Blanchard—for that was the poor man's name—was in despair; when just then he heard that Montgolfier had made public his invention of the balloon at Paris. This was a terrible blow to our self-taught contriver; for he had long ago hit upon the idea of this aërial vessel himself, and only delayed announcing it to the world till he should fall upon some means of navigating his balloon through the air.

What was the origin of Blanchard's idea, it is hard to say. As for Montgolfier, he was one day boiling his own coffee, and chancing to cover the pot, when the liquid was in a state of ebullition, with a conical piece of paper, the hollow lid was carried up, and supported in the air, by the force of the steam. This was the simple fact from which his system proceeded. He

immediately constructed a car of painted cloth, above which he attached an immense globe of oiled taffeta, communicating with a chafing dish below the car. After a few experiments, he seated himself in the car, with a courage which was nothing less than sublime, and then set fire to the substance in the chafing-dish. As the vapour ascended into the globe of taffeta, it became gradually distended, and at length, rising from the earth, the whole machine soared up into the clouds.

Blanchard's mortification at the success of his rival was somewhat alleviated by the consideration, that this success was only of a partial nature. Montgolfier, it was true, had ascended into the air; but any body could do that. The question was, how to navigate the balloon like a ship? This idea, certain authors tell us, was the consequence of his want of education, which prevented him from recognising the difference in the nature of the two elements of air and water. For our part, we humbly opine, that the analogy between these two elements is much more strict than such writers suppose. The difference, as regards balloons, does not lie in the circumstance of currents and counter-currents being peculiar to air; for, in fact, they are common, in a greater or less degree, to both; but it consists in the ship being propelled on the surface of the sea, while the air-vessel is liable to the varying tides of the whole body of the atmosphere. Whether the secret of air-navigation will ever be discovered, or whether there be such a secret at all, we cannot say; but no person, it is to be presumed, who has lived in the nineteenth

century will venture to say that *any thing* is impossible.

Blanchard, however, contrived to get to Paris with his *vaisseau volant*, and made as much clamour as he could about his right to the invention. The thing was new in those days, and surrounded with a mystery similar to that which once enveloped the philosopher's stone and the *elixir vitæ*. All the world, therefore, listened to him; and when he appointed a day in the month of November 1783 for his first ascent, all the world ran eagerly to gaze on the spectacle. Every thing was ready; the public expectation was at its height, when, suddenly, a youth of fourteen or fifteen years of age, a pupil of the military school, rushed through the crowd, and leaped into the car.

The haste of the intruder was fatal to the experiment; for he broke one of the wings by means of which the balloon was to have been navigated, and the expedition was at an end. The name of this young enthusiast was Napoleon Buonaparte. His subsequent attempts to soar were more successful; but his fate was very different from that of the aëronaut. Blanchard ascended seventy times, and died victorious — “the idol,” as an awkward fool of a poet has said, “and Archimedes of the French.” Napoleon took one flight too many, and fell — to rise no more!

Blanchard repaired his *vaisseau volant*, and, three months afterwards, ascended from the Champ de Mars, in the midst of an immense concourse of spectators. Soon after, he crossed the Channel in his balloon, and arrived in England. He then recrossed it, and returned

safely to France. This was the merit of his fortune, and of the winds, for he never could find out how to direct his aërial vessel. Nevertheless, he was a brave and illustrious man ; riches and honours were showered upon him wherever he went ; and when, at last, the poor cotton-twister — the despised rat-trapper — the famished GENIUS — (for this is the climax of ridicule and contempt !) — returned to his native place, the bells were rung, and he was led in triumphant procession through the streets. Great God, what a moment was that ! What insignificant creatures must the princes of the earth have appeared that day in the eyes of Blanchard !

CHAPTER III.

CASTLE INSOLENT.

THE Norman conquest of England had the effect of placing France in a very extraordinary and critical position. The latter country, in fact, was at one time almost surrounded, except on the Rhineward side, by the dependencies of the new power; while Normandy, divided only by a narrow channel from the seat of empire, served as a *point d'appui* for the continental enemies of France. Normandy was the key to the English possessions on the mainland of Europe; it was therefore an object of intense interest to the French kings; and, more especially, its frontier line towards France was watched with all the feverish pertinacity of terror, jealousy, and inextinguishable hate.

In this state of affairs it is difficult to imagine how so politic a prince as Philippe-Auguste allowed himself to give up, as the dowry of his sister Alix, whom he married to Richard Cœur de Lion, the strong fortress of Gisors, a place which seemed intended, both by nature and art, for one of the most important barriers of Normandy. At any rate, he was not slow in redeeming his false step. No sooner did the intelligence reach him that "the Lion was chained," than he mustered an army, and marched direct upon Gisors.

Here his policy stood him in more stead than his arms. He gained the governor, and entered the redoubted fortress without striking a blow. This barrier once cleared, all Normandy seemed on the point of falling into his power; but the gallant Earl of Leicester threw himself into Rouen, and made such a determined stand, that the French, setting fire to their machines of war, retired to seek an easier conquest. In the meantime a new piece of intelligence came, like a thunderbolt, upon Philippe-Auguste and his ally, John Sans-Terre, the unworthy brother of Richard — the Lion had broken his chain.

John Sans-Terre was at Evreux when the warning reached him from the King of France, to the effect, as an old chronicle relates, *ut ipsi sibi caveat, quia diabolus jam solutus erat*, “that he must take care of himself, for the devil was loose.” If we are to believe Guillaume-le-Breton, the caitiff no sooner received this intimation than he invited the French officers of the garrison to dinner, and cut their throats, in order to endeavour to appease his brother with the blood-offering! Both Richard and Philippe were horror-struck; and they took instant vengeance, in the manner of kings, which is to say, on the innocent. The latter burnt down the town which had been the scene of the frightful tragedy; and the former, while he pardoned the murderer, skinned his seneschal alive. The struggle now commenced in earnest.

There is no part of the bloody annals of the Middle Ages more filled with atrocities and horrors of all kinds than this; and as the cause is intimately connected, as

will presently be seen, with our immediate subject, the famous valley of Andeli, and, besides, very little, if at all, noticed in this effect by historians, we shall stop for an instant to explain it.

Previous to the epoch of which we treat, the national armies consisted exclusively of the various bands which followed their suzerain banner to the wars. This force was not required, by the feudal compact, to serve for more than a very short period, generally forty days; and it sometimes happened that the troops disbanded suddenly the moment this term of service expired, and left the king to finish his conquests with his own sword. This is the true reason why we find the history of so long a period presenting a chaos of struggles ending in nothing; and it was not till the twelfth century that the princes devised an expedient for releasing themselves, at least in some measure, from so awkward and dependent a situation.

This expedient was the obvious one of getting men to fight for *hire*; and the *solidati*, *soudarts*, *soldats*, soldiers, were simply persons who were *soldés* or *soudoyés*—*paid*. As yet, however, these bravos were by no means numerous, and their calling was far from being reputable.* At the end of the war they returned into the body of the people, without profession, without resources, without character. The consequence was,

* Some nations were too high-spirited to intrust the sacred duty of cutting throats to mercenary hands. Nearly four centuries after the date in the text, the bare mention of such a thing by Mary of Guise set the whole of the Scottish barons in a tumult.

that they betook themselves, almost of necessity, to their original and only trade of blood, and became, in the words of an excommunication fulminated against them and their protectors in 1179, by the third council of Latran, such terrific vagabonds “ut nec ecclesiis nec monasteriis deferant, nec viduis ac pupillis, non pueris aut senibus, non cuilibet parcant ætati aut sexui, sed more paganorum omnia perdant et vastant.” These wretches were at length hunted like wolves by the very princes who had made them what they were—and who were always ready, on the occasion of a new war, to open their ranks to them again.

The cause, then, of the atrocities which disgraced the wars of Philippe-Auguste and Cœur de Lion is apparent. The former was the first French prince who employed mercenary troops; and the latter, after in vain attempting—perhaps from the more generous leaning in his nature—to extend the term of feudal service from forty days to a year, had recourse to the same unhappy expedient. The desperadoes thus admitted into the body of the army were not only cruel themselves, but the cause of cruelty in others—they polluted the whole mass; and the character of the very chiefs themselves received, in all probability, some tinge of the contamination.

This system, it may be remarked in passing, contributed, in process of time, perhaps as much as any thing else, to the dissolution of the feudal *régime*. The whole army was at length composed of mercenaries; and these men, partaking in the general movement of civilisation, became gradually more human. A factitious

honour was industriously spread over the profession of arms, and this, by degrees became a real one; till, in our own day, we find the name of military officers and gentlemen nearly synonymous, and the *soldier* retaining little more than his original appellation to remind us that he is a hired trafficker in blood.

It happened, in the midst of this sanguinary war, that the English Lion was one day pacing to and fro on the summit of a ridge of rock which guards, like a tower, the mouth of the valley of Andeli on the south-east. The valley, as we have said, is shut in by the Seine, which here makes such a sweep as to form a perfect peninsula, known by the name of the Presqu'île de Bernieres. Looking upwards from the peninsula, the tower-like rock on your right hand is not greatly different, except by its immense height, from several others on the left; in fact, the valley looks like a sudden opening in the ground made by an earthquake. The rock, however, on which Richard stood is a giant compared to its comrades. It is three hundred feet above the level of the Seine, six hundred feet long, and two hundred broad. In many places it is almost perpendicular; in others indented with deep gorges; and behind, where alone it is accessible without extreme difficulty, it is connected with the hills which form the sides of the valley only by a narrow tongue of land.

From the summit of this rock Richard witnessed a conflict between the French and several thousand Welshmen whom he had brought with him from England, which took place in the valley below. The latter were beaten, and between two and three thousand slain.

The monarch, wild with fury, instantly commanded three prisoners to be brought to him, and, seizing them by the throat with his own hands, whirled them over the precipice. The miserable wretches, bounding from point to point of the jagged rock, reached the bottom mangled out of the human form —

“*Ossibus et nervis toto cum corpore fractis.*”

The reprisals of Philippe were not less terrible; but at length the excess of the horror alarmed the very actors themselves. All Christendom cried shame; Pope Celestine interceded and commanded; and, finally, on the field of Issoudun in Berry, when the two armies met for the wholesale slaughter promised by a general engagement, the gorged monarchs laid down their swords by mutual consent. Hitherto success had been pretty equally divided; but when it came to an affair of parchment, the superior tact of Philippe-Auguste was not slow in gaining the mastery. By the treaty of peace, Richard found himself deprived of Gisors and the Norman Vexin, while another article forbade him to fortify Andeli. The highway was therefore open from France into the heart of his dominions; and in any future dispute, Philippe, by means of a forced march, might appear, with the suddenness of an apparition, before the gates of Rouen.

Richard now remembered the rock of Andeli — its command of the navigation of the Seine — its all-important situation on the frontiers of Normandy — its natural form pointing it out as the seat of a fortress. Even the dreadful deed he had himself performed,

unworthy alike of a warrior and a man, perhaps rivetted his thoughts yet more closely upon the spot. The scent of blood was still in the nostrils of the Lion-King!

“*Andeliacum non poterit infortiari!*” So said the article. “Andeli *shall* be fortified!” So said, and swore, the impetuous prince. What cared he whether he or his rival were the first to break the treaty? In reality it was nothing more than a question of priority; for broken it would be by one of them—the war between France and Normandy being no affair of politics and tactics, but a war to the knife. Andeli, indeed, was the property of the Archbishop of Rouen; but this was a frivolous objection. Let the churchman growl, he could not bite; and if he could, Richard of the lion-heart feared not his teeth.

After this brief self-consultation, wall upon wall, fortification upon fortification, began to rise upon the rock of Andeli with the suddenness of magic. The first storm directed against the daring builder came from the church. The archbishop remonstrated, begged, menaced, but all in vain: at length the thunder burst—Normandy was put under interdict.

This was far from being an imaginary revenge. When the pious went into the temples, they found them deserted, except by devotees like themselves, clamorous for the bread of life, which was denied to their spiritual hunger. They saw the images of the saints covered with veils, which concealed salvation from their eyes. The statues of the blessed mother of God were laid prone upon the earth, surrounded by a hedge of thorns

impassable even by the soul of the excommunicated. The weight of sin lay blackening and burning upon the heart, for no priest would receive confession. There was neither marrying nor giving in marriage. The dying, unanointed, unaneled, passed away into outer darkness. The dead, without a coffin, without a grave, without a knell, without a prayer, lay rotting in the streets and public places of the towns. The bodies were forbidden to be buried, either on, or under, the earth; either in plaster, in wood, or in stone. They were expressly denied a resting-place even on the *trees* of the cemetery.

Matthew Paris, who affords a portion of this picture, says that Richard himself was in consternation. He sent ambassadors to Rome, and the cause was pleaded before the pope, which at length both parties gained. The king was permitted to fortify his own territories as he pleased; and the archbishop received in compensation several towns and estates many times the value of Andeli.

Richard, in the meantime, had shewn the same zeal in building as in pleading, and during the whole negotiation he did not relax his labours in the smallest degree. He superintended the work in person, according to William of Newbridge, urging and encouraging the men, and seeming to take an extreme pleasure in watching their progress. Nothing could stop his kingly ardour, his *regia animositas*, as the Chronicle of Normandy calls it, neither the remonstrances of man, nor the thunders of the church, nor the threatenings even of heaven itself. One day a shower of

blood, or, according to another authority, a *torrent* of blood (*pluit sanguis undatim*) descended upon him and his workmen ; but Cœur de Lion was unmoved. “ If an angel of God,” says William of Newbridge, “ had come down to persuade him to desist, he would have cursed him to his face.”

The result of this enthusiasm was the production of one of the most extraordinary specimens of military architecture in Europe ; for the following brief description of which we are in hopes of receiving the thanks of some of our readers. Our own inspection, although sufficiently minute, would perhaps have been very insufficient for this purpose, so complete is the ruin of the fortress ; but we are happily assisted by the researches of a much better observer, M. Achille Deville, whose “ *Histoire du Château Gaillard*” we look upon as one of the finest pieces of local history extant. Any one who glances, in the meantime, at the vignette at the commencement of this volume, representing the present aspect of the rock, with the church-spire of Petit-Andeli beyond, will be able to form a good idea of at least a portion of the localities.

Richard commenced his operations by erecting an octagonal fort on an island of the Seine opposite the town. This fort was flanked by towers, and protected by a ditch and a lofty palisade. The walls are still entire, except at the top, and traces of the ditch are still to be seen. He then carried a wooden bridge across from both sides ; thus connecting the island with the town and the great peninsula of the Seine before it. The town of Petit-Andeli, of which perhaps only the

rudiments then existed, now began to rise. It was protected by the river and fortified island before, by a lake behind, and at either side by a deep stream issuing from the lake, and discharging itself into the river.

The lake has now disappeared, either from natural causes, or dried up by the ingenuity of man. It lay between the two towns of Grand and Petit Andeli; and the road which runs along the meadow once filled by its waters is still called the *Chaussée*. Besides deepening the streams, which thus answered the purpose of ditches, Richard defended the town with a wall flanked with towers of wood and stone, furnished with parapets and loop-holes. He then continued the line of fortifications on the mountain-rock.

The rock, as we have said, was connected with the hills beyond only by a narrow tongue of land. Had it been possible to destroy this connexion, the fortress, perhaps, would have been impregnable till the invention of cannon; but Richard, unable to remove the only avenue existing, contented himself with deepening and rendering more frightful the gulfs which every where else isolated the rock from the rest of the earth. He then commenced his fortifications at the avenue.

The avant-corps was of a triangular form, the angles terminating in strong and lofty towers, and the sides defended by smaller towers. This inclosure was a hundred and forty feet long, and a hundred feet at the base of the triangle. The apex pointed to the avenue; and the tower at the extremity, being the head and front of the fortress, was constructed with extraordinary

care. The courtine walls,* as well as those of the towers, were from ten to fourteen feet thick. The whole triangle was surrounded by a ditch thirty feet wide at the bottom, dug in the solid rock. The counterscarp (or side of the ditch opposite the rampart) was perpendicular; but on the other side the rock sloped backward, and thus the fortress appeared rising from a depth of at least fifty feet in an attitude of extraordinary power and solidity.†

Opposite the base of the triangle, a rampart nearly corresponding with it in appearance, being strengthened at the angles with two large towers, commenced the second inclosure, which embraced the whole of the rest of the rock. Within this line John Sans-Terre afterwards built a strong edifice, containing a chapel and magazines; and here also was the well of the fortress, descending, it is said, to the level of the Seine.

Then came a ditch, dug in the living rock, nearly twenty feet wide; and within this, crowning the crest of the cliff, the ramparts of the citadel, resembling a multitude of round towers, with their segments connected together by a courtine wall of about two feet. This rampart was defended at the extreme point of the cliff by a tower and two bastions; and, being carried along the edge of the precipice, had no need of other defence. Within the inclosure was the dwelling-house

* The walls running from tower to tower.

† The ditch is still forty feet deep in one place, notwithstanding the fragments of the walls, which are heaped upon one another at the bottom.

of the governor, communicating with the external world by a staircase cut through the rock from its summit to its base. Here also the ruins of a series of crypts, or subterranean vaults, astonish the traveller. They follow the line of the rampart for about eighty feet, and were entered from the ditch of the citadel. The enormous pillars which support their vaulted roofs are fashioned with a care that is truly extraordinary; and their dark and narrow passages — never yet explored — excite the imagination to such a pitch that it willingly lends itself to the wildest traditions of the place.

But there was still another fortification — the Donjon Tower. This massive fort, the last retreat of the garrison, raised its walls (from twelve to twenty feet thick) on the loftiest pinnacle of the rock within the citadel, in two, or perhaps three stages. This was the heart of the mystery — the single spot round which so many defences of nature and art had been thrown; and it was in all probability standing on its ramparts, that the lion-hearted king uttered the exclamation of pride and delight — “*Qu'elle est belle ma fille d'un an !*”

To obtain even a faint idea of this remarkable place, it is necessary to pursue laboriously the traces of vanished towers, and even to conjecture, by analogy, the course of walls, the ruins of which are now entirely covered by the successive deposits of the soil. Standing on the loftier hill behind, the scene of mingled grandeur and desolation is inconceivably fine. It is from this point that Turner has taken his view.

The principal portion of the ruins in front consists of the walls of the citadel; and, within this circle, those of the donjon tower. On the right below is the town of Petit Andeli, and the course of the Seine; while on the left a similar sweep of the river assists in forming the peninsula of Bernieres.

The château was known at first merely by the name of the Rock of Andeli; although Richard and his brother, John Sans-Terre, sometimes called it in their charters, the New Château of the Rock, and the Beautiful Château of the Rock. Richard, however, had unwittingly given it a name which was destined to cling to it, and, in the course of time, to render the others obsolete. The first public deed in which it is mentioned as the *Château Gaillard*, M. Deville imagines to be one proceeding from Saint Louis, in 1270: but this cognomen, pertinaciously adhered to by the people, had long been recorded by the historians contemporary with the founder. The word had been caught from one of the exulting exclamations of Cœur de Lion as he contemplated the fierce, proud, daring beauty of his "daughter of a year:" "C'est un château gaillard!" cried he; and the name, repeated from soldier to soldier, from serf to serf, took inextricable hold of their memory. There is no corresponding word in English to this ("quod sonat in Gallico," as William the Breton tells us, "*petulentiam*"), but we come, perhaps, as near the meaning as may be, in naming the fortress, in our own language, CASTLE INSOLENT.



Drawn by J. M. W. Turner R.A.

Engraved by J. Smith

Chateau d'Hardard

Fin de l'Est.

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CHAPTER IV.

THE SIEGE.

THE erection of the Château Gaillard, in violation of the treaty of peace, was of course the occasion of a new war ; but Philippe-Auguste, contenting himself with stooping at meaner prey, took good care to keep far aloof from Castle Insolent. During the life of Richard, his “ daughter of a year ” never opened her gates to French soldiers, except when they were loaded with fetters ; but no sooner was the Lion of England chained once more, and for ever, by the hand of death, than the scene changed.

“ God hath visited his people of France ! ” cries the chaplain of Philippe, in a transport of joy,—“ King Richard is dead ! ”

“ Solvitur in mortem REX INVICTISSIMUS ! ” says the same author, of his dead enemy.

“ Statim eo mortuo,” writes William the Breton, unconscious of the burning satire, “ Philippus Magnanimus capit Eburovicum ” : “ Richard dead—Philippe the Magnanimous immediately takes Evreux ! ”

Philippe the Magnanimous soon after marched upon the Château Gaillard ; and his army was seen from the turrets covering the peninsula of Bernieres. John Sans-Terre, in the meantime, whose hand was more apt

at the use of the dagger than of the sword, not daring to shew himself in a fair field of war, left the result to fortune. The deserted garrison, therefore, had only their own resources to look to; while the most powerful army in Christendom was before their walls, led on in person by the most skilful stratagist of his age. Roger de Lacy, however, was the governor — the *magnanimus*, the *bellicosus*, the *audacissimus*, the *armipotens*, as he is called by contemporary historians; his comrades were a chosen band of the bravest knights of the time; and, confident in their own valour, and in the prestige which encompassed the towers of their lion-king, they saw,

“ With the stern joy which warriors feel,
In foemen worthy of their steel,”

the standards of the French army floating proudly over the plain below.

Philippe commenced operations by throwing a bridge of boats across the river, over which the greater part of his forces passed to the right bank, and pitched their tents under the walls of Petit Andeli. The rest, together with the machines of war, remained on the other side, in a camp defended by entrenchments; and it was owing, soon after, to these wise arrangements, as much as to good fortune, that the whole army was not cut off at a blow.

John Sans-Terre, waking from his lethargy, sent a strong force, under the Earl of Pembroke, to take advantage of the disunited state of the French army. They were to attack the peninsular camp by land;

while a numerous fleet, carrying upwards of three thousand men, commanded by the pirate Alanus, bore down upon the beleaguered island for the purpose of throwing in supplies. The approaches of Pembroke were to be made as stealthily as possible, and in the middle of the night; and he was strictly forbidden to commence the attack till the signal was given of the arrival of the fleet.

The English general was so far successful. He reached the confines of the enemy's camp without discovery; the night was intensely dark, and the autumnal wind, blowing in fitful gusts towards him, conveyed to his ear the sounds of the city of war, without carrying back the alarm in return. On the right, the towers of the Château Gaillard were hardly distinguishable from the black and heavy sky behind; before, a few flashing lights, spotting the gloom, pointed out the enemy's entrenchments, the beleaguered island, and the course of the Seine, with the camp beyond, spread under the walls of Petit Andeli. Between the entrenchments and the English forces some confused and heterogeneous sounds denoted the lair of that hyæna-crowd, who follow the footsteps of war to gorge upon the leavings of its prey.

Pembroke and his comrades had sufficient time to mark the details of this shadowy scene. Hour after hour passed away, and no signal from the river told of the arrival of their friends. The soldiers grew impatient; and more especially three companies among them of those terrible mercenaries whose trade was blood, could not be persuaded to forsake the scent of the

quarry. It was at last determined to wait no longer. Every trumpet in the host brayed forth its ominous voice at the same instant; a thousand war-cries rose simultaneously upon the night, and the English rushed, amidst the din, into the crowd of wretches sleeping like dogs before the entrenchments of the camp. The terrific noise that ensued of shrieks, curses, groans, and shouts, mingling with the ceaseless clang of the trumpet, struck the French with such astonishment and dismay, that, without thinking of defence, they fled in a body to the bridge of boats—which gave way under the tumultuous mass. This was the very consummation of the enemy's plan, and yet the enterprise failed.

The entrenchments of the camp, undefended though they were, were not easily surmounted in the midst of such confusion, and in utter darkness. The English, therefore, reached the flying foe only individually, or in small detached parties; the time lost by them was gained by the French; thousands of torches blazed up into the night, and seemed tens of thousands reflected in the dark mirror of the Seine. The nature and extent of the danger was thus discovered; the fugitives, ashamed of their terrors, turned to bay; while the bridge being promptly repaired, battalion after battalion pressed across the river to their support in a continuous flood. The English, in fine, were driven back, put to flight, and followed with great slaughter.

The defeat of the fleet, which arrived soon after, was as signal, and the scene still more picturesque; and, in consequence, the hideous Latin verses of the

author of the "Philippidos" rise, in the description, almost to poetry. Alain, detained by accidental circumstances, was yet unwilling to abandon the enterprise; uncertain as he was of the proceedings and fate of the land forces. He pressed steadily on; and even when, on nearer approach, he saw both banks of the river lined with enemies, and the bridge and its towers crowded with crossbow-men and engineers, he determined to attempt to execute his mission.

Keeping the middle of the stream, and thus in some measure safe from the deadly force of the stones and arrows showered upon him from either bank, he advanced to the bridge, and his two largest vessels grappled with the foundation-boats with singular audacity, while the rest crowded round to support them. Some of his comrades climbed up, and engaged their enemies sword in hand; others coolly set to work with the hatchet, hewing in pieces the ropes which connected the boats, and the cables which moored them; and, in the meantime, sustaining a frightful shower of heavy stones, logs of wood, masses of iron, globes of fire, and boiling oil and pitch. The gallant Anglo-Normans, notwithstanding their terrific reception, continued to keep hold of the bridge, which promised speedily to yield to their efforts: but, at length, the fall of an enormous log of oak upon the two leading vessels detached their fastenings; when the rest of the fleet, seeing them drift, took to their oars without waiting for another look, and, in an instant, the whole cortège was seen tumbling and whirling down the river.

It may be conceived that the garrison of the little

fortified island witnessed these events with profound interest. Their own time of trial was now come. The French troops on the bridge, and more particularly on its wooden towers, opened upon them so brisk a fire of stones, arrows, and other machines of war, that the place would, perhaps, have been taken at once, but for a strong palisade which ran round the walls and interrupted the missiles in their flight. This palisade, however, was set fire to by a daring swimmer; the flames caught the wooden work of the fort itself, and the defenders, after an attempt to escape, were under the necessity of surrendering. The fire used by the swimmer was conveyed in pots, covered in such a manner as to be impervious to the water. This fire was simply *braise ardente*, according to the translation of Guillaume Guiart,

“Cil mist brese ardent toute pure.”

M. Deville cannot easily conceive how “live coal,” could be carried for ten or fifteen minutes deprived of the air; but the substance, in our opinion, was turf, or perhaps wood, and either of them would remain a-light for that space of time if covered up with its ashes, and could then be easily blown into flame by the breath.

Philippe was now in full possession of the river; and the fears of the inhabitants of Petit Andeli soon delivered the town into his hands. They were seized, it seems, with a panic, on witnessing from their ramparts the fall of the island-fortress; and men, women, and children, to the number of sixteen or seventeen

hundred, fled up the steep to the Château Gaillard. They were received without scruple by the governor; and Philippe, astonished, no doubt, at the easiness of his conquest, quartered in the deserted town his mercenary troops, and called in from the neighbourhood a new population, willing to risk something for free houses and strong walls.

Still he seemed loath to commence the siege of the Château Gaillard. Tall, grim, and threatening, it appeared to look down upon him from its inaccessible rock with a frown of scorn and defiance. Philippe gazed and pondered; but though his eye kindled with wistfulness, his sword remained in the scabbard. He at length suddenly withdrew the greater part of his troops, to make easier conquests in the neighbourhood; and, having effected these, he returned as suddenly to gaze again upon the Château Gaillard.

During his brief absence, the chivalrous game had been going on which, in those days, made the space between a beleaguered castle and the enemy's line a field of honour and adventure. The French knights remaining in Petit Andeli could not scale the precipice to meet their antagonists in the stern lists of war; and, besides, there was no room upon the rock for a formal combat: the English, therefore, clambered down, day after day, to measure swords in the plain; and those who returned alive had no reason to complain of the lack either of courtesy or courage on the part of their hosts. The return of Philippe put an end to this species of amusement, so characteristic of the time; and the cautious prince, after much deliberation and many

circuits of observation round the fortress, at length fixed upon his plan of attack. He resolved to take the place neither by stratagem, nor escalade, nor open storm—but by hunger.

He began by drawing lines of circumvallation and countervallation round the fortress. A double ditch was dug in the mountain behind, and descended on one side to the Seine, and on the other to the lake of Petit Andeli. The lines were strengthened by fourteen wooden forts, garrisoned by the *élite* of his soldiers; while the rest of the army, extending from fort to fort, established themselves permanently on the spot, by building above their heads such rude dwellings as might be formed by branches of trees, turf, and thatch. The winter then set in; and Philippe-Auguste returned home, leaving his army thus encamped in blockade round the walls of the castle.

It was not without some inquietude that the governor, Roger de Lacy, saw from his ramparts the operations of the French. He now repented having received from Petit Andeli so many useless mouths, to devour the provisions which, soon or late, must come to an end; and, after the necessary calculations, he selected five hundred of both sexes, the oldest and feeblest, and sent them out of the gates. Nor did he reckon falsely on the courtesy or humanity of the French; for they permitted the helpless wretches to pass their lines unmolested. A second time, in renewed fears at the rapid consumption of his stores, he sent out the same number, and the ranks of the enemy once more opened at their approach. Upwards of four hundred of the inhabitants

of Petit Andeli still remained—men, women, and little children; and the governor, having ascertained that if delivered from the burden of their support, the fortress could stand a blockade of twelve months, turned them all out at once.

In the meantime, however, an order had been received from Philippe, bitterly reproaching his generals with their ill-timed humanity, and commanding that, for the future, neither man, woman, nor child, should be permitted to pass the line. The outcasts of the castle, therefore, who ran gaily towards the enemy's ranks—the young children screaming with delight at having escaped from prison, and the eyes of the women glistening as they looked towards the chimneys of their homes in the valley below—were received with a shower of arrows. Amazed and terrified, they flew back to the castle—but the gates were shut. The commands of the garrison to keep back were followed by threats, and then by stones and arrows; and the outcasts, rejected alike by friend and foe, retired to an equal distance between both, and sat down upon the cliff in their desolation and despair.

The night came down upon them dark, damp, and bitterly cold. Another—another—another! A week—a month—a quarter of a year! They burrowed in the interstices of the rock; they devoured the blades of vegetation; they dug up the roots and lichens with their long, lean fingers; they hunted the clammy worm into his winter retreat—and feasted. The lover was glad when his mistress died of want, for he inherited her clothes; the mother held the corpse of her

child to her shivering bosom only so long as some warmth remained.

At length the dogs of the garrison were turned out, not in mercy to the outcasts, but to save provisions. What a joy ! What a providence ! Hark to the halloo of the famished hunters ! Some throw themselves on their prey, and attempt to strangle him by main force. Miscalculating their strength, and received with howl for howl, they can only clasp the victim with a death-grip ; and, locked in the fatal embrace, tearing and torn, they roll over the rock, till dog and man are dashed down the precipice together.

Some, less bold, or more artful—they are women—have recourse to stratagem. They call the animal with a voice as sweet as famine can utter ; they fix their hungry eyes upon him with a stare of fascination ; they caress him, with their skeleton hands trembling with eagerness, and their breasts rattling with a wild, hollow, broken laugh. He is theirs. The blow descends, although too feebly to extinguish life, or end his struggles ; and the happy murderess, leering in his face, half coaxingly, half in triumph, fastens eagerly upon the yet living meal. Some time after the dogs had been devoured, a chicken escaped from the enemy's intrenchments, and flew among the miserable group. It was eaten before it touched the ground, skin and bone, entrails and feathers. A woman was then delivered of a child. It was torn in pieces by the surrounding crowd, and devoured before the mother's eyes !

All this, be it observed, took place under the obser-

vation of the two armies. It is fortunate that the souls of Philippe-Auguste and Roger de Lacy have been delivered long ago, by the chanting of priests and the burning of wax-candles, from the power of fiends almost as horrible as themselves! When half the number of the outcasts had died of cold and hunger, the former *hero* had the credit of giving the pleasanter death of repletion to the remainder. He commanded them to be fed; and, feeding with the frantic eagerness of starvation, most of them died of the meal.

When the blockade had continued seven months, Philippe determined to combine with this mode of siege more active operations. With great labour and loss of men, he constructed, on the tongue of land which we have described as the only avenue to the fortress, a covered way, through which he conveyed, to the brink of the ditch, the necessary materials for constructing a "beffroi." This was a lofty tower, constructed, in several stages, of rough wood, and moving upon wheels. It was covered over with damp leather, to prevent fire; and when drawn near the walls, and manned with crossbow-men, it created a formidable diversion in favour of the miners, or others, below. In the present case it was so well served with crossbows, that the besieged could hardly hold their footing for an instant on the ramparts; and the engineers beneath were able, with little interruption, to proceed with their grand object of filling up the ditch, that a passage might be made to the walls for the miners.

This was at last so far accomplished, that, with the aid of ladders to descend the counterscarp, and get up

the opposite slope to the mason-work of the tower, a sufficient force crossed the ditch, and began to dig, with pickaxe and crow-bar, into the foundations of the wall. While thus occupied, stones and arrows fell in a continuous shower from the ramparts, and resounded against the targets with which their heads were covered, in that order which the military art of the day very expressively called the "tortoise." They succeeded, notwithstanding, in making a breach of considerable extent, the roof of which they propped up with posts of wood, as they cut deeper into the interior. They were now able to work, completely sheltered from annoyance; and the consequence was, that in a brief space of time they had entirely undermined the ramparts. It was time, therefore, to retire; and setting fire hastily to the stanchions, which were now the only support of the wall, they fled across the ditch covered with their bucklers.

A moment of suspense ensued; but as the posts blackened, shrunk, and crackled under the action of the fire, the wall began to totter, and at length fell with a shock like that of an earthquake. The French rushed into the breach with all the impetuosity of their nation, before the cloud of dust and smoke had dissipated; and here they were met, with equal desperation, by a portion of the English, while the rest were occupied in setting fire to the buildings within the enclosure. The whole of the besieged then retreated from the avant-corps into what may be called the main body of the fortress. Thus was the first enclosure lost and won.

CHAPTER V.

THE FALL OF CHATEAU GAILLARD.

THE French and the English now stood looking at one another from their opposite walls. The space between was inconsiderable; but a deep ditch defended the ramparts of the château: and Philippe, in spite of all his kingly impatience, must construct anew his covered way, raise painfully the several stages of his beffroi-tower, fill gradually up the chasm which separated him from his enemies, and undermine again, with lever and pickaxe, the obstinate walls. In the present case, his operations would be still more difficult than in the other; for the courtine wall before him, running between its two corner towers, presented a deadly array upon the ramparts, whence his slightest motion could be observed, and where the whole garrison of the fortress might fight at one moment.

In the meantime, a young French knight, surnamed Bogis (on account of a certain quality of nose not supposed to be predominant in persons of unintrusive disposition), busied himself in prying about the ditch. Bogis, in spite of his curiosity, had not a long nose, but a flat nose—the word which formed his sobriquet being equivalent to *camus*. At the same time, we would not have our fair readers understand that

this peculiarity was carried to any disagreeable extent ; it amounted, in fact, to nothing more than a certain modest exiguity of an organ that is only too apt to thrust itself forward. If Bogis had no superabundance of nose, he had at least plenty of eyes ; and the king had hardly determined on his operations, when the knight discovered a small window at the bottom of the rampart, a little way above the talus, or slope of the rock on which the wall was raised.

This window was not in the courtine wall against which the operations of the siege were to be directed ; but in the side-wall which ran along the precipice, where there was no room for an attack. It gave light to the lower part of those buildings which we have mentioned were constructed by John Sans-Terre ; and which contained the chapel and cellars, as well as some other conveniences not likely to intrude themselves, in a particular manner, upon Bogis, but which William the Breton considers inconsistent with the sanctity of the place : “ *Juxta foricas, quod quidem religioni contrarium videbatur.*”

Bogis no sooner saw the little window, than his curiosity was excited to know what was contained within. He mentioned the affair to four of his comrades — wild, thoughtless, harum-scarum desperadoes ; and it was soon known in the French army that these young fellows were about to take the Château Gailard by surprise ! Some soldiers followed him in this forlorn hope ; and stealing along the brink of the ditch to a place so well defended by the precipice that precautions had been thought almost useless, and where

in consequence the counterscarp was neither so steep nor so deep as elsewhere — they glided to the bottom. To climb the talus, or slope of the rock on which the fortress was built, was more difficult, but this also they effected ; and at length they stood, clinging to the cliff, under the little window.

Here, however, they found that they had committed a mistake. They had measured the height of the aperture from the rock rather with their hopes than their eyes ; and they now found that it was far beyond arm's length. But our hero was not a man to be daunted by trifling difficulties — or great ones ; and, getting one of his comrades to stand upright, and hold as firmly to the rock as circumstances permitted, he climbed upon his shoulders, and so entered the window. He then let down a cord to the others, and the whole party speedily found themselves in the cellars of the fortress.

The question was now what further they were to do. The cellars, being meant for securing stores, were of course well locked and barred ; and Bogis and his companions found themselves in the predicament of so many tuns of brandy, whose fire and spirit could be of no use till they were let out. Under these circumstances they resolved to make a noise, if they could make nothing else ; and, thumping upon the cellar-door with the hilts of their swords, and shouting at the same time all manner of war-cries, they raised so frightful a din, that the English imagined they had the whole French army under lock and key. The governor, well knowing that neither door nor walls could hold out long before so formidable a force, imme-

diately gave orders to set fire to the buildings in the inclosure, and to retreat into the citadel. Piles of fagots, which lay ready for such a necessity, were accordingly placed against the doors, windows, and walls; the smoke rose in clouds to the heavens; the flames caught with amazing rapidity; and in a few minutes, cellar, chapel, et ceteras and all, were wrapped in a mantle of fire.

The retreat of the garrison into the citadel was conducted with equal speed; for, in fact, no human being could live in the heated atmosphere. The buildings at length came tumbling down one after another; the whole area was a scene of ruin and desolation, blackness and burning—and yet no trace of the cause of this sudden catastrophe could be seen! The French, less puzzled, were still more exasperated than the English. Some of their most desperate vagabonds had been burnt alive—and to no purpose. The walls were still standing, as secure as ever; the drawbridge, which afforded access to them, was still up; their covered way and beffroi must still be constructed, and their entrance gained at the creeping pace of the engineers, just as if nothing had happened.

Roger de Lacy, in the meantime, perceiving his error, although hardly yet aware of the manner in which he had been deceived, was already occupied in withdrawing his men again from the citadel; when, rising up from under the earth, some armed figures stood before him, like demons in the midst of the smoke and flame. To spring over the burning ruins, to throw open the gate and fling down the drawbridge, were but

the work of an instant for Bogis and his comrades. At this sight a shout from the besiegers rent the air ; “ Bogis ! Bogis ! ” came in thunder from every tongue ; they poured in a resistless flood into the fortress, and swept the Anglo-Normans into the citadel, as with a besom.

The escape of Bogis from the flames, and his ascent from under the earth, will only be understood by those readers who remember our description of the fortress in the third chapter. When he and his companions had been smoked and baked to their entire satisfaction, they naturally sought an exit from the infernal oven : but, whether owing to their being unable to find their way back to the window in the darkness and confusion, or to their determination to follow out the desperate adventure, they explored in the agony of heat — and perhaps of terror — other parts of the building. In the course of this research they stumbled upon one of the entrances to the subterranean vaults ; and in these mysterious recesses they remained, in comparative comfort, till the atmosphere of the upper world became fit for reception into the lungs of living men.

The English garrison was reduced to one hundred and eighty men ! — yet, so far from despairing, they were now more obstinate than ever. The ramparts of the citadel were composed of a series of towers, chained, as it were, together, and presenting, even in their ruins of to-day, a spectacle which strikes the traveller with astonishment. This enclosure was carried, like a diadem, round the crest of the rock ; on

three sides it overlooked abysses inaccessible even to the hardiest foot; and on the fourth, its bosselated walls were defended, like the former inclosures, by a ditch cut in the living rock.

The only gate to this almost perfect fortress did not communicate directly with the other fortifications, now in the hands of the French. Richard Cœur de Lion, by a refinement of policy, had placed the access on the north-east side, where there was room only for a very small body of besiegers between the ditch and the precipice. The precaution was, no doubt, admirable; but it was neutralised in its effect by the substitution of a permanent, though narrow, bridge, for a drawbridge. Here, therefore, Philippe determined, notwithstanding the confined nature of the ground, to make his advances; and having plenty of soldiers to spare, whose lives he valued no more than they did themselves, he sent on party after party, as if he had intended to fill up the ditch with their dead bodies.

The miners advanced under cover of a machine called a *cat*, which they moved themselves; and set to work beneath the stone frame of the gate. The bridge, however, was so narrow, that only two men could use the pickaxe at a time; and the operation, it may be conceived, went slowly on, while the workmen fell fast under the missiles of the English above. Roger de Lacy saw that every thing depended upon the success of the French in this point; and he immediately set himself to countermine. Some say that he carried his subterranean gallery into the heart of

the bridge itself, which he thus caused to swallow up the enemy; but at all events the ardour of Philippe now brought on the crisis with the suddenness of an earthquake.

On the sixth of March 1204, he brought forward a *cabalus*, which seems to have been a sort of gigantic *perrière*, or machine for throwing stones; and, hurling against the wall, already shaken by the mine, immense pieces of rock, he speedily forced a passage for his troops. Roger de Lacy, at the head of his surviving knights and men, met the enemy in the breach, and a furious but brief struggle ensued. The French entered in torrents, till they filled the whole area of the citadel; and when at length the governor shouted to his friends to retire, and make their last stand in the donjon-tower, they found it impossible to penetrate the crowd, but were surrounded and overwhelmed.

So fell the Château Gaillard, after a siege, in some respects, one of the most memorable on record. When John Sans-Terre heard the result, in his chapel at Chinon, he rushed, blaspheming, up to the altar, and struck the crucifix. Guiart, who relates the circumstance, adds, that blood flowed from the sacred symbol after the blow. M. Deville doubts the fact. Why so? It was, no doubt, the blood of John's fingers.

It may be proper to add, that Roger de Lacy was treated by Philippe the Magnanimous with great courtesy; and that, according to some authors (contradicted, however, by others), he was sent home to England without ransom.

The Château Gaillard was the scene of many other deeds of arms, which we have no room to relate ; and it received within its walls, from time to time, many of the most illustrious persons of the age. Among the latter, a few words may be accorded to two very young and very lovely women.

The three sons of Philippe le Bel were married to three ladies, among the most high-born in Europe, mere girls in age, and of extraordinary beauty. These three young persons, Marguerite, Jeanne, and Blanche the sister of the latter, on coming suddenly into the full blaze of the most dissipated court in Europe, allowed themselves to be dazzled and bewildered. There was nothing in the character of the three princes to engage the affections of their youthful spouses. Louis, the husband of Marguerite, afterwards surnamed Le Hutin, was of a cold, stern, and pitiless nature ; Charles, the lord of Blanche, loved not his wife, and that is saying enough ; Philippe was a tranquil and philosophical personage, who, knowing the manners of the age, came to the conclusion, that his partner Jeanne could not possibly conduct herself *worse* than the other ladies of the court. The three princesses, if we may believe historians, loved and were beloved. Jeanne, after a year's confinement, was tried by the parliament, and acquitted, and afterwards became Queen of France ; while Marguerite and Blanche were imprisoned in the Château Gaillard. Their lovers, Philippe and Gautier d'Aulnay, two Norman brothers, were executed on the public square of Pontoise with circumstances of horrible barbarity. They were first skinned alive, then mutilated and

beheaded, and their bodies hung up by the shoulders on the common gibbet. The usher of the chamber, who had been privy to their fatal loves, was hung beside them ; and many of the lords who were most attached to the criminals were put to horrible tortures, on pretext of eliciting a confession, while others were secretly drowned in the night.

As for the young princesses, they lived together for a year in the Château Gaillard, and on the summit of that dreadful and secluded rock, formed a friendship far closer and more lasting than they could have done in the crowd and gaiety of the world. We have few facts to assist us in speculating upon their characters, but these few are touching in the extreme, and yet have been passed over without observation even by those writers who appear most interested in their fate.

A year after their imprisonment commenced, the solitude of these sisters in guilt and misery was broken in upon by messengers from the king. The men, perhaps, were moved by the youth and beauty of the captives ; perhaps they paused in confusion ; perhaps they disclosed the nature of their commission slowly and hesitatingly ; or, perhaps, to conceal their shame and almost terror, thundered it forth with the abrupt and discordant voice of the raven. Death ! death !—this was their errand. The young women rushed into one another's arms ; they clung round one another's neck ; they gazed into one another's eyes. They were ready to die, so that they died together.

But this was not in the bond. Marguerite was torn from the arms of Blanche ; and the latter consoled with

the information that *she* was not to die. *Consoled!* They held her with difficulty, young, frail, and fragile as she was; for friendship in woman, that rarest of her qualities, partaking of the enthusiasm of her nature, resembles a passion. She saw her beautiful and beloved friend in the grasp of the ruffians; she saw them unbuckle the tangles of her long hair, and twist them round her queenly neck. And she — she could but writhe the while in the arms that withheld her, till her blood sprang from beneath the gauntlets; she could but pray and curse by turns, now invoking a miracle, now blasphemously reproaching the cold unheeding heavens; she could but scream, till her voice startled the fishermen far below on the placid waters of the Seine. It was at length over. The face of Marguerite, turned towards her to the last, became black; her limbs were convulsed — she was dead!

Blanche lived alone on the same spot for eight years. The history of her mind during that space of time is not altogether a blank, such as can only be filled up by conjecture. In the sixth year of her solitude she was visited by Etienne, bishop of Paris, who came to her on business concerning the dissolution of her marriage. This prelate has given an account of her appearance and manners, as well as of her words. She was *cheerful*. He asked her whether she did not wish to descend from this dreadful cliff — whether another abode, even if a prison, with more room and more society, with walks, and gardens, and amusements, would not be more agreeable to her. She answered — *No*. We would not destroy, with words

of ours, the effect of an anecdote which we look upon as one of the most affecting in history. This poor Blanche still lived in the society of Marguerite. Time had taken away the horrors of her death, and only left behind the remembrance of her beauty and her love. Blanche clung to her memory as the only thing which was now her own in the world. She would not forsake for a paradise the lonely and sterile rock which had once been the home, and was now the grave, of her murdered friend. The good Bishop of Paris went back to his masters, and told them that the princess was in high spirits, and very well pleased with her abode!

The predilection of Blanche, however, was not consulted in the choice of an abiding-place. After the dissolution of her marriage, she was removed to the abbey of Maubuisson, where she took the veil, and lived, as the chronicles of the time inform us, devoted to her religious duties, and without exhibiting the smallest regret that her destiny had thus cut her off, at so early an age, from the enjoyments of the world.

At the beginning of the seventeenth century the Château Gaillard was still entire, and was then considered the most complete, as well as the most magnificent specimen of military architecture in Europe. When at length the fiat for its destruction had gone forth, it took more than a dozen years to demolish the " *filie d'un an*" of Richard Cœur de Lion.

The work of destruction was commenced by Henri Quatre in 1603, from the dread that it might fall into

the hands of some enemy powerful enough to set him at defiance in such a stronghold. In the same year, he allowed the capuchins of Grand Andeli to repair their convent with the stones, wood, and tiles of the fortress; and in 1610 granted letters-patent of the same kind to the Penitents of the order of Saint Francis in Petit Andeli. Louis XIII. followed in the steps of Henri Quatre in this respect, if in no other; and the two congregations we have mentioned not only made use of these noble materials at home, but sold them to others.

Notwithstanding all, however, the Château, threatening in its very ruin, remained still an object of wonder and dread. It resembled a wild beast mortally wounded by the hunters, and yet fascinating them with terror by the glare of its dying eye. In 1616, Louis XIII., in a transport of alarm, sent off *lettres de cachet* to the Duke de Montbazon, commanding him to complete the destruction of this renowned fortress!

“ Since this epoch,” says M. Deville, “ the ruins of the Château Gaillard, deserted and abandoned, seem hardly to have felt the ravages of years. The battlements, the tower, the walls, which lie in fragments upon the rock, accuse only the hand of man: time has spared every thing which remained after the work of human destruction. From whatever point these noble ruins are beheld—whether you scale the hill to the east, on which the tent of Philippe-Auguste was pitched, or descend to the south, even to the banks of the Seine—the view is imposing and majestic. It is even difficult (and this feeling I have myself experienced) to avoid a certain sensation of fear, when the sun, rising over the

ruins, still erect, of the citadel, flings over you their gigantic shadow.

“ All is now solitude and desolation on this rock, once the witness of so many events, once crowded with so many warring squadrons. To the battle-cries of the soldiers, the voices of the knights, the noise of the engines, the groans of the wounded, have succeeded silence and tranquillity ; yet a silence and tranquillity not without terrors of their own. Hardly is this stillness disturbed by the hoarse scream of the falcon, descending upon these ancient ramparts, which he alone has not abandoned, or by the footsteps of the shepherd-boy, who gathers wild carnations on their summit, the flowers of Château Gaillard.”

It only remains for us to mention a considerable excavation in the side of the rock opposite the Seine, and some distance below the walls of the fortress, the origin and nature of which remain in obscurity. It is commonly said to have been the chapel ; but no one would have thought of constructing a chapel without the walls, and in a place so difficult of access. It bears, however, a strong general resemblance to a place of Catholic worship, and the niches in the walls were evidently intended for statues of the saints. Our own opinion is, that it was in early times, perhaps anterior to the erection of the Château, the cell of a hermit.

There lived lately in this singular grotto an aged woman, who inspired the simple inhabitants of Petit Andeli both with fear and reverence. No living man remembered the period of her advent. The children grew up in awe of her, and the old people knew that

she had been there when they were children. She was so completely identified with the place, that they only knew her by the name of *Mother Gaillard*; and at last it was supposed that she was co-existent with the château, and would live as long as one stone of the ruins remained upon another. This desolate old woman, however, whatever might be her origin and history, submitted at length to the fate of mortality. Mother Gaillard died; and we found her place occupied by a wandering Pole, who, driven from the homes of his race, had sought there an asylum, amidst the recollections of the great and brave of other times.

CHAPTER VI.

VERNON.

HAVING spent much time, less fruitlessly to ourselves, perhaps, than to our readers, among the ruins of the fortress of Cœur de Lion, we at length retraced our wandering steps to Grand Andeli, and there mounted a country vehicle just starting for Vernon. In commencing this route we did not cross the Seine, but circling round the peninsula of Bernieres, pursued the line of the river.

We have rarely enjoyed a more agreeable ride. The scenery was diversified by hill and dale, rock and forest, although seldom adorned by even a peep of the river, which was concealed by the foliage. The earth seemed rich to prodigality; and the shrubs and waving grain wore a deep, warm tint, which one would have imagined to be peculiar to the place rather than the season. The apple-trees were painfully loaded with fruit, their lower branches being in general bent down to the ground, and ready to break under the weight. They reminded us of the lover of the Côte des Deux Amans, on the opposite side of the peninsula, who, in the act of carrying his mistress up the hill, sunk under the sweet burden.

There were no villages, and but few hamlets. The

denizens of this French Arcadia came out, one by one, from their shady groves, where just a peep of a cottage was caught among the trees, and then lost. We could have sworn the women were pretty, and we are still determined to believe it. Their cheeks were like a pair of russet apples, which the coldest hermit might have longed to taste. Perhaps, after all, on nearer approach, these same russets might have proved crabs. What of that? To us they were what they appeared to be—component parts of one of the most pleasing landscapes in the world.

At a little distance from the road we observed a man climbing up to the very top branches of a tall poplar, with little more effort than is required in mounting a steep stair. The spectacle, when seen for the first time, is strange, and almost terrifying; for the climber embraces the tree slightly with his arms, and instead of clinging with his legs, and so writhing himself up, marches leisurely on, with a grave, formal, uniform pace. As he thus literally *steps* up the bare, smooth trunk, he looks like a being who is not amenable to the common laws of gravitation. Unfortunately, however, we had frequently before watched the operation in the royal forests; and our admiration was decreased by the knowledge that the man had sharp iron spikes fixed to his legs, and projecting below his feet, which he inserted in the wood as he ascended.

It was near this place that an opening in the wood was pointed out to us as a spot where the fairies of the Seine delight to assemble, after bathing in the river. This poetical superstition is either not common in

France, or at least there are fewer traces of it in the traditions of the country than in those of England or Scotland. The French fairies, perhaps, were scared away by the Revolution ; and instead of merely flitting from hill to hill, or from river to river, at the period of their quarterly migrations, they may have emigrated in a body.

The name of Good People, we are informed by a reverend minister of the kirk of Scotland, was given to the elves on the principle of propitiating the wicked by flattery. In the same way, we have heard a worthy bailie, of the secular state, address a pilferer in these words, while patting her affectionately on the shoulder : “ Gang up the quay, honest woman, and dinna steal ony mair coffee ! ” The account of the fairies given by the minister alluded to is so curious, and his book, the “ Secret Commonwealth,” so little known, that we are induced to present the reader with a brief extract or two, in the idea that the Good People, however their customs may differ in different countries, are all of the same race and origin.

“ They are said to be of a middle nature, betwixt man and angel, as were demons thought to be of old ; of intelligent studious spirits, and light changeable bodies (lyke those called astral), somewhat of the nature of a condensed cloud, and best seen in twilight. Their bodies be so pliable, through the subtilty of the spirits that agitate them, that they can make them appear or disappear at pleasure. Some have bodies or vehicles so spongy, thin, and defecate, that they are fed by only sucking into some fine spirituous

liquors, that pierce lyke pure air and oil : others feed more gross, on the foyson or substance of corns and liquors, or corne itself that grows on the surface of the earth, which these fairies steall away, partly invisible, partly preying on the grain, as do crows and mice ; wherefore, in this same age, they are sometimes heard to bake bread, strike hammers, and to do such like services within the little hillocks they most haunt : some whereof of old, before the Gospell dispell'd paganism, and in some barbarous places as yet, enter houses after all are at rest, and set the kitchens in order, cleansing all the vessels. Such drags go under the name of Brownies. * * * *

“ Their bodies of congealled air are sometimes carried aloft ; others which grovell in different schapes, and enter into any cranie or clift of the earth, where air enters, to their ordinary dwellings. * * *

“ They remove to other lodgings at the beginning of each quarter of the year, so traversing till doomsday, being impotent of staying in one place, and finding some ease by so journeying and changing habitations. Their chameleon-lyke bodies swim in the air near the earth, with bag and bagadge ; and at such revolution of time, seers, or men of the second sight (females being seldom so qualified), have very terrifying encounters with them, even on highways. * * *

“ Their houses are called large and fair, and (unless att some odd occasions) unperceavable by vulgar eyes, like Rachland and other enchanted islands, having fir-lights, continual lamps, and fires often seen without fuel to sustain them. Women are yet alive who tell

they were taken away, when in childbed, to nurse fairy children, a lingering voracious image of them being left in their place (like their reflection in a mirrour), which (as if it were some insatiable spirit in an assumed bodie) made first semblance to devour the meats that it carried by, and then left the carcase, as if it expired and departed thence by a naturall and common death."

After a ride of a few hours we arrived at Vernonnet, the fauxbourg of Vernon. Just before crossing the Seine, we passed, on the right hand, an old castellated mansion, whose round towers and warlike appearance prepared us to enter into the associations of history. This, however, proved to be nothing more than a deserted mill. On the bridge there are some other manufactories, which take advantage of the stream of water, and, when viewed at a little distance, add much to the picturesque appearance of the Seine. Of this fact the reader is enabled to judge by the annexed view. The spectator is supposed to stand looking up the river; and on the left hand, at the corner, he catches a glimpse of the castellated mill, while on the right appear the spires of the small town of Vernon.

The bridge is worth notice; but we could not learn to what era its construction is referred. In the south of France, they owed their bridges as well as their cathedrals to the monks. Saint Benedict instituted the order of Fratres Pontis, whose business of building bridges formed a part of their religious duties. They wore a white gown, with a bridge embroidered on it in coloured worsted. In the more northern parts of the country,

it was sometimes the Jews who performed this good work, or at least it was their confiscated estates which paid for it.

On entering the town, we find little to admire except its boulevards with double rows of trees. These give an aristocratic air to the place—more especially in the evening, when groups of ladies are sauntering through the walks, to listen to the military music in the place d'armes. The streets, however, are narrow and shapeless; and the most interesting monument of the town—a portion of its ancient château called the Tour aux Archives, is shut up from approach by lofty walls. This consists of a single square tower, apparently of great strength; although the building, if our memory serves us well, never acted any conspicuous part in the troubled history of the middle ages. It was purchased by Philippe-Auguste from our Richard, and united to the crown of France.

Among the few particulars of any interest which it is possible to gather respecting the town, we may mention, that in 1255 a lord of Vernon was convicted of robbing a merchant in open day who chanced to pass through his territories, and condemned to—make restitution. There is also remembered in tradition the feat of a knight who entered the town on his way to join Duguesclin before the battle of Cocherel. The gates were shut upon him by the adverse faction; but the gallant stranger, spurring his horse through the streets, gained the bridge, leaped the parapet, and got clear off by swimming the river.

The parish church, and the church of the Hôtel



Drawn by J. M. W. Turner R.A.

Engraved by J. T. Willmore

Vernon

Londron, Published for the Proprietor by Longman, & Co. 15, Old Bailey, London. R. & Co. Paris. Asher, Berlin.

Dieu, are worth a visit. In the former, there is a marble effigy of a young lady who died in 1610: the costume is minute, and the whole well executed. In the latter, originally a hospital founded by Saint Louis, the tribune is supported by wooden columns curiously carved.

We do not know whether the circumstance was accidental, but we did not observe a single beggar in Vernon; although the town contains several thousand inhabitants. In France, there seems to be no medium observed in this respect; the towns either swarming with beggars, or being wholly clear of them.

Early in the sixteenth century a system of public charity was commenced, which was intended wholly to supersede the sometimes mischievous practice of private relief.

At Lyons, during the great famine of 1531, the poor were registered and classed, and an allowance of bread and money given to each. After this, any one found begging was immediately sent to prison. Poor-boxes were set up in churches and other public buildings, at the entrances of bridges, and in wealthy shops; and the revenue was soon found to be equal to the necessary disbursements. At the fairs, a grand procession of the poor, and of the numerous officers of public charity, paraded among the stalls to touch the heart of both seller and buyer. At Paris, the system of charity was, if possible, still more public and complete. At Mentz, it was equally criminal to give private alms, and to beg. In the town, a stranger without money received hospitality for only one night, and

was then turned forth. All the poor of the place wore a uniform dress. At Lille, similar regulations were in force; and here it is supposed this public administration of charity took its rise, the edict for the institution being dated in 1527, four years previous to the famine of Lille.

We have farther to remark in favour of Vernon, that, judging by the charges in the inn—we think the Lion d'Or, on the Paris side of the town, and not the diligence inn—it must be the cheapest place in France. For dinner, consisting chiefly of a roast fowl, with a bottle of the country wine, a little brandy and water in the evening, an excellent bed, coffee in the morning as good as ever we drank in Paris, with eggs, &c., we paid just half-a-crown! The fastidious reader, however, must remember, that the house was a common country inn, to which we were conducted by the accident of the voiture from Andeli stopping at the door.

“Vernon,” says M. de Villiers, “affords an agreeable place of abode, as well by the salubrity of the air, the good society, and the low price of living—a very remarkable advantage in a quarter where the neighbourhood of Paris on one side, and Rouen on the other, might be expected to render animal life dearer than elsewhere.”

The subject of prices is a very important one, not only to the economist, but to the student of history. When we meet with the statement of any particular sum, for instance, unless we have a general idea of the expense of living at the period, we cannot form the remotest idea of its value. The following table, em-

bracing three centuries, and which we have constructed with some care from various authorities, more particularly the “*Mœurs des Français des divers Etats*,” will, perhaps, be considered useful, as well as curious. The articles are given almost without classification, just as we could get hold of the prices.

FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

	Livres.	Sous.	Déniers.
Wheat, by the setier, a measure of twelve bushels.....	0	15	0
Rice	0	7	0
Oats	0	5	0
Beans	0	10	0
Peas.....	0	13	0
Wine, hogshead	6	0	0
Hay, wagon.....	2	8	0
A horse.....	15	0	0
A mule.....	5	0	0
An ox	9	0	0
A calf	1	12	0
A sheep	0	9	0
A fat pig	2	12	0
A gosling.....	0	2	0
A fowl	0	0	8
Eggs, a hundred	0	3	0
Butter, pound	0	0	8
Wax, do.	0	2	8
Substantial boarding, for a month	4	0	0
Boarding in a house appropriated for scholars, per day	0	1	6
Boarding in an inferior establishment ..	0	1	0
Linen for a shirt	0	10	0
Making the same.....	0	1	10

	Livres.	Sous.	Déniers.
Rose-water, per flagon	0	10	0
A wine-glass	0	0	5
Bread, pound	0	0	1
Wine, quart.....	0	0	3
Beer, do.	0	0	2
Herrings, hundred	0	12	0
Cheese, pound.....	0	0	2
Salt, do.....	0	0	2
Pepper, do.....	0	0	4
Ginger, do.	0	5	0
Cinnamon, do.	0	14	0
Rice, do.	0	0	8
Sugar, do.	0	3	0
Almonds, do.	0	1	6
Figs, do.	0	0	10
Raisins, do.	0	0	10
A carp	0	3	0
Apples, hundred	0	1	0
Pears, do.	0	1	2
A beaver hat	0	6	0
A coffin, from 8 to	0	15	0
A galley, 120 feet long	1000	0	0

FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

Wheat, setier	1	0	0
Rice	0	10	0
Barley	0	7	6
Oats	0	5	0
Beans	0	16	0
Wine, hogshead	6	0	0
An ox	12	0	0
A cow	5	0	0
A sheep	0	10	0
A fat pig	3	0	0

	Livres.	Sous.	Déniers.
A gosling.....	0	3	0
A duck.....	0	8	0
A hen	0	10	0
A capon	0	15	0
Eggs, a hundred	0	3	0
Butter, pound	0	0	8
Turnips, bushel	0	0	4
Walnuts, a hundred	0	0	2
Wax, pound.....	0	4	0
Bread, do.	0	0	3
Wine, quart.....	0	0	4
Salt, bushel	0	5	0
Pepper, pound.....	0	4	0
Cinnamon, do.....	1	10	0
Bacon, do.....	0	0	10
Partridges, pair	0	5	0
Charcoal, sack	0	2	0

WAGES, PER ANNUM.

Man-cook	5	0	0
Valet	2	10	0
Servant	1	10	0

SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

Setier of wheat.....	5	12	0
——— rye	4	0	0
——— oats.....	3	0	0
Wine, hogshead	12	0	0
A horse, fine	200	0	0
———, draught	150	0	0
An ox	50	0	0
A cow	20	0	0
A sheep	4	0	0
A pig	15	0	0

	Livres.	Sous.	Déniers.
A fowl	0	5	0
A capon	0	7	0
A turkey	1	0	0
Butter, pound	0	5	0
Cheese, do.	0	2	0
Eggs, dozen	0	2	0
Wax, pound	0	12	0

CHAPTER VII.

THE CHATEAU AND THE SHOP.

AT Vernon we already find ourselves half-way to Paris; but before proceeding further in the same direction, it is necessary to trace backwards to Rouen the sinuosities of the Seine, which escaped us in our anxiety to see the famous château of Andeli.

On making our exit from the town, we leave to the left an avenue, bordered with a double row of elms, which conducts to a country-house built on the site of the château de Biszy, formerly one of the most beautiful in France. The stables of the ancient building, the park, and the wall, are still left; but the edifice itself has vanished—ruined neither by time nor war, but by the avarice or stupidity of modern speculators. Many other châteaux crown the eminences on both banks of the river, along which the road leads, and heighten the effect of a picture, that, even without these adjuncts, would be reckoned beautiful.

An avenue of walnut-trees leads into the bourg of Gaillon, in ancient times the frontier town of Normandy. The view from this place, embracing on the north-north-east the Château Gaillard, is varied and exten-

sive ; but, with the exception of the remains of a beautiful chartreuse, converted into a country-house, there is nothing worthy of remark but the prison.

This stands on the site, and embraces a small portion, of a magnificent palace, built in 1505 by the Cardinal Georges d'Amboise. The walls of this edifice—some fragments of which were removed to the Museum of the Augustins at Paris—were covered with the most exquisite arabesques, rich medallions, and every kind of precious sculpture. The chapel was supported by jasper columns, and ornamented with statues of the most elaborate workmanship. All this vanished at the Revolution, when the orangery was converted into a cotton manufactory, and a vast prison raised its sombre walls on the site of the palace itself.

But long before the time of this splendid cardinal, an important château occupied the spot. This was destroyed by the Duke of Bedford in 1423 ; and about a century afterwards, its gaunt ruins afforded materials for realising the ambitious conceptions of Georges d'Amboise. This castle was probably erected for the express purpose of guarding the frontiers, as its situation presents little analogy with that of the other fortresses of the period.

The superb sites of the ancient châteaux would have given an imposing aspect to almost any building, if viewed at a little distance ; but the vast piles which the taste of the middle ages constructed in such situations, were so admirably in consonance with the scene, that their ruins appear to this day like original portions of the rock itself.

A château, in the days when all châteaux were fortresses, was, in general, built either on the slope of a steep hill, or on the brink of a precipice. It was surrounded by lofty walls flanked with towers, and the turreted gate, sculptured in every direction with the arms of the family—was surmounted by a lofty *corps-de-garde*. Sometimes so many as three fences and three ditches were still before you, and three draw-bridges still to pass before you entered the grand square, the sides of which were formed by the buildings of the château. Beneath were the cellars and dungeons; above, the apartments, the stores, the larders, the arsenals. The roofs were bordered all round with machecoulis and parapets, and studded with sentry-boxes. You were still, however, by no means at the heart of the mystery. In the centre of the square stood an enormous tower, the loftiest and most important part of the fortress. This was the donjon, which contained the records, the treasury, and the halls of state. It was surrounded by a wall half its own height; and if you desired to enter, it was first necessary to pass a deep and wide moat, by a bridge let down on purpose for you to cross, and withdrawn the moment your feet had quitted the planks. In fine, when, with beating heart and thickened breath, you begged leave to retire from this abode of terror, you were perhaps hurried through a subterranean passage, till, having lost all recollection in darkness and dismay, you found yourself again in the open air—and in the open country, with the distant château painted like a cloud upon the sky.

You, no doubt, had time, however, to collect some details of the picture presented by the interior. You noted the vaulted chambers, and their ogive windows, (for this was in the fourteenth century), affording a dim, religious light through innumerable small panes of painted glass. The floors were paved with square tiles of different colours. Among the furniture you saw immense candlesticks, covered with bas reliefs; wardrobes sculptured to represent a church window, and almost as large; mirrors of glass or metal, nearly a foot square,—an enormous size at that period; arm-chairs covered with tapestry, and ornamented with fringes; benches twenty feet long, with trailing drapery; and beds of a dozen feet and more wide.

Many of the state apartments were hung with storied tapestry, and received their names from the prevailing colours—such as the red, blue, or green chamber. In others, the pillars which supported the joists were encrusted with tin ornaments, which looked like silver; and in others the walls were adorned with portraits of the saints or heroes (painted on the plaster) who held a roll of parchment in their hands or mouths, inscribed with some moral sentence for the amusement and edification of the visitors.

In time of peace the life of the château was sufficiently agreeable. The square, or court, was the grand scene of amusement for the early part of the day; and there the younger portion of the community exercised their horses with leaping, and themselves in the feats of war, till mid-day, the hour of dinner. After dinner, quoits, nine-pins, pitching the bar, and shooting at

the popinjay, with the assistance of a cunning ape, or the family buffoon, wiled away the time till the evening. Then came the dance, the oft-repeated story, the tricks of the jongleur, the concert of trumpets, flutes, pipes, drums, lutes, harps, cymbals, and re-becks.

Besides the numerous garrison of the château, there were always coming and going relatives, connexions, allies, neighbours, travellers, pilgrims; and every new arrival made a holyday. The buffet stood always, loaded with its plate, in the middle of the hall. Wine and provisions were served without stint and without measure. The kitchen chimney, it may be supposed, was of no modern magnitude. In decent châteaux, it was in fact twelve feet wide; and you might have seen and heard, twirling and hissing, at the same fire, for the same meal, several calves and sheep at the same moment.

To keep up this abundant housekeeping, the tenants were of course proportionably racked. Their taxes, always great, were doubled on the occasion of their lord being dubbed a knight—of his being taken in war—of his setting out on a crusade—and of the marriage of his eldest daughter. When seated on the Table of Stone receiving his dues, the earth before him was covered with fowls, hams, butter, eggs, wax, honey, corn, fruits, vegetables, capons, bouquets, and garlands. Sometimes, indeed, a grimace, a song, or a caper, acquitted the tenant; some had their ears pulled by the major-domo; some came forward to kiss the bolt of their lord's gate.

Thefts, quarrels, blows, insults—all were punished by fines; and almost all fines were paid in kind. Every pig that was sold presented three *déniers* to the baron; every ox or cow that was killed left him, as a legacy, its tongue and feet; every field that remained fallow for more than three years, he seized upon, and cultivated for his own behoof. The tenants were obliged to rise in arms at the sound of his trumpet, and go forth to beat the enemy; they were obliged to rise, too, with batons, to beat the ditches of the *château*, if the frogs made too much noise at night. The crime of disobedience was punished by the delinquent having a cord passed under his arms, and being thus let down into a subterranean dungeon. Sometimes the cord was passed round his neck, and he was thus hoisted up to the gibbet of the fief.

A serf was in every respect the property of his lord, and could be sold like an ox. It is mentioned by M. Marchangy, that Hugues de Chamfleury desiring to possess a beautiful horse, that he might make his entrance into his bishoprick with more *éclat*, exchanged for one *five serfs* of his estate. Thus we arrive at the value of a man in that age, which was just the fifth part of that of a horse. The same author preserves the verses sung by the vassals, while beating at night the ditches of the *Château du Luxeuil*. They were as follow:—

“ Pâ, pâ, reinotte ! pâ ;
Voici monsieur,
L’abbé de Luxeu,
Que Dieu gâ, gâ, gâ ! ”

In English, literally : —

“ Peace, peace, frog ! peace ;
Here is monsieur
The abbot of Luxeuil,
Whom God guard, guard, guard ! ”

But let us turn from these shadowy recollections — the musings inspired by the place — and pursue our wanderings. We have already left the valley of the Seine, or rather the river has left us, to make one of those sudden turnings, as regular in form as the folds of a serpent, which give so frequently a peninsular character to the land. Between Gaillon and Louviers, the traveller sees apple-trees take the place of the vines to which his eye was accustomed, with a suddenness which makes him think he has entered another country. Wine grows dear; cider becomes the common drink of the people; and the hardy Norman appears to thrive on the change.

Louviers, beautifully situated on, in, and around the river Eure, is a thriving town, devoted to manufactures. In the time of Froissart, it was already celebrated for its trade in cloths; and Arthur Young describes it as containing the first woollen manufactory in the world. The inhabitants consist chiefly of manufacturers and their workmen; and the swarms of the latter that buzz along the streets give a very peculiar character to the place. No one is idle; the children are as busy as their fathers; and every drop of the waters of the Eure, as they run through the town to plunge into the Seine, is made to pay toll, in the

shape of personal service, before being permitted to pass.

The history of the Trades, if it is ever written, will be one of the most curious and interesting books in existence. In France, it must commence with the fourteenth century, for there are few earlier materials. Having little to do in Louvain, we amused ourselves, as we wandered out of it, with recalling a few facts, which may perhaps be of some use as *mémoires pour servir*.

The Armourer of the fourteenth century was not only an important personage because of the importance of his manufacture, but he was, in the highest sense of the word, an artist. His trade comprehended that of the smith, the cutler, the furbisher, the goldsmith, the carver and gilder, and the painter. In France, the arms of Toulouse and Poitiers were the best; but Milan carried off the palm from all Europe.

The Turner was in greater demand than to-day; wooden porringers, dishes, plates, spoons, &c. being in constant use among the people. He usually kept his workshop on the borders of forests, especially those where beeches, willows, and alders, grew in greatest plenty.

The Butcher, whose art seems an exceedingly simple one, was hedged round with such innumerable interdicts and regulations, that he had hardly room for the sweep of his arm in knocking down a bullock. The law cautioned him so severely, that every sheep he bought appeared to his terrified eyes to have the leprosy; and the cleaning of his abattoir was a labour

as hard as that of the stable of Augeas. He was forbidden to buy cattle except in the public market; pigs fed by barbers or oil-makers were an abomination which he dared not touch; he could not kill animals less than fifteen days old; he could not sell at all on the evening of *maigre* days. He could not kill by candle-light; and he could not keep his meat longer than two days in winter, and thirty-six hours in summer.

Baking was a mystery, as it is to this day, when the bread of no two towns is alike, and when the bread of France (speaking generally) is nauseous to the taste, and unsightly to the eye. The baker went through the gradations of winnower, sifter, kneader, and foreman; and then, on paying a certain duty to the king, he was permitted to exercise the profession on his own account, although as yet he was not received into the corporation of the trade. Four years elapsed before he could enjoy this honour; and at the end of the probation, he repaired publicly to the house of the master of the bakers, and presenting him with a new pot filled with walnuts, addressed him in these words:—"Master, I have fulfilled and accomplished my four years—behold, my pot is full!" Whereupon the master, having ascertained that he had spoken the truth, returned him the pot, which the aspirant forthwith smashed against the wall, and so became, to all intents and purposes, a baker.

Fine bread in England is called French bread; in France it is called English bread. In France the "staff of life" was formerly measured by the ell-wand,

not weighed by the pound; and at the present day, the common four-pound loaf of Paris and the environs is as nearly as possible a yard long.

The different kinds of bread in the fourteenth century were these :—

Pain ordinaire; made of meal, cold water, salt, and leaven.

Pain échaudé; the dough made with hot water.

Pain broyé; made of flour, long and well beaten with clubs.

Pain mollet; lightly baked, and made of the finest flower.

Pain de mouton; kneaded with butter, and sprinkled with grains of wheat.

Pain de Noel; flour, eggs, and milk.

Pain d'épice; rye-flour, kneaded with spices, honey, and sugar.

We may add, that it was customary to send flour to the baker to be made into bread; and that sometimes he was required to go for the materials, and prepare them before the eyes of his customer. This ought to be done at the present day in England, as well as France. At any rate, all those who value their health should grind their own flour, and send it to the baker. The difference it makes in the general health would not be believed by those who have not tried it.

Brewers at the same period were in great request, one half of France drinking beer, and the other wine. It is to be hoped that they were not so chary of their malt as at present. The beer of these last days is fine

in colour, strong in effervescence, and good — for nothing.

The Candlemaker was always in request in France, his manufacture being indispensable in the offices of religion. At Candlemas it was necessary to pray by the light of a taper at least as thick as the arm. Candles were all dipped, whether in wax or tallow; and sometimes the cunning artist changed the liquid into a finer when he came to the last dip. They were sold by measure instead of weight; and whenever night came on, the candle-maker went abroad, crying “*Chandelle ! chandelle !*”

The Confectioners were deprived of some customers whom their descendants found very good ones. Monks, nuns, and clerks of all kinds, were forbidden by law to intromit in any way whatever with confections. They were, notwithstanding, introduced habitually at the end of dinner; and being sold in general by the grocers, the expression was, “*Servez les épices.*”

All we have to say of the Cooks is to notice with deserved reprobation the conduct of a cordelier, who took it into his head that what was pleasing to the palate must be hurtful to the soul. In cooking for his convent, accordingly, he cooked in such a way as would have made Mrs. Glasse’s hair stand on end. A chapter was of course immediately held, and the indignant brethren adjudged fifty stripes to the sinner.

Needles and Pins were sold in packets of six thousand. The common people, at least those of the country, used thorns.

The Furrier was the greatest of all tradesmen. An

outfit for a nobleman, if rich and complete, cost a fortune. It consisted of the large cloak — the robe of ceremony — the night-gown — the cloche — the close surcoat — the open surcoat — the chaperon. All these together required the skins of between eight and nine thousand of the little animals whose spoils were worn by the chivalry of the time.

The Cheeses of Brie and Roquefort were the most esteemed ; as to-day they are the most popular. Roquefort resembles very much our English Stilton ; yet the district whence it derives its name is a lofty, dry, and stony country.

Gloves varied in price from four *déniers* to the enormous sum of nine *livres*, or about eighteen pounds sterling.* The expensive kinds, richly furred, embroidered, and ornamented, were worn for the purpose of holding the sparrow-hawk, falcon, &c., and were considered as much an article of luxury and magnificence as the birds themselves.

The Oublieur was the manufacturer and peripatetic vender of little cakes called *oubliés*. According to the statutes of the trade, no one could be a master-oublieur who was unable to manufacture one thousand in the day. They were so numerous that they were forbidden to establish their stalls in the market within thirteen feet of each other.

The Oyer, so called because he at first dealt ex-

* The price of the pound of bread was at that time one *dénier*, and in nine *francs* (or *livres*) there are two thousand one hundred and sixty *déniers*. This quantity of bread would cost in London at the present day about eighteen pounds sterling.

clusively in roasted *oies* (geese), was a restaurant. He was forbidden by law to roast old geese, or to “warm up” cold meat more than once.

The Bookbinder, as well as the Bookseller, the Book-writer, the Parchment-maker, and the Illuminator, was exempted from the duty of guarding the town. Books (which were sometimes four feet long and three wide) were usually bound in wood, covered with leather or silk, and occasionally enriched with plates of sculptured ivory or copper, and even of gold and silver, set with precious stones.

Tailors were punished for a misfit by being obliged to pay the price of the cloth to the disappointed customer.

The first Glass manufactory in France was established in 1333, by permission of Philippe de Valois, granted to Philippe de Caqueray. This new art was supposed to be so much superior to all the others, that persons of good family were able to pursue the calling without derogating from their gentility. The government itself confirmed the popular opinion, by designating, in public deeds, the fabricators of glass as “gentlemen of the art and science of glass-making;” and the privilege of forming one of these establishments was conferred upon an individual near Lions, expressly as a reward for military services rendered at the battle of Azincourt.

The glass manufactured at that period was used only for windows. It was in round plates, with a *boudine*, or eye, in the middle; and affording, at the utmost, a square of six or eight inches. The colour

was yellowish, disturbed here and there with bubbles; and it is supposed that it was in order to conceal these deformities that the small squares, framed in lead, which formed the church windows, were painted. Fern was first used in the manufacture; then ashes washed in lie; then the sea-weed of Cherbourg, and afterwards that of Fécamp, with a great deal of sand and but little ashes.* At this period, towards the middle of the sixteenth century, the substance became half white; and in the following century, when they used the ashes of Sicily and Alicant, a still greater refinement took place. At length the use of ashes was abandoned altogether; sand alone was employed, and the glass ran forth as clear as crystal.

After a league and a half of nearly the same description of scenery, we enter the forest of Pont de l'Arche, and having climbed the hill which it clothes, descend again to the banks of the Seine. The forest, the town, the remarkable bridge, and the neighbourhood of Pont de l'Arche, are so well described in their general appearance by Turner, that we have nothing left for us to do.

Pont de l'Arche is memorable in history as the first place which declared for Henri Quatre after the murder of Henri III. To-day it is remarkable as the first place where the traveller from Paris obtains a distinct view of the Côte des Deux Amans. Looking

* Potash is still manufactured from sea-weed at Fécamp; but in general, since the later discoveries in chemistry, this tribute of the ocean is gathered only for its virtue as manure.



Drawn by J. M. W. Turner R. A.

Engraved by J. T. Willmore

Pont de L'Arche

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to the right, after passing the bridge, he sees, in the midst of a fine picturesque country, two hills near the banks of the Seine, which rise abruptly, like the avant-corps of a large range behind. This is the Côte des Deux Amans.

A country-house rises on the site of the priory of the two lovers, which was built by the cruel father in expiation of his fault. Not one stone of the original building remains; but the story lives in the pages of a hundred authors. We have read somewhere that an electuary which the young girl took with her to sustain her lover's strength, spilling on the ground in the midst of her grief and terror, gave its virtue to a balsamic plant which is gathered to this day on the spot.

The next place to Pont de l'Arche is the village of Igouville, near the point of meeting of the department of the Eure and Seine Inférieure. A steep hill succeeds, from which a view is obtained of the valley of the Seine, richer, perhaps, and more extensive than any other on the route. Islands, villages, and hamlets, now appear in rapid and beautiful succession. The road follows the course of the river, with a steep bank to the right, excavated in some places like the borders of the Loire. In this range rises the rock St. Adrien, where the love-maniac Nina, whose story has been repeated in a well-known opera, came for so many years to watch in vain for her lover. M. de Villiers increases the melancholy, but without diminishing, as he supposes, the romance of the circumstance, by stating that he has often seen poor Nina, unregarding and unregarded, wandering

about the streets of Rouen in a state of destitution and imbecility.

From this point the houses become so numerous that we may already consider ourselves in the fauxbourgs of Rouen ; and, after a few minutes' rapid descent, we see spread out before us the splendid picture presented by the ancient capital of Normandy.

CHAPTER VIII.

LA ROCHE-GUYON AND ROSNY.

WHILE retracing our steps rapidly to Vernon, we saw, between Louviers and Gaillon, for the first time in France, a band of gipsies—or at least of some houseless vagabonds, crouching from the rain under tents of ragged canvass.

Whether we shall ever penetrate the mystery which hangs over the origin of the singular people we have named, may be a matter of doubt ; but all must feel that it is a question of far more interest than their historical importance as a body would seem to command. For our part, we are partial to vagabonds of all kinds. We have watched a gipsy encampment with much more eagerness than we ever felt on witnessing the meetings of the House of Lords. Such wanderers are the comets of society ; whose orbit, however extravagant it may seem, is yet a component part of the vast system of humanity.

The gipsies, or those calling themselves such, differed greatly in manners and avocations in the French provinces. In Provence, they leaped, danced, and played the tambourine, and spoke withal an unintelligible gibberish. In Normandy they roamed the country in bands commanded by captains ; sleeping in

barns, and stealing poultry, or any thing that came to their hand. They affected to have the high tribunal of Little Egypt; but they hung their criminals only in make-believe, by way of a spectacle for the country-people. In Gascony they were physiognomists and interpreters of dreams.

The genuine gipsies were indignant at the name of Bohemians, which the French gave them. They professed to be the only legitimate descendants of Abraham and Sarah, and said that their wanderings in Christian countries were but the accomplishment of a penitence to which they had been condemned. Their knowledge was derived by tradition from their great progenitors, who possessed all the secrets of the Egyptian priesthood; and in this manner, they themselves might justly be termed, in their professional character — Egyptians.

The science of chiromancy which they professed is well known; but some of our readers will no doubt be happy to know the leading rules of metoposcopy.

The brow, if spacious, indicates timidity; if small, cruelty; if wide, voluptuousness; if prominent, vanity; if bald, irritability; if wrinkled, servility. This feature, when square, pure, beautiful, and well-proportioned, announces its possessor to be prudent, wise, brave, liberal, and generous.

The gipsies of France never attained to the celebrity which they enjoyed in Scotland; where, in the sixteenth century, they formed a commonwealth, or rather a monarchy, under the celebrated Johnnie Faa. This

adventurer claimed to be sovereign of a territory on the banks of the Nile, and assumed the style of Lord and Earl of Little Egypt. His authority over his subjects was supported by the Scottish government; and a proclamation of James V. calls upon all sheriffs and magistrates to lend him the use of their stocks and prisons whenever he demanded them. James, however, who disliked "a brother near the throne" as much as any man who ever lived, became at length desirous of getting rid of the Egyptian chief and his whole tribe; and a covenant was entered into between him and Johnnie, whereby the latter undertook to carry home his subjects to their own country of Little Egypt, on the king providing him with vessels for the purpose.

Whether Johnnie meant to keep his engagement as religiously as James, may be a matter of doubt; but, at any rate, his honour was saved, although at the expense of his authority. A rebellion, headed by a gipsy called Sebastian Lalow, broke out against the lord earl, and raged for several years, notwithstanding the interference of the government. A proclamation was issued in 1553 in the name of James, duke of Chatelherault, earl of Arran, the governor of Scotland, commanding all sheriffs, magistrates, and other officers, to assist John Faa, Earl of Little Egypt, in apprehending his rebellious subjects, and compelling them to follow him into their own country. The proclamation unfortunately had no effect, and the Egyptians, of course, were treated as outlaws.

Johnnie Faa appears to have been a prince of exemplary character; for when his subjects were banished from the town of Aberdeen for stealing silver spoons, a special exemption was made in favour of the lord earl, and his wife and sister.

The road which we are now traversing is perhaps one of the best in France, where almost all roads are good. In our last volume, we suggested that steam-carriages should be tried on common roads before going to the expense of constructing railways; and, from all we have since learned on the subject, we feel confident that it will come to this at last. When the vast changes, however, which are even now in operation, both in France and England, have been accomplished, what will become of Guides, and Itineraries, and Wanderings, such as ours? Mrs. Starke has driven all the old cicerones off the Italian roads, and M. Reichard is every body's courier in France and Germany. They in turn will experience the same fate themselves, and their works will only be found in the collections of the lovers of the obsolete and curious.

Itineraries on the old principle would not do even now, when the change has as yet only commenced in the aspect of the roads and their neighbourhood. A French author has remarked, that a collection of those works would form a complete picture of France; and he is right. In the olden time all things were more stable than with us. The good part of the roads lasted longer, because their construction was better, and the bad, because they were never mended. An abuse, of

whatever kind, took at least a century to correct ; and even the hosts and hostesses of the wayside inns lived three times as long as they do now.

The itinerary, therefore, ran no risk of speedily getting out of date, when it informed you that a certain part of the road was paved as far as such a house ; that there was no highway at all between this town and that ; that here you must turn to the right, and there to the left—wheel round the top or bottom of the village—ascend or descend the hill—cut through the meadow, or coast along the ditch. It continued to be true, also, for several generations, when it advised you that the *terminus* of separation between two provinces was a certain oak-tree ; that it was necessary to change your money at such a frontier town, in order to enable you to get on ; that the road you now came to was a *chemin de diable*, a *rue d'enfer* ; that the wood through which you meant to pass was two leagues long, and had been infested with robbers from all antiquity—
“ *Passe vite ! passe vite !* ”

It told also, with enduring veracity, that this side of the road was cultivated, and the other in a state of nature ; that here were vines, there meadows, orchards, fields, groves ; that the country of bears or boars came next, and then a district equally celebrated for wolves. It announced to travellers whose sires were yet unborn, as well as to the living, the places where they might purchase good walnuts, melons, capons, or where a sword of capital temper was to be had, or a hautboy to wile away the time on the journey. And, in fine, it had no chance of deceiving, for three-score

and ten years at the very least, when it assured the traveller, that in a particular road-side inn, graced, by the same token, with the sign of the Holy Virgin, he would find a jovial host and a comfortable hostess.

The roads, in these times, were in general long beds of flint and gravel, varying in depth, bordered with ditches and rough blocks of stone, and planted along the sides with fruit or forest-trees. Those near Paris and other great towns were constructed in imitation of the *viæ ferratæ* of the Romans — a foundation being made, *en dos d'âne*, with sand, gravel, and pebbles, and a cemented pavement of solid blocks of granite laid over all. The *levées* on the banks of rivers, which served both for dike and road, were elevated like ramparts, and their sides bound either with turf or stones, forming (as we have seen in our Wanderings by the Loire) a magnificent terrace carried along the water-side.

The road beyond Vernon is carried for three leagues, without interruption, almost on the brink of the Seine. It forms a magnificent alley of ash and walnut-trees; and the branches of the latter, loaded with fruit, overhang the outside traveller with a temptation which is not always resisted. About two miles from the town, a stream runs beneath the road which a poteau informs us is the limit between the departments of the Eure and the Seine-et-Oise, and which was formerly the frontier line of France and Normandy. On the other side of the river we see the embouchure of the rapid Epte.

Port-Villez, at the bottom of a sterile hill, is the



Drawn by J. M. W. Turner, R. A.

Engraved by R. Brandard.

*View on the Seine
between Montmartre and Vaugoussier.*

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first village on the route. It boasts of a camp of Cæsar, surrounded by deep ditches, where medals of Antoninus Pius have been found ; and of an ancient oak, which grows green the first in the forest, and “ *qui donne aux promeneurs cinq ares vingt-cinq centiares d’ombrages.*” The next is Jeufosse, equally miserable in appearance, yet possessing also its lion. This is the church of Notre Dame de la Mère, where pilgrims come all the way from Rouen to put their mites into a box at the foot of the cross. We then arrive at the bourg of Bonnières, remarkable for nothing at all ; although Mesnil-Regnard (now a paltry hamlet), of which it was formerly a dependant, exhibits the ruins of a tower of the tenth century, surrounded by deep ditches.

The Seine here throws out one of its sudden serpentine folds ; and the curious traveller, instead of following the road, which avoids the sinuosity, should by all means make the circuit, and by water, if the weather invites. In the course of this little tour, he will arrive at a castle thus described in old French, translated from the older Latin of Suger : “ *Sor le rivage de Seine est uns tertre mervelox, sor quoi fut jadis fermez uns chastiau trop fort et très orguelous, et est apelez La Roche-Guïom ; si est si haut encroez et fermez que à peines puet on veoir jusques ou sommet dou tertre.*”

The Château of la Roche-Guyon was built in the tenth century, by a lord named Guy, on a conical rock rising from the banks of the Seine. The tower which surmounts the present edifice, perched on the lofty and apparently inaccessible peak of the cone, is probably all

that remains of the original fortress ; but a portion of the main buildings below boasts a considerable antiquity. A bed-chamber, once occupied by Henri Quatre is among the curiosities of the château. The same bed, the same curtains, the same arm-chair, remain in the room to this day ; and we are also shewn another arm-chair which had the honour of receiving the bulkier weight of Louis Quatorze. The chapel, dug in the solid rock, where Saint Nicaise celebrated the holy mysteries ; the cavern beyond, containing the graves of the family, which never opens its solemn gate but to receive the dead ; the subterranean gallery, traversed by the light of torches ; and the reservoir to which it leads, sunk in the body of the cliff, and containing more than two thousand hogsheads of water — all are objects which must excite the interest of persons capable of abstracting themselves from the world of to-day, in order to plunge into the ages of the past.

La Roche-Guyon was the scene of the assassination of Guy, its lord, in 1122, by his father-in-law — a crime which was avenged by the troops of Louis VI. in the terrible spirit of the age. The account of the murder, and of the heroic grief of the lady of the Rock, is nobly translated from the Latin chronicle of Suger, in the *Annales Manuscrites de France*. Although in somewhat antiquated French, we trust to receive the reader's pardon, if not thanks, for copying it.

“ Quand sa femme, qui tant étoit prude femme et vaillante, vist ceci, elle se prit par les cheveux, comme ébaïe, comme femme hors de sens ; après courut à son mari, sans paour de mort, sur lui se laissa cheoir et le

couvrit de soi-même contre les coups d'épée, et commença à crier en telle sorte et manière : 'Moi,' dit-elle, 'très déloyal meurtrier, occis qui t'ai desservi, et laisse mon seigneur ! Doux ami, doux époux, qu'as tu fait à ces gens dont ne soyez-vous bons amis ensemble, comme gendre doit-être vers son seigneur, et sire vers son gendre ? Quelle fourçenerie est-ce ? Vous êtes tous enragiés et hors de sens —' Quand elle connut son seigneur qui jà étoit mort et gisoit tout dépiécé parmi la salle, si s'efforça tant par son amour qu'elle vint à lui, si dépiécé comme elle étoit, toute rampante à guise de serpent."

La Roche-Guyon was frequently visited by Henri Quatre when he resided at Mantes; and it is the scene of that fine reply of the beautiful Duchess of Guercheville to the amorous monarch: "No, sire, never! I am not well enough born to be your wife; but I am too well born to be your mistress!" The château belonged, at an early period, to the house of La Rochefoucauld; and after changing hands several times, it is now in possession of the head of the same family, the present duke. It is said that the manuscript of some poems by the author of the "Maximes" has been found in the library, and that these pieces are altogether unworthy of his fame.

After winding round the sweep of the Seine, we arrived at Rolleboise, on the direct road; between which and Bonnières, the place we last noticed on the highway, there is nothing worthy of observation. Rolleboise stands against a ridge of the hill, down which the steep line of its single street is carried.

Some stones of the tower and some dungeon-cells still remain of its château, which, in 1364, sustained gallantly a siege by Bertrand Du Guesclin, although it fell at last under the arms of the hero. A subterranean stair descended from the château through the body of the hill to the banks of the river.

A galiote, or coche d'eau, leaves Rolleboise for Poissy ; in which the curious traveller, who condescends to travel in so cheap and tedious a way, may have an opportunity of seeing the manners of the humbler riverains of the Seine. These we shall attempt to describe in the next chapter, but, for the present, we pursue the route of *terra firma*.

The road continues still picturesque, bordered by hills sometimes covered with vines, and ever and anon affording an enchanting view of the valley of the Seine. The village and château of Rosny are the first objects among the works of man which attract the traveller's attention. They are situated in the midst of immense woods, where the wild boar and the wolf still linger in the ancient retreats of their ancestors. The village is perhaps the neatest and cleanest we have as yet met on the route ; and the château, although not more striking in appearance than many gentlemen's houses in England, has yet a certain air of grandeur, the effect of the manifest presence of wealth and power.

The Château de Rosny passed by marriage, in the year 1529, into the family of Bethune, in the person of the grandfather of the famous Marquis de Rosny, Duke de Sully, who was born within its walls. It was near this that the famous interview took place between

Henri Quatre and his faithful minister, after Sully had proved himself to be not less valiant in the field than skilful in the cabinet. There is no doubt something interesting, nay affecting, in the interview; although we are not disposed to exclaim, with the excellent historian of Mantes (whose book we shall notice presently with the praise it deserves), “*Il n’y a rien qui approche dans les vies de Plutarque!*” On the contrary, whether owing or not to a natural levity of character, we found it impossible to repress a smile at the processional pomp with which the wounded minister approached his sovereign.

Carried on a litter of green branches, which was covered with the black velvet cloaks of his prisoners, embroidered in silver with numberless crowns of Lorraine, Sully descended the heights of Beuron, reclining under his laurels. He was preceded by two grooms leading two of his war-horses; and these by two pages leading the grey courser which had carried him into his first battle. This superb animal had his right side and shoulder laid open for three feet by the stroke of a lance, which, at the same time, had carried away the boot of its master, and a portion of the calf of his leg. The pages carried his cuirass, his brassards, the standard taken from the enemy, and his shattered casque supported on the end of his broken spear. On one side of the litter came Maignan, his esquire, with his head bandaged, and his arm in a sling; and, on the other, Moreines, his valet-de-chambre, bearing the orange velvet cloak of the hero, embroidered with silver lace, and the fragments of his sword and of his plume of

feathers. Behind marched his three prisoners, and all that the battle had spared of his gendarmes and arquebusiers.

In 1709 the estate of Rosny passed into the family of the Count de Sénozan, in which it descended to a lady who became the wife of the present Duke de Talleyrand. Her son, the Duke de Dino, sold it, in 1817, to a Parisian merchant, who resold it in the following year to the Duchess de Berri. It is now the property of Mr. Stone, a London banker, whom it cost (as we were told) five million francs.

The Duchess de Berri, while she resided here, was very much beloved by her neighbours, and with good cause. The character of this very remarkable person is not yet well known. In all the high and splendid qualities which distinguished the age of chivalry rather than ours, she might serve as a perfect model for a heroine of romance. The time approaches, however, when the royal fugitive of La Vendée will be better understood; for we have reason to believe, that, at this moment, there are authentic and interesting materials for an original Memoir exclusively in the hands of the Countess of Blessington. We shall hardly be accused of any affection for the cause of an obsolete legitimacy; and yet we confess it is with much impatience we wait for such a work from such a writer.

CHAPTER IX.

THE RIVERAINS OF THE SEINE.

FROM Rosny to Mantes the Seine is invisible, although close at hand. The latter place stands on the side of a gentle eminence, sloping to the water's edge. In the engraving, the town, with the towers of Notre Dame, and the tower of Saint Maclou, are seen rising in an imposing manner from the left bank of the river. The bridge conducts to an island, whence another is thrown to the bourg of Limai on the right bank, which may be considered the fauxbourg of Mantes.

This town has received the epithet of "la jolie," which makes some travellers smile, and induces others of the graver class to inquire seriously into the origin of a term which seems so inapplicable. The truth appears to us to be, that at the time the name was given the town in all probability deserved it. Its streets, indeed, were then, as they are now, neither straight nor broad; but if in cleanliness, neatness of architecture, and a certain air of opulence, they resembled those of the present day, the implied praise could hardly have been undeserved.

The building with two towers which dominates the town, is the church of Notre Dame, an object descried by the traveller at nine leagues' distance. The

vault of the nave is singularly lofty ; and with us it lost nothing of its effect, from the circumstance of there being several men, when we entered, swinging in barrels near the roof, like so many spiders. These men were whistling, hallooing, and singing jovial songs, with all their might, while engaged in whitewashing the vault ; and it was some time before we discovered whence those anomalous and distant sounds proceeded.

To whitewash a church is, in our eyes, a profanity ; but Notre Dame has besides been the victim of a similar crime, amounting in degree to sacrilege. When its windows lost their ancient stained glass, through which only a dim, religious light was admitted into the temple, the full glare of day was found to be unsuitable to its character. A coloured glass, therefore, was substituted, of all possible shades of *yellow*, which it was supposed—probably from some autumnal associations—would produce an effect consistent with the awful solemnity of the place. The effect is indeed awful, and melancholy to boot. The church looks as gay and gaudy as a summer-house in a garden ; while the lady-worshippers resemble a crowd of ghastly phantoms, condemned to revisit, for their sins, the haunts of their unhallowed joys.

It is related of Eudes de Montreuil, the architect of the present church, that after he had finished, he was so confounded by the boldness of the vaults, that he did not dare to look on while their central supports were withdrawn. He deputed his nephew to this task, and awaited the result at home in fearful agitation.



Engraved by W. Radclyffe

Drawn by J. M. W. Turner, R. A.

St. Paul's

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The nephew returned—his hasty step was on the stair—he rushed into the room—

“ It stands!—it stands!—an eternal monument of your fame!” The architect fell on his knees, and relieved his full heart by a burst of passionate weeping.

This great work was carried into execution under the patronage of the beautiful Blanche of Provence, the same who was loved so well by the minstrel Count of Champagne. He followed his lady wherever she went, singing her praises, and basking in her eyes. While at Mantes, he composed several of his songs and pastorals; and among others, an address to the Virgin, in which the poetical mingling of religion and gallantry has an inexpressible charm :

“ Dame des cieux, grans roine poissanz,
Au grant besoig me soiez secoranz,
De vos amer puisse avoir droite flame ;
Quant dame perc, dame me soit aidanz !”

The tower more to the right in the engraving belonged to the church of Saint Maclou, and after the destruction of the parent edifice was preserved as a monument. It is distinguished by its lightness of construction; and also by the peculiar nature of the funds by which it was built. These were raised from the mites of the poor people who assisted in dragging vessels past the bridge of the town.

In 1087, the presence here of William the Conqueror was fatal to Mantes, and to himself. He was on his way to Paris to celebrate his *relevailles*, as he

had sworn “by the splendour and the birth of God,” and unfortunately he paused for a moment to destroy the town. One of his generals preceded him, laying waste the standing corn, rooting up the vines, and cutting down the trees; and when the people were without the walls, gazing in horror and amazement at the scene of devastation, William himself dashed through the gates, and set fire to the town.

“As he galloped proudly through the streets,” says a chronicler, “his horse made a sudden stumble, and threw him upon the saddle-bow, wounding him in the belly.” The enormous prominence of this part of his body (the object of the indecent jest of the king of France, which it was William’s present mission to avenge) rendered the injury fatal. He was carried to the monastery of Saint Germain at Rouen, where he died, after languishing for six weeks.

In 1364, the famous Du Guesclin captured the town of Mantes, by sending De Lannoy before him, preceded by thirty men, disguised as vine-dressers, to take possession of the gates. When these masqueraders were already before the town,—“It came to pass,” says a chronicle, “that the said Guillaume de Lannoy arose after midnight, and armed his people; and when they came near Mantes, they left their horses and approached on foot. The night was very dark, and they could see but little; till at length the sun rose. Now the men of Mantes had the custom of gathering together all the cattle at the gates, and sending them out to pasture in the fields; and the gates were opened by four citizens, who kept the keys. When these

bourgeois saw the aforesaid, they took them for true vine-dressers coming for their day's work; and they opened the gates therefore, and set all the barriers wide open; then went into the guard-house to put on their armour, while the cattle went out.

“ Then there came to the gate four vine-dressers, who entered therein; and then six, who took possession of the gate. Then each man drew his sword, and in another instant the whole were assembled. Then one of them blew a blast upon a horn with all his might, to the end that the ambuscade might hear which was close by; and the citizens, in alarm, began to shout, “ Treason! treason!” The vine-dressers, however, placed a wagon upon the bridge, so that they could not raise it. How that town was astonished! when, before the greater part of the inhabitants were out of their beds, Guillaume de Lannoy and his forces entered therein, and, uniting with the others, began to shout, ‘ Lannoy! Lannoy!’

“ Then the citizens fled towards the church of Notre Dame; while Du Guesclin, with the Count d'Auxerre, and numerous knights in his company, who led on with them many followers, entered the town, all crying, “ Lannoy! Lannoy!” for so it was ordered. While they were galloping through the streets, the people threw at them, one a pestle, another a mortar, to avenge their disgrace; and the cry of ‘ treason! treason!’ became louder and louder. The women clasped their children in their arms, and began to cry, too, most hideously; but Du Guesclin went straight on to the church (already occupied by the

bourgeois) with a strong body of crossbow-men, who behaved themselves so well, that they entered therein to the number of five hundred.

“ Then some of those who were in the town began the pillage mercilessly ; when the bourgeois, who had retired to the tower of the church, seeing their misadventure, called out to the French that they would render, and accordingly ceased fighting. Then Du Guesclin spoke to the bourgeois of the town after this manner : —

“ ‘ Lords,’ said he, ‘ do you render to the Duke of Normandy, who is regent, and eldest son of the king ? If you wish so to do, and will give hostages and oath of loyalty, your goods and inheritance will be spared. To those who are of another mind, I freely grant leave to depart ; but not to take with them either jewels or money, or any thing of value beyond what is at this moment on their backs. Now, give me your answer at once ; for you see our people will lose no time in pillaging ! ’ And when the bourgeois heard Du Guesclin speak thus, they feared to lose their goods and inheritance ; and they consented to become loyal subjects of the king their sire, and of their said lord the regent.”

We have said, that in the galiote from Rolleboise to Poissy the traveller may have an opportunity of studying the manners of the humbler riverains of the Seine ; but in the meantime, in the absence of such personal experience, we offer him the result of our own. We are more particularly induced to detain him for

this purpose at Mantes; for there we have the assistance of M. Cassan, the sous-préfet of the arrondissement, whose book (already referred to) the "*Statistique de Mantes*," although wanting in scenic descriptive details, is a very excellent, and, even to the stranger, a very interesting performance.

The abodes of the poorer classes inhabiting this district of the Seine, consist frequently of a hut comprising only a single apartment; in which husband, wife, and children, eat and sleep. This, when the circumstances of the family are a little better, is divided into two unequal parts by a partition, generally of boards. In addition, they have a cellar, sometimes dug in the rock, a pig-house, a poultry-house, and occasionally a cow-house, and a stable—at least for asses, and almost always a little court in front, and a little garden behind.* Advancing in riches, another floor is added to this for the sleeping apartments; the roof is covered with tiles or slates, instead of thatch; the walls of the rez-de-chaussée are papered; the rude mantel-pieces are changed into marble; and, above all things, a large mirror reflects the image of comparative wealth, and prosperity.

* M. Cassan makes a very acute remark on the improvidence of the poor with regard to their habitations. He says, that if they were protected from the cold, damp air of winter, by the door, &c. being properly fitted, their saving in fuel alone for a single year (not to talk of the additional comfort), would abundantly cover the expense. If those benevolent persons who are in the habit of sending coals to the country poor in England, would diminish the quantity by one half, and lay out the value of the remainder in carpenters' and masons' work, they would perhaps render a still greater service to the objects of their beneficence.

The inhabitant of the cottage gets up at the sound of the *angélus*, at four o'clock in summer, when he begins the day by breakfasting on bread and cheese. At eight o'clock another meal of the same kind, perhaps with the addition of a bunch of grapes, or an apple, if these are in season, keeps up the system. At midday he dines, generally on soup made of vegetables, with a little cheese or fruit; at four or five o'clock comes a luncheon of bread and cheese; and at seven, eight, nine, or ten o'clock, according to the time of the year, the soup left at dinner is reproduced for supper, with the addition of a salad dressed with oil and vinegar. It is not on the fire, however — extinguished long ago — that they seek the soup-kettle for their last meal; but in the *bed*, where, covered up with the pillow, it has preserved a kind of memory of the chimney. Eggs, milk, or herrings, serve as an occasional variety in the above fare; and more frequently beans, lentils, cabbages, turnips, and potatoes.

As for butcher-meat, our riverain eats it when he is sick, by way of a delicacy, or on the *fête-day* of his village, by way of a feast. Pork is the most within his reach, as he fattens a pig himself; but mutton, too, is come-at-able in the month of November, when the farmers are getting rid of their old sheep. On high family festivals a fricasseed rabbit smokes upon the board, and fills the atmosphere for half-a-mile round with the seducing odour of garlic. To this is added a salad, garnished with hard eggs, and seasoned with cream, fried bacon, sausages, pudding, and flour-cakes. The bread is brown, and made of rye

and barley, wheat and rye, or all three together. Before the Revolution it was either of barley alone, or of barley mixed with wheat.

He rarely drinks the simple element. When cider is beyond his reach, he manufactures a "boisson" of apples, pears, sloes, or the refuse of grapes, which he puts into a barrel of water. Wine he drinks, just as he eats beef, when he is sick, or when he wishes to do special honour to a guest, or a fête-day.

A riverain of this arrondissement is rarely known either by his family or baptismal name. His neighbours at an early period confer upon him a sobriquet which sticks to him through life; and at length his original name becomes nothing more than a tradition preserved by the curious. A soldier was lately billeted on an individual called Michel Pierre; but after a whole day's search, no such person could be found. Had the soldier inquired for *Berlurette*, every man, woman, and child in the commune would have pointed him out. The worst of this is, that it is a system more likely to spread than to diminish. Nobody but affected persons likes to be singular; and sobriquets, more especially, are a species of compliment which one feels bound in honour to return.

Whether the women come in for their share individually we do not know; whether a girl marries a sobriquet, is, in like manner, a subject of doubt: we cannot take upon us to state, with an absolute conviction of the fact, that there exists at this moment a Madame Berlurette.

When a damsel has consented to "change her name," the fortunate lover leads her to church on the next Sunday, *aux accords*. This is a beautiful custom. The youthful pair, who have exchanged their plighted faith, renew and sanctify the compact by kneeling side by side at the same altar. This is *better* than marriage; for there is no prescribed form, no compulsion, no interference of the priest, or of the laws. This is the marriage that is sanctified in heaven, and the one, we will venture to say, which is considered most binding on earth. On this occasion, the lover presents to his affiancée a chain, a cross of gold, or a silver cup, as the "*corbeille de mariage*," and the wedding-day is fixed.

In some places, when the wedding-party are assembled in the house of the parents, and are just ready to set out for the church, the bride is reminded of a ceremony which she has to perform. It is no ceremony to her. She is about to tear away, at one wrench, all the ties that have hitherto bound her young life to the world; to forsake father and mother, brother and sister, and to cling for evermore to the fortunes of one who is comparatively a stranger. This she would, perhaps, have forgotten, in the agitation of the moment, or in the enthusiasm of early love; but the customs of her native village force it upon her recollection. She falls upon her knees before her father and mother, in the midst of the assembled company; kisses, with quivering lips, their hands; and in a passion of tears, implores their pardon for all the faults she has com-

mitted since her infancy. The parents, with choked voices, forgive and bless their child ; while the rest of the family stand round them weeping.

In certain villages, when the nuptial procession comes out of the church, the bride is presented with a basin of soup and a spoon drilled with holes ; an emblem, perhaps, of the disappointments and vexations of life, and a hint that patience, temperance, and fortitude, are the virtues more particularly demanded in her new situation. In the same spirit of a wise and grave philosophy, the bride is married in a *mourning gown*. The girl is dead, and all her happy, heedless dreams departed. It is the woman who now comes upon the scene, mourning for the past, and looking forward in fear or faith to the future ; it is the heiress of the curse of Eve who, lovely in her grief, and smiling through her tears, now enters upon her fatal inheritance.

An hour after the young couple have retired to their apartment, they are roused by a knocking at the door, and the voices of their comrades, of both sexes, who sing the following song. We do not know what the age of this morceau may be ; but we consider it a gem of antique simplicity.

“ Sur le pont d’Avignon, j’ai ouï chanter la belle,
Qui dans son chant disait une chanson nouvelle —
Qui dans son chant disait une chanson nouvelle :
Ouvrez la porte, ouvrez, nouvelle mariée !

Nos amours sont sur l’eau dans un bateau de verre ;
Le bateau s’est cassé, nos amours sont par terre.

Le bateau s'est cassé, nos amours sont par terre —
Ouvrez la porte, ouvrez, nouvelle mariée !”

The lady replies in a similar strain, excusing herself from opening the door, and bidding them wait till the morning.

The song concludes thus :

“ Attendez à demain la fraîche matinée,
Pour que mon lit soit fait, ma chambre balayée ;
Pour que mon lit soit fait, ma chambre balayée,
Et que mon mari soit à gagner sa journée.”

The visitors, however, persist, and the door is at length opened ; when the young couple receive the *chaudeau*, consisting of mulled wine and toasted bread.

Besides the songs bearing immediate reference to the business on hand, there are many others sung prescriptively, or by custom, at nuptials. Of these we present the reader with the following as a favourable specimen :—

“ Hier, sur le pont d'Avignon,
Hier, sur le pont d'Avignon,
J'ai ouï chanter la belle,
Lon là,
J'ai ouï chanter la belle ;

Elle chantait d'un ton si doux,
Elle chantait d'un ton si doux,
Comme une demoiselle,
Lon là,
Comme une demoiselle,

Que le fils du roi l'entendit,
Que le fils du roi l'entendit,
Du logis de son père,
Lon là,
Du logis de son père.

Il appela ses serviteurs,
Il appela ses serviteurs,
Valets, et chambrières,
Lon là,
Valets et chambrières.

Ca, que l'on bride mon cheval,
Ca, que l'on bride mon cheval,
Et lui mette sa selle,
Lon là,
Et lui mette sa selle.

Monsieur, où voulez-vous aller ?
Monsieur, où voulez-vous aller ?
Ce n'est qu'une bergère,
Lon là,
Ce n'est qu'une bergère.

Bergère ou non, je veux la voir,
Bergère ou non, je veux la voir,
Ou que mon cheval crève !
Lon là,
Ou que mon cheval crève !”

It would not be proper, while on the subject of marriages, to omit mentioning a custom which exists in some communes. The morning after the nuptials, the bride is carried on the shoulders of the young men of the village to the nearest cross, and there she is

compelled to swear anew fidelity to her husband. The lay-priest then approaches her with a solemn air, and the assembled multitude are as still as death, while he delivers, in awe-inspiring tones, the following command :

“ Stretch forth your hand, madame, and promise, in the presence of God, never to go after your husband to the public-house !” She swears—Perjured wife !

Years flow by ; and for the holy bonds of nature, which were at least loosened by marriage, others are substituted that bind her by the very heart-strings to the earth. The wife is a mother ; and her breast is agitated by all a mother’s hopes and fears. Her child is ill, or well—joyful, or unhappy ; and the mother smiles, or watches, or weeps. He is absent : he has been called to the battles of his country ; her fair-haired boy is tossing on the vasty deep : and the mother, looking wildly around, through the tears that blind her vision, demands of all things, in nature and out of nature, tidings of her son.

She prepares a cake—this mother of the banks of the beautiful Seine—and having lighted the *Chandelle des Rois*,* divides it into as many parts as there are persons present, leaving three additional, one for the *Bon-Dieu*,† another for the *Bonne-Vierge*, and the third for the absent child. The youngest of the company then, after reciting the “ *Benedicite*,” delivers to each his part, beginning with the Saviour and the

* On the *Fête des Rois*.

† This is the second, not the first person in the Trinity. The crucifix is called, in common parlance, the *Bon-Dieu*.

Virgin, and ending with the father of the family, saying always, as he takes up the pieces individually, "*Phæbe, domine, pour qui ?*"* The morning after this ceremony the portions of the Bon-Dieu and the Bonne-Vierge are given to the poor; that of the absent child has been already locked up by the mother in her safest and most secret recess.

This is a talisman by which her heart is warned of the fortunes of her wandering boy. She examines it every day. If it begins to decay, he is unwell; if it resumes its freshness, he is recovering; if it moulders away, he is dead. Does Heaven *accept* the pagan offering, in the persons of the poor? Yes, infidel priest, it is worth more to the giver's soul than a thousand of your litanies! The mother's talisman, too, is made holy by a mother's love; and the angels of God themselves descend to whisper a reply to the ceaseless question of her unquiet bosom — "My son? my son?"

* "*For whom, O Lord Phæbus ?*" or Apollo, the sun. This is highly curious. M. Cassan, however, thinks "*Fabæ, domine, pour qui ?*" "*O Lord, for whom the bean ?*" more "*vraisemblable.*" Why so, M. Cassan?

CHAPTER X.

THE BAL.

THE road from Mantes leads across its two bridges to the right bank of the Seine, when we find ourselves in the ancient bourg of Limay. The origin of this place is carried by some authors as far back as the time of the Celts; but, at any rate, its name occurs in historical documents from the tenth to the fourteenth century. In 1376 Charles V. founded here the convent of the Célestins, which, at a later date, became still more famous for wine than for devotion. The holy brethren, at the sacrifice of much money, labour, and ingenuity, at length arrived at the pitch of equalling the finest produce of Burgundy; and their total disinterestedness is proved by the fact, that the wine grown on their own hill-sides, owing to the expensive process of manufacturing it, cost them quite as much as Burgundy itself. The poet Regnard, in his “Voyage de Normandie,” celebrates this capital wine, and cries out in ecstasy:

“Que sur le clos Célestin
Tombe à jamais la rosée!”

“These poor Célestins,” says he, “made a vow, I know not for what reason, to drink the wine that grew in their own fields; and at length, out of obedience and mortification of the flesh, they contrive to swallow

it without grimacing. God grant the patience requisite to enable them to bear such a penance!"

The hermitage of Saint Sauveur is also in this neighbourhood, dug out of the rock, to which a pilgrimage is made twice a-year.

On our right hand is the Seine, with a considerable extent of view beyond; and on our left a line of hills, dotted here and there with châteaux and their dependent villages and hamlets. The first is the very handsome château of Issou; then appears that of Hanencourt, which belonged, till the fatal coup d'état, to M. Casimir Périer; and then the château of Juziers, with its village and ancient church.

In the year 1245, when Louis IX. was king, a procession took place at Juziers strangely characteristic of the manners of the time. Two individuals, Robert de Villette and Guillaume Périer, had been banished from the kingdom for the murder of the prior of the ancient church mentioned above; but, longing to return to their native country, they offered caution that they would undergo whatever sentence might be pronounced against them in lieu of exile. They were accordingly condemned to various expiatory processions, which they performed on Sundays and high festivals, barefoot, and wearing trousers and shirts of coarse cloth, a rod in their hand, and their cloaks hanging torn about their necks. In this state they marched from the spot which was the scene of the murder to the prior's tomb, proclaiming aloud: "We do this, because we are the authors of the death of John, prior of Juziers, and we do it in order to obtain grace and remission." In pur-

suance of this sentence, they made similar processions to various churches in Normandy, to Notre Dame at Paris, and to the cathedral church at Chartres; and one of them set out on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, where he was condemned to remain, at Jerusalem, three years.

It appears, however, that murderers were also allowed to make this kind of compromise with the relations of their victim, in order to shun the sentence of the public law. Such was the case, towards the close of the following century, with a lord of Hacqueville, who had assassinated his wife. Her friends prosecuted him for the crime; and, to avoid judgment, he consented to found a mass in perpetuity for the repose of her soul, to divide certain lands among the four daughters of his marriage, and to banish himself for three years from the kingdom, performing, in the meanwhile, the pilgrimages of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, of Saint Catherine of Mount Sinai, of Saint Pascal, and of Saint Anthony of the Desert.

We pass the château and village of Mezy next, and then arrive at Meulan, a little town upon the Seine, partly built on an island called the Fort, which withstood successfully the arms of Mayenne in the wars of the League. The principal business here is tannery; but the current of the river running with great force under the arches of the bridge, many of the poorer classes obtain employment in assisting their four-legged compeers to drag heavy barges against the stream. Opposite Meulan is the Ile-Belle, where Louis XV. was accustomed to visit his librarian Bignon. “Is the



Drawn by J. M. W. Turner, R. A.

Engraved by J. Cousen.

Bridge of Moulun.

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abbé on the island?" said his majesty to the boatman, as he came alone one day to the ferry. "*The abbé!*" replied the indignant Charon — "*Monsieur l'abbé, me-thinks, would become one of your appearance better!*"

Following the route, we pass the village of Vaux, in a commanding and beautiful situation; and then the bourg of Triel, where the traveller, if he arrive at the proper season, may have the satisfaction of eating delicious apricots. Between this and Poissy, the birth-place of Saint Louis, there is nothing remarkable; and the latter town is so only by its historical associations. So early as 868 Charles-le-Chauve held there an assembly of the nobles and prelates of the kingdom; and it was till comparatively late times the Saint Germain of the French kings.

The château, however, disappeared long ago, and Philippe-le-Hardi replaced it by a church, the position of which differs from that of almost all other Catholic temples. The rule is to place the altar to the east; but the royal founder of the church of Poissy determined that it should stand in the identical spot where Saint Louis was brought forth.

The situation of the town is fine; and from its old bridge, and the chaussée beside it, the richest views are obtained of the banks and islands of the Seine. But all this natural beauty is destroyed by the mean and dirty appearance of the town, and by a cattle-market which is held here for the supply of Paris.

"I know no spectacle in the world," says the Hermite en Provence, "more proper to make one adopt the system of Pythagoras. For myself, I

want words to express the feelings of horror and disgust with which I remembered that this prodigious multitude of animals, which saw, breathed, walked, bellowed, and bleated around me, before the end of the week would have their throats cut, and be mutilated, hewn in pieces, and hung up in bleeding fragments in all the streets of the metropolis." M. Jouy, perhaps, had never heard the reply of the butcher to the sentimental lady who reproved him for his inhumanity in killing a sheep. "What the devil would the woman have?" growled he; "*would she eat it alive?*"

The river here makes another circular sweep; but as we found nothing of particular interest on the way, we shall conduct the reader by the highway, across the neck of the peninsula, to Saint Germain. Before entering this famous place, however, we must take a retrospective peep as far as Mantes. The road by which we have travelled follows, as nearly as may be, with the exception of the last sweep, the windings of the river; but there is another, almost in a straight line from Mantes to Saint Germain, which will be preferred by those travellers who patronise short cuts, and which, moreover, will be found not inferior to the other in beauty and variety.

The first village after leaving Mantes, is Mézières, a village of an origin at least as early as the sixteenth century. The church was repaired by Francis I., and contains to this day some beautiful stained glass. In the neighbourhood, near the wood of Mézerolles, are the remains of a commandery of Templars. Farther on is Epône, a village prettily situated on the slope of a

hill. This place, as well as Mézières, was frequently visited by Saint Germain; and here he performed the miracle of reducing a dislocation of the jaw-bone. Lest it should be said, however, that this could have been done as well by any old woman of the hamlet, it is necessary to mention another feat of the saint—performed after his death. When they were transporting the body for interment, it stopped at every prison it came to; and no human force or art could prevail upon it to proceed, till the prisoners were set at liberty.

Near Epône is a field called the Trou aux Anglais, the scene of a bloody battle between the French and English. This took place at the commencement of the fifteenth century, when the little village of to-day was a fortified town. It sustained gallantly many sieges of our countrymen, who at last carried it by assault. Besides several monuments of the middle ages, this commune, less explored, perhaps, than it deserves, presents numerous antiquities both of the Celtic and Gallo-Romanic epochs.

The route crosses the little river Maudre, when we leave to the right the château of La Falaise, sung by Delille and Roucher. The village of Aubergenville then appears, and next that of Flins, both with their châteaux, and neither worthy of remark. Through orchards of cherry-trees we are conducted by the hamlet of Chambourcy to Saint Germain; having found this direct route to involve a saving of about two leagues.

Somewhere on the road we observed an old tower rising from the summit of a hill; and although a vil-

lage and a country-seat were close by, its incongruity with the rest of the scene gave it an appearance of strange isolation. The châteaux we had passed were, in general, trim and cozy abodes; the middle ages seemed to have gone out of fashion; and we amused our imagination with thinking that the Genius of Chivalry had retired to make his last stand in that little lonely tower.

At a much earlier period, however, the physical monuments of the knightly age were all which remained. Even in the fourteenth century, chivalry in France was little better than a memory. Many of the forms, it is true, remained, but the substance was gone. Even a prince of the royal house, till he had received the accolade, could not wear gold on his vestments; and his wife, besides being under the same restriction, was addressed only as “mademoiselle.” Such were the honours paid to an institution which might already be said, in all its essentials, to have passed away. Chivalry existed only in show; in the splendid tourney, with its circle of ladies radiant in their beauty, their golden cinctures, their jewels, their scarfs, their waving plumes; and its crowd of gallant knights, glittering in steel, and glorious in all the pride of strength and all the vanity of youth.

It existed, also, in the errant knight, the relic of a former age, who still vowed his vow—to eat only with one side of his mouth, and see only with one eye, till the accomplishment of his enterprise. When he sounded the horn at the gate, the trumpet of the warder made haste to answer; for in case of delay, the

knight was bound to turn his horse, and seek adventures elsewhere. When his advent was announced, the old ladies, agitated with a thousand heart-stirring recollections, arrayed themselves in the gown, stiff with gold, which had been the pride of the heroines of their race for more than a century; and the young ladies, with eyes sparkling with curiosity, bosoms swelling with expectation, and cheeks full and flushed with suppressed mirth, awaited anxiously his approach.

A noise is heard, resembling a hundred pieces of metal jingling and ringing against one another; and knight and esquire at length bow themselves into the room, covered from head to heel with plates of brass. The Wanderer flings himself at the feet of the fair, and swears an eternal love to all and each of them, young and old; he tells of his enterprise and his vow, and begs them to observe his left eye covered with a patch of cloth corresponding in colour with his doublet. He laments his fate in being thrown under the influence of eyes which even armour like his cannot resist; and laments it the more that his unhappy destiny compels him to tear himself instantly away from a beauty which must all his after-life haunt him like an enchantment. Having finished his speech, the ringing and jingling re-commences; the knight-errant bows himself out, and the delighted ladies enter into a fierce debate as to whether they should admire most his person, his manners, or his brass.

While indulging in these recollections, the merry tones of a violin—neither from a cabaret nor a barn—but from an open field by the side of the road, called

our attention to a more interesting scene. The rustics of the village had retired hither to *dance*. We English have no idea of what this means. Dancing in France is not so much an amusement as a business; not so much a luxury as a necessary. The faces before us exhibit nothing of the excitement of mirth or joy; but an air of entire satisfaction tranquillises the features and regulates the motions. There is no shouting, no running, no leaping, no flinging up, in, and out, of toes and heels,—all is done gently, gracefully. When the peasants of England dance, it is something altogether out of the usual routine of their lives; they feel a kind of boisterous intoxication; they dance with passion: the French dance with sentiment.

The dance in France is not a mere re-union of the sexes; it is an essential *per se*. The damsels of the Seine dance with one another when they cannot get male partners; but as for returning home on a Sunday evening without having danced at all, it is a calamity which plunges them in gloom for the whole week. What had they been toiling for during the six days? why for the Sunday dance. It is the object and reward of their labour, the aim and attainment of their lives. It is associated even in the common speech of the villageoise with all that is all-important in her avocations. When, pursued by an unhappy fatality, she returns home disappointed, in tears and agitation, her pitying friends perceive at once—that SHE HAS NOT SOLD HER BUTTER!

The history of French dancing proves that the fine arts are not to be repressed by the tyranny of the laws. Dancing was discouraged in France by various kings

and states-general ; but the enthusiasm of its professors only rose the higher. It was expressly forbidden by the ordonnances of Orléans and of Blois, in 1560 and 1579 ; and the parliament of Provence, in 1542, menaced with the scourge such zealots as presumed to teach or to dance the pilher or the voulte. All was unavailing. The brave dancing-masters continued to teach fiercely ; and the people to a man, or a woman, kept dancing, dancing. The pilgrims danced in the procession at Rheims ; the mourners round the bier of Cardinal Birague danced weeping ; Henri III. himself danced in the archiepiscopal palace, and at the hour of matins. At the moment in which we write, Louis-Philippe, in order to celebrate the anniversary of the Three Days, has stationed bands of music in sundry places of the metropolis, that his faithful subjects may dance gratis.

It may be supposed that where there was so much practice, theory was not neglected. Signs of dancing were invented like the signs of music ; and a friend in town sent to his friend in the country the last new dance, as well as the last new air, or the last new novel. These signs were formed of the letters of the alphabet—the simple and familiar being always the engines of really philosophical minds. The right hand step, for instance, was represented by *a a* ; the left by *b b* ; a spring with joined feet by *c c* ; the adieu by *c* ; the return by *r*. The honour of this invention is due to the sixteenth century. The inventor, Thoinot-Arbeau, established for ever his own right by the publication of his immortal “ Orchésographie.” Two thousand years

ago, if Anacharsis be as veracious as other travellers, the signs of music were invented. Two thousand years more were required to produce the signs of dancing.

The *voulte*, or *volte*, persecuted as we have said above, by the parliament of Provence, was a dance in which the gentleman caught up the lady in his arms, and danced away with her. It was not the parliament of Provence, however, which had the power to put down so pleasant a proceeding. The fact is, the women of the present day are *heavier* than those of former times; and it has now become an impossibility to carry off a lady otherwise than by means of a post-chaise and four. As for the dances that permitted, or rather enjoined, a kiss upon the cheek at stated intervals, they have become obsolete: at least they are not danced in public.

These may be called the dances of reality, for there was no make-believe about them; but the dances of imitation were more curious. In the *branle des lavandières*, the dancers imitated with their hands and feet the sound of washing or beating linen; in the *branle des chevaux*, you heard the pawing and prancing of horses; in the *branle des mathématiques*, you saw Euclid problematising on compasses; in the *branle des ermites*, three recluses were tempted and tormented almost out of their sanctity, by as many incarnate fiends in the form of pretty girls. But the *courante* was the most dramatic of these dances. Three lovers danced in with their mistresses. The latter are coy; they retire; they adjust their toilet, their laces, their ruffs, still dancing, and keeping time with each other

with hand and foot. They return; the young men meet them; all bow, and pirouette, and languish, and despair; but at length the fair ones soften, melt, are reconciled, and all is joy and briskness—in the feet.

On these banks of the Seine we recognised a dance familiar to us in Scotland. It is performed by the young girls when the scarcity of cavaliers throws them upon their own resources. They form a ring by joining hands, and dance round one of their companions whom they have placed in the middle. In Scotland this simple movement is accompanied by as simple an air, which the dancers sing in chorus. Often have we sat at the window in the evening, listening to it for hours together; and the concluding words, or rather their general sound, for we are not sure of the articulation, haunts our ear to this day — *Mary Matanzy!*

The French *bal*, however, — but the word is unintelligible to the English — “ball,” like most literal translations, is wide of the meaning. The latter is full of evil communications: it comes off the tongue with a sonorous twang, like that of the string of a violoncello; — it breathes of hot skins, unwholesome atmosphere, and mutton suet. *Bal*, on the other hand, is as innocent, in itself, as a butterfly. Its locality is not described by the word room; for it is independent of place, and heated air, and candle-light, and almost of music. It simply implies a reunion, no matter when or where, of men and women, lads and lasses, youths and girls, in which the harmonious vivacity of the soul manifests itself in the feet.

But the *bal*, we say, however innocent in itself,

occasions frequently the loss, not only of hearts, but lives. It often takes place under a thin canopy, and the tired *danseuse* sits down to look on at the others, unconscious of her danger. If the scene has been a room, she lingers in the cold air on coming out, to bid good night. We have often ourselves seen a company of young girls crouching under a canvass roof, loath to be driven away by a shower, receiving the rain-drops as they fell upon their glowing bosoms with a playful scream, and inhaling, with the unconsciousness of lambs in the steaming den of the butcher, that damp, chill, heavy atmosphere, in which the germs of consumption were as thick as motes in the sunbeam!

In the arrondissement of Mantes alone three hundred and seventeen unmarried girls, from the age of sixteen to twenty-two, die every year, and two hundred and forty young married women, from the age of twenty to thirty-two! These, with comparatively few exceptions, are the victims of the *bal*!

“ C’est alors que souvent la danseuse ingénue
Sentit, en frissonnant, sur son épaule nue
Glisser le souffle de matin.

Quels tristes lendemains laisse le bal folâtre !
Adieu parure, et danse, et rires enfantins !
Aux chansons succédait la toux opiniâtre ;
Aux plaisirs, rose et frais, la fièvre au teint bleuâtre,
Aux yeux brillans les yeux éteints.

* * * * *

Elle est morte. A quinze ans, belle, heureuse, adorée !

* * * * *

Joyeuse, et d'une main ravie,
Elle allait moissonnant les roses de la vie,
Beauté, plaisir, jeunesse, amour !

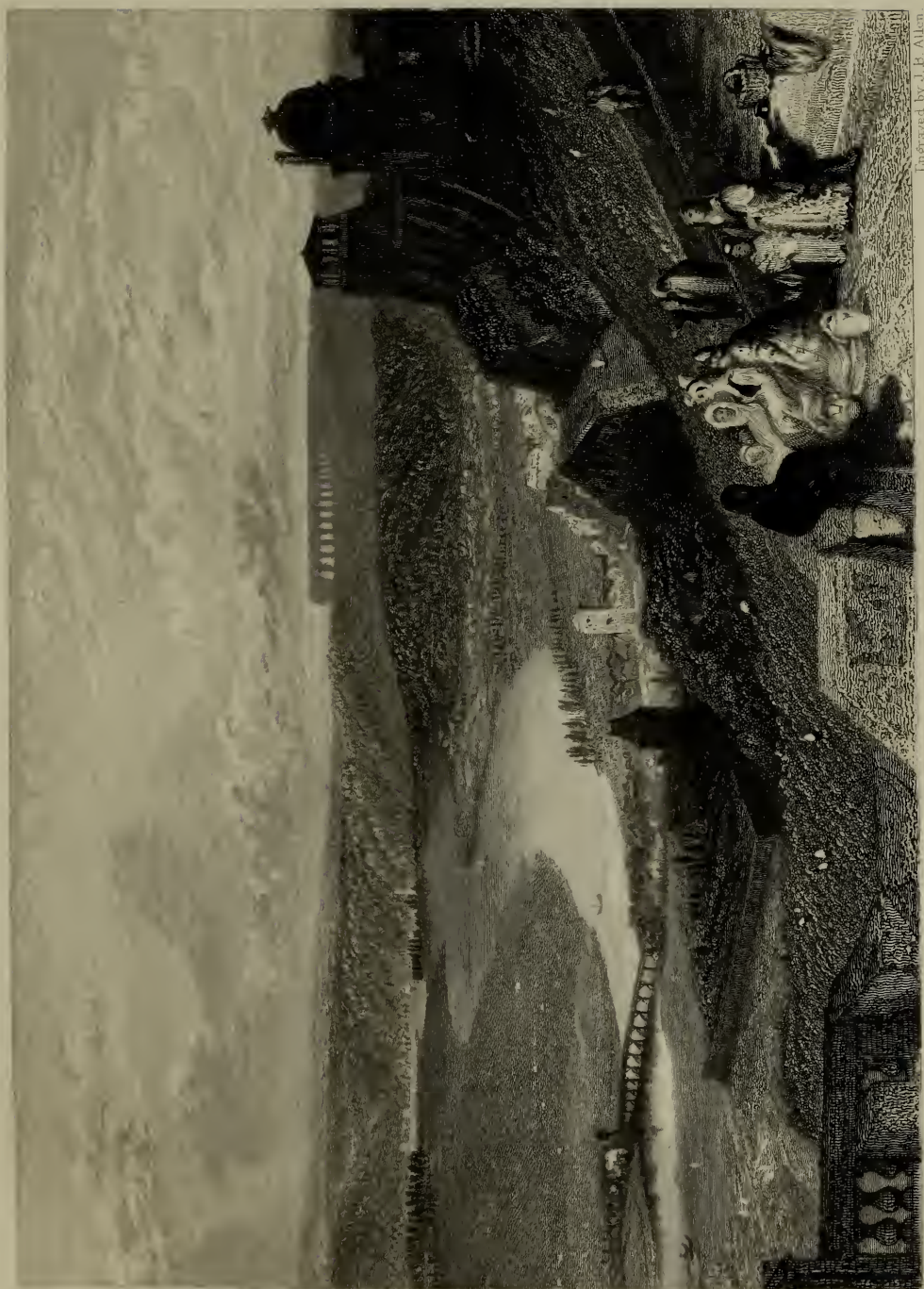
La pauvre enfant, de fête en fête promenée,
De ce bouquet charmant arrangeait les couleurs !
Mais qu'elle a passée vite ; hélas ! l'infortunée,
Ainsi qu'Ophelia, par le fleuve entraînée,
Elle est morte en cueillant des fleurs !”

It is hardly necessary to affix the name of Victor Hugo to these exquisitely graceful and pathetic lines.

CHAPTER XI.

SAINT GERMAIN.

THE view from the terrace of Saint Germain is one of the finest in France. In the annexed engraving, the spectator is supposed to stand upon the terrace, a small portion of which is seen—but only a very small portion, this superb promenade being seven thousand two hundred feet long, and ninety broad. Below the wall are rich vineyards, sloping down a steep bank till they join the meadows of the valley; and beyond these is the graceful Seine, waving in picturesque folds round one of its innumerable peninsulas. On the left, far beyond the range taken in by the engraved view, the landscape is shut in by the vine-covered hills behind the fine château of the Maisons, and on the right by the wooded heights of Marly. Before, the eye traversing immeasurable plains, loses itself in the distance. The vast metropolis itself is only a small and indistinct portion of the expanse. To persons acquainted with the localities, a filmy object rises afar off, which they recognise as the magnificent barrier of the city, the triumphal arch of L'Etoile; beyond that, some see the tower of Saint Denis and the heights of Montmartre; while others are able to point out, or imagine they do, the dome of the Invalides or of Saint Geneviève.



Engraved by J. B. Allen

Drawn by J. M. W. Turner, R.A.

St. Bernard

This view, and a shady walk in the forest behind, are the only attractions of Saint Germain ; for the old palace of the kings of France presents the appearance of nothing more than a huge, irregular, unsightly brick building. It is true, a great portion of the walls is of cut stone ; but this is the idea which the whole conveys to the spectator. The edifice stands on the site of a château built by Louis-le-Gros, which, having been burnt down by the English, was thus raised anew from its ruins. Charles V., François I., Henri IV., Louis XIII., and Louis XIV., all exercised their taste upon it, and all added to its general deformity.

Near this Henri Quatre built another château, which fell into ruins forty or fifty years ago. These ruins were altogether effaced by Charles X., who had formed the project of raising another structure upon the spot, entirely his own. The project, however, failed, like that of the coup d'état ; but this is of no consequence. The Neuf Château *exists* in various books of travels, written by eye-witnesses, quite as palpably as the enormous bulk of the Vieux Château. It is a true Château en Espagne.

Among the sights to be seen in the palace is the chamber of Mademoiselle de la Vallière, and the trap-door by which she was visited by Louis Quatorze. There are also the chamber and oratory of our James II. ; for the reader is aware, that

“ C'est ici que Jacques Second,
Sans ministres et sans maîtresse,
Le matin alloit à la messe,
Et le soir alloit au sermon.”

But so much ridicule has already been thrown upon this unhappy king, that a Scot may be pardoned—were it only for the sake of variety—for citing here one of his few wise speeches, and that the last.

“If ever,” said he, addressing his son from his death-bed; “if ever you ascend the throne of your ancestors, pardon all my enemies, love your people, preserve the Catholic religion, and prefer always the hope of eternal happiness to a perishable kingdom!” James died at Saint Germain on the 16th September, 1701.

The forest of Saint Germain is seven leagues in circumference, pierced in every direction by roads and paths, and containing various edifices that were used as hunting-lodges—the Château du Val, the Pavillon de la Meute, and the Monastère des Logis, formerly a convent of Augustins, and now a chapel of ease of the royal house of Saint Denis. This vast wood affords no view, except along the seemingly interminable path in which the spectator stands, the vista of which, carried on with mathematical regularity, terminates in a point. This is the case with all the great forests of France which we have visited, except that of Fontainebleau, where Nature is sometimes seen in her most picturesque form. In the more remote and unfrequented parts of Saint Germain, the wild boar still makes his savage lair; and still the loiterer, in these lengthened alleys, is startled by a roe-buck or a deer springing across the path.

The forest is frequented by three classes of persons: invalids, duellists, and suicides. It is said that there

are more old men, of eighty, ninety, and even a hundred years, to be met with here than elsewhere in France. A suicide took place here in 1812, which presents some points of rather unusual interest. The hero and heroine were a young couple who had resolved to die together, since destiny, and the will of their parents, had forbidden them to live together. They came to the forest of Saint Germain, armed each with a pistol, which, while embracing, they presented at each other's head. The youth shot his mistress dead ; but the unsteady hand of the young girl having failed in its object, he hung himself upon a tree beside her, with a handkerchief which he took for the purpose from her beloved bosom.

The ceaseless crowd of carriages passing to and from Paris keeps the main street of the town in a perpetual bustle ; but, except on the market-days, every where else there is the stillness of slumber. The brilliant days of Saint Germain are over—when the throng of nobility could hardly find accommodation. The numerous creations of this privileged body, although only fairly commenced in the fifteenth century, went on so rapidly that at length the whole country was covered with noblesse.

The cost of a common patent in the fifteenth century was at one time only a hundred livres ; but at that early period there were many disagreeable things subsequent to the payment of this sum. When the influence used by the aspirant had at length prevailed upon the king to pocket the hundred livres, his letters, in order to be valid, must be registered by the

Chamber of Accounts. The chamber, before registering, demanded cause to be shewn why such an honour should be extended. A man must prove that he had performed some valiant or meritorious action; a woman that she had become famous by her virtue. The fortune and estate of the applicant were then strictly investigated, his parentage, and number of children; and, finally, the inhabitants of his neighbourhood were required to come forward, to state whether they knew of any thing which ought to prevent his being ennobled.

But when this ordeal was past, the new noble found that his privileges were not all imaginary. He was entitled to dress himself in red. In processions, and communal assemblies, he walked, or spoke, after the clergy, and before the *tiers-état*. He was exempted from certain taxes and subsidies. In crossing a ferry, he did not pay. He was not called upon guard like the other citizens. He was exempted from feudal services and feudal gifts. In a law process, he applied at once to the royal judge, without going through the inferior courts. If he came under mutual bond with a bourgeois, the latter was imprisoned in case of failure—the noble was not. His furniture might be seized by his creditors, but not his horse. If he committed a crime in conjunction with a bourgeois, the latter in some towns suffered corporal punishment, while the noble was only fined. If condemned to death in similar society, the bourgeois was hanged, while the noble lost his head by the axe.

Before these creations came into fashion, it may

easily be imagined that the decline of the French nobility had commenced. There were then eighteen dukes instead of three; and the additional number of counts, viscounts, and barons, was in proportion. The proud mottos of the feudal lords only existed on their shields. In vain the house of Rohan declared in its heraldic device—"Duc je ne daigne; roi je ne puis; Rohan je suis." In vain the legend of Montmorenci still ran—"Dieu aide au premier baron Chrétien!"—the decline had commenced, and the period became inevitable, however distant, when a patent of nobility would no longer be worth even a hundred francs.

Independently of the noble satellites attached to the court, the infinite number of official persons made its removal to Saint Germain, or the other royal seats, seem like the emigration of a whole people. Forty-nine physicians, thirty-eight surgeons, six apothecaries, thirteen preachers, one hundred and forty *maîtres d'hôtel*, ninety ladies of honour to the queen, in the sixteenth century! There were also an usher of the kitchen, a *coureur de vin* (who took the charge of carrying provisions for the king when he went to the chase), a sutler of the court, a conductor of the sumpster-horse, a lackey of the chariot, a captain of the mules, an overseer of roasts, a chair-bearer, a palmer (to provide branches for Easter), a valet of the firewood, a *paillassier* of the Scotch guard, a yeoman of the mouth, and a hundred more for whose offices we have no names in English.

The grand *maître d'hôtel* was the chief officer of

the court. The royal orders came through him ; he regulated the expenses ; and was, in short, to the rest of the functionaries, what the general is to the army. The maître des requêtes was at the head of civil justice ; the prévôt de l'hôtel at the head of criminal justice.

When the migratory court arrived at the town where it was the pleasure of majesty to reside, and where there was a royal residence, the first thing to be done was to secure lodgings, the château being incapable of holding all. This was a simple business. The fourrier, or harbinger, went round the streets marking such doors as found favour in his sight, with white chalk if destined for the people of the king, with yellow chalk if for those of the princes. At this sign of power the lodgers instantly decamped, and the courtly travellers established themselves in their places. At former and ruder periods of the monarchy, certain houses possessed brevets of exception ; but at the time we write of, all indiscriminately were at the mercy of the fourrier and his chalk. If any one, however, usurped the functions of this officer, and took the liberty of marking a door for himself, his audacious hand was cut off ; while the same punishment awaited the wretch who effaced the chalk-marks of the fourrier.

For these lodgings the lords of the court paid three sous a-day, and for each horse one sous ; and persons of inferior quality two sous for themselves, and six deniers for their horses. No matter what the previous lodgers had paid, what the landlord was accustomed

to expect, or what was the relative value of the different houses — this was the established rule.

The next thing was to provide food — for your travellers are always hungry; and here again much trouble of haggling and chaffering was saved by the intervention of a little wholesome authority. The prévôt de l'hôtel merely went round the markets, proclaiming — such is the price of a pound of bread! of a pound of beef, mutton, bacon, and so forth! And thus the dealers knew at once the real value of their goods, and the purchasers what price they were to pay. If any individual, however, presumed to cook his own dinner at home, it was considered, as the regulation says (1st January, 1585), “ pour estre chose trop des-honnête et indigne du respect que l'on doit porter à sa majesté;” and the offender was justly punished for his want of sociality by expulsion from the court,— “ la honte d'estre délogé du dit chateau.”

When the courtiers presented themselves at the château, some in chariots, some on horseback, with their wives mounted behind them, (the ladies all masked,) they were subjected to the scrutiny of the captain of the gate. The greater number he compelled to dismount; but the princes and princesses, and a select few who had brevets of entrance, were permitted to ride within the walls.

At court the men wore sword and dagger; but to be found with a gun or pistol in the palace, or even in the town, subjected them to a sentence of death. To wear a casque or cuirass was punished by imprisonment. The laws of politeness were equally strict.

If one man used insulting words to another, the offence was construed as being given to the king; and the offender was obliged to solicit pardon of his majesty. If one threatened another by clapping his hand to the hilt of his sword, he was to be *assommé* according to the ordonnance; which may either mean knocked down, or soundly mauled — or the two together. If two men came to blows, they were both *assommé*. A still more serious breach of politeness, however, was the importunity of petitioners. The king would not hear, any more than God, for much speaking; and Francis II. at length erected a gallows *in terrorem*, as high, we take it, as that of Haman, it being higher than the tower of the parish-church.

Since the reign of Henri II. every body was uncovered in the presence of the king; but in other respects a falling-off was observable in point of courtly magnificence. At dinner, for instance, the beak and claws of grey partridges were not plated with silver, nor those of red partridges with gold; nor were birds of all kinds stuffed, as formerly, with musk, amber, and other perfumes. The dress of the courtiers, however, could not well be richer at any period. The men, indeed, *mounted* on their shoes *à cric*, with ruffs round their necks spread out on plates of wood or tin, and their powdered hair frizzled in small curls, may have looked a little queer; but the ladies! — with a petticoat of silver tissue swoln out like a balloon, and confined at the waist by their whalebone boddice covered with cloth of gold, and the train of their gown supported by one lackey in the middle and another at the end — nothing could

have been *finer* — no, nothing! Fancy one of these gorgeous creatures so attended, sweeping into the room, like a procession, and plunging upon her knees before the king to ask a favour!

When the king hunted, he was accompanied by a hundred pages, two hundred esquires, and often four or five hundred gentlemen; sometimes by the queen and princesses, with their hundreds of ladies and maids of honour, mounted on palfreys saddled with black velvet.

When the king *died* (“Did you think I was immortal?” said Louis XIV.), the body was exposed in state, and then embalmed and placed in a leaden coffin. The mighty monarch being thus shut up, played the remainder of his part in *effigy*. A figure, composed of wax and white lead, modelled from the body, was placed in the grand hall of feasting, and served with dinner and supper, at the usual hours, for forty days! This custom — the very sublime of proud imbecility — was also observed with the queen, and in at least one other instance with a lady of inferior rank.

This lady was the beautiful Gabrielle. She lay in state at the deanery of Saint Germain-l’Auxerrois, dressed in a mantle of white satin. The bed, draperied and covered with crimson velvet, was surrounded by six immense tapers, planted at regular distances, and eight priests, singing psalms without intermission. When at length placed in the coffin, her effigy was served by a gentleman-waiter with dinner and supper for three days, with all the forms which she would have exacted if living. The meal was blessed by the

almoner; the meat was carved as usual, wine filled out, and presented at the times when she had been accustomed to drink; and, finally, thanks were returned, and the repast concluded with washing hands.

When the king had been thus feasted in effigy for the prescribed time, the coffin was carried to the church of Notre Dame, and thence to Saint Denis. This last procession was magnificently mournful. The streets through which it passed were hung with black, and before every house was planted a lighted torch of white wax. First came the capuchins, with their coarse mantles, girdled with ropes, and bearing the immense wooden cross of their order, nearly a foot thick, and crowned with a chaplet of thorns. Then five hundred poor, marshalled by their bailiff, all in mourning; then the magistrates and the courts of justice; then the parliament, clothed with rich furs; then the high clergy, in purple and gold; and then the funeral car, drawn by horses, covered with black velvet crossed with white satin, and followed by the long train of officers of the household.

Onward flowed the mighty procession, voiceless, breathless; while ever and anon a wild and melancholy swell of music arose from the royal band, whose instruments were hung with black crape. Arrived at the church of Saint Denis, which blazed with the light of innumerable lamps and tapers, the bier was set down in the middle of the choir, and a service commenced which lasted for several days. At the end of this time the body was let down into the vault, and Normandy, the most ancient king of arms, summoned,

with a loud voice, the high dignitaries of the state to deposit therein their ensigns and truncheons of command. When this was done, and when at length the banner of France had been laid down upon the coffin, the king of arms cried three times, while the tones echoed wailingly through the recesses of the vault — “The king is dead! The king is dead! The king is dead!”

After a pause of deep and awful silence, the same voice proclaimed — “Long live the king!” and all the other heralds repeated — “Long live the king!” The ceremony was finished.

The queen could not stir out of the chamber in which she received the intelligence of the king’s death for an entire year. During the first six weeks of this time she was not permitted to see the light of day; funereal lamps burnt dimly around her, and reminded her of the darkness of the grave.

CHAPTER XII.

APPROACH TO THE CAPITAL.

THE distance from Saint Germain to Paris, by the direct road, is only five or six leagues; but it is our business to follow the eccentric windings of the Seine, which become more extravagant as we approach the capital.

We leave Marly at some distance to the right. The road leading to it is bordered with genteel houses; and the view, opening at every step, is so varied and so beautiful, that the traveller thinks for a moment he is really approaching the paradise of Louis XIV., and prepares to exclaim with Delille—

“ C’est le palais d’Armide!
C’est le jardin d’Alcine !”

“ What detestable spirit of avarice,” demands M. de Villiers, “ brought down the hammer of destruction upon this enchanted palace? What Vandal dared to attack these twelve magnificent pavilions—these twelve temples of trees, by which they were separated—this multitude of statues, bowers, terraces, cascades—and all those *chefs-d’œuvre* of painting and sculpture which adorned this abode of delight? The speculator, I am informed, who committed such a sacrilege, unmindful

of the memory of the greatest of kings, while thus heaping ruin upon ruin, at length ruined himself. O that it would please God to inflict a similar vengeance on every demolisher of our days!" By the "greatest of kings," M. de Villiers probably means the "most splendid of kings." However, he would have been just as eloquent, in the fulness of his legitimacy, on the baby-houses and play-grounds of the "Children of France"—for so he loves to call the little shoots of French royalty.

Next to Marly, as we go along, and at the same distance from the river, is Lucienne, where a delicious retreat was built for Dubarry, which is now, although stripped of most of its magnificence, the property of M. Lafitte the banker. Then comes Bougival, near which is one of the innumerable châteaux pointed out by tradition as the residence of Gabrielle d'Estrées; and this leads us to Malmaison, the abode in her married widowhood of the amiable Josephine.

"Placed in the midst of contending parties," says M. Jouy, "yet conciliating all; and called by destiny to temper rather than partake a despotic power, she was never cursed by the reproaches of the people. History will describe her agony, when, with generous devotion, she sacrificed her affections and her crown to the ambition of that prodigious man whose happiness was dearer to her than her own. It will shew the star of this inconceivable being growing pale, from the day on which he tore asunder the ties which bound him to so angelic a woman; and it will present her dying at the same moment when his madness

dashed him from the throne—like those tutelary genii who abandon the objects of their protection when, unfaithful to their inspiration, and deaf to their counsels, they forsake the path of duty and virtue. History, also, will remark, that at the epoch at which the idols of twenty years—once basely adored—were broken to pieces with an ignoble rage, the memory of Josephine was still respected, and her tomb was a sanctuary which the fury of parties dared not penetrate.”

On the left, as we sweep round the turning of the river, at unequal distances from the banks, are the villages of Montessou and the Carrières-Saint-Denis—the latter famous for its stone quarries, and for an ancient fortress which does *not* exist. We then reach Besons, where the kings of the first race had a mint, and Argenteuil, where we still see a portion of the walls with which it was surrounded by Francis I. This was the retreat of Heloise, which she only left to become abbess of the Paraclet, in the diocese of Troyes.

In this stretch of the river we have passed Nanterre, surrounded by fields of roses, where Saint Geneviève, the holy patroness of Paris, once fed her sheep. The well which supplied her family with water still possesses certain miraculous attributes, which conducted thither Louis XIII. Here the traveller is offered cakes and bouquets, by hands which destroy whatever romantic charm might have possessed his imagination. Through plantations of vines and roses, we reach Corbevoie, and regard for a moment the magnificent barracks of Louis XV.; but aware of the

utter impossibility of giving more, in a work like this, than a mere catalogue of names sufficient to point out the line of route through the crowded environs of the capital, we press forward. La Guarenne comes next ; and then Colombes, seated under her own vine and her own fig-tree, where Henrietta of England, daughter of Henry IV., died in 1660 ; and then Genevilliers leads us towards the end of the present stretch of the river, the water of which sometimes inundates its fields.

Crossing again to the right bank of the Seine, we find ourselves at Epinay, where the kings of the first race had a palace, in which Dagobert died. Farther on, in the hamlet of La Briche, there is another of the châteaux of Gabrille d'Estrées ; and immediately after, we enter Saint Denis, a view of which, from the opposite bank, is presented to the reader.

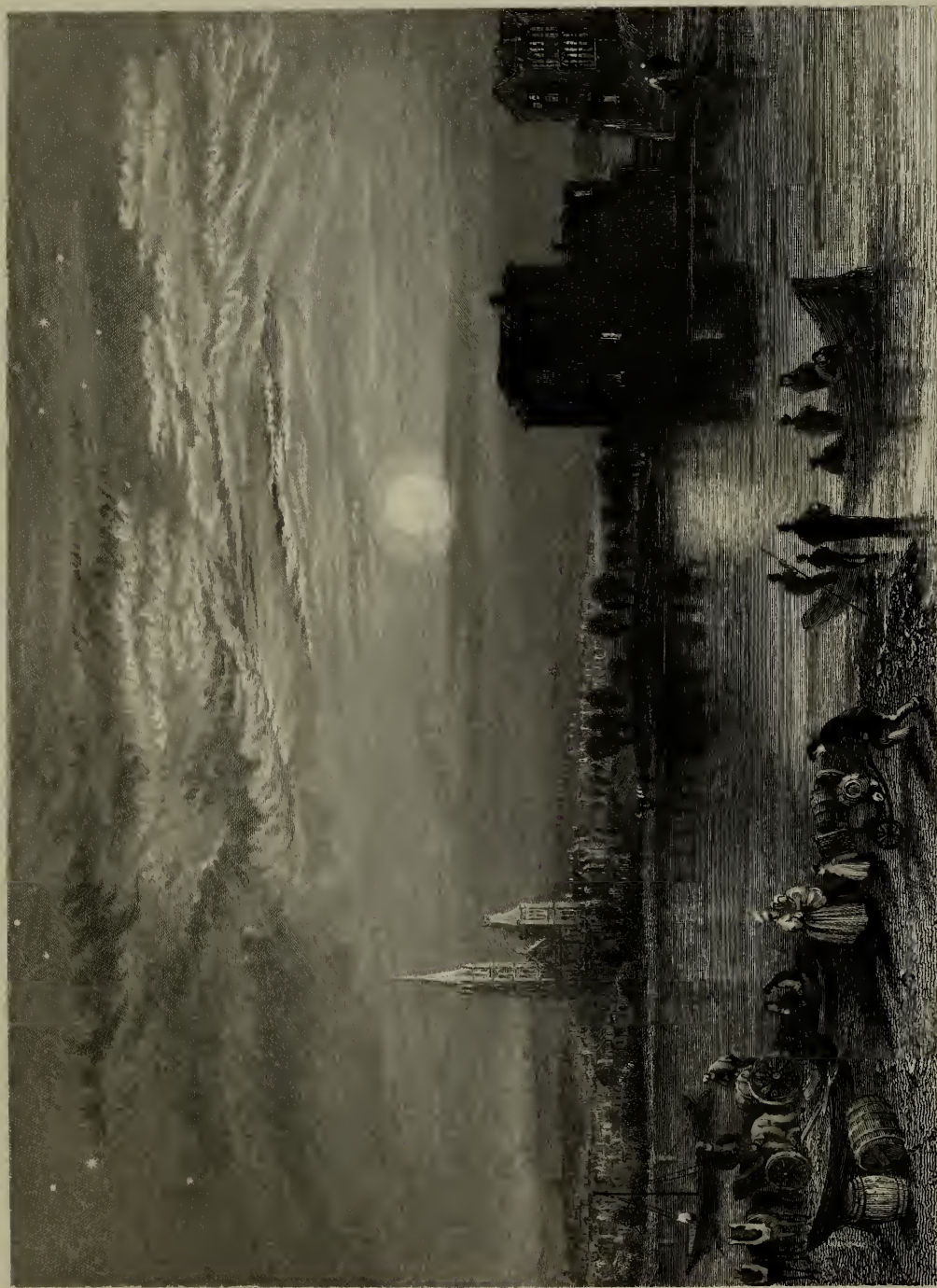
The abbot Saint Denis, as we are informed by a chronicler of the ninth century, having been decapitated on Montmartre, took up his head in his hands, and walked off with it, accompanied by a train of angels singing a duet, composed of the *Gloria tibi Domine*, and the response *Alleluia*. The saint stopped at a village called Catolicam, where a basilicon was raised on the spot, commenced, it is said, by Saint Geneviève ; and the place itself, in process of time, was called Saint Denis. Dagobert has the credit, among the early historians, of elevating the chapel built by the holy shepherdess into a great temple ; and when he died, in 638, his body was deposited therein. The example was followed on behalf of his

successors ; and the place remains the tomb of the French kings to this day.

The church was thrown down and rebuilt several times, from the epoch of Pepin-le-Bref till that of Saint Louis. It was at one time fortified, and surrounded with walls and ditches by the monks, to defend themselves from the English ; and a portion of the ancient battlements is yet seen on the two towers. Several of its abbots play a conspicuous part in the political history of their time, and particularly Suger, the famous minister of Louis-le-Gros and Louis-le-Jeune. It was in the time of this prelate that the Oriflamme was displayed at the head of the French armies, instead of the more ancient standard—the cope of Saint Denis.

A place like this, consecrated by the bones of martyrs, and filled with the dust of royalty, could not escape the terrors of the Revolution. In the year 1793 the fiat went forth from the Convention for the destruction of the tombs of Saint Denis ; and in three days the remains of sixty kings were torn from their graves, and thrown in a mass into one pit. The body of Henri Quatre was found almost entire ; and even in such times of republican fanaticism, there were those who preserved, with religious veneration, hairs plucked from the moustaches and from the grey beard of the people's king.

The church was afterwards converted into a store-house ; but by degrees its leaden roof, its stained glass, and every thing else of value, vanished ; and it would probably have fallen into utter ruin, but for that con-



Drawn by J. M. W. Turner, R. A.

Saint Denis

Engraved by S. Fisher

tradition in the character of Napoleon which every one calls so strange, and which every one knows and feels to be so common. The emperor, who had stepped to his throne on the ruins of legitimacy and the bleeding trunks of princes, was yet the perfect slave of all the prestiges of hereditary royalty. Among his other fancies, he desired that the ashes of the Bonapartes should descend into the same soil which had received, for so many ages, those of the Merovingian, the Carolingian, and the Capetian kings. For this purpose he ordered the vault of the Bourbons to be re-opened, and the whole church to be repaired; but the events of 1814 transferred the completion of the task to other hands.

The vault of the Bourbons is situated beneath the master-altar, in a subterranean gallery, to which access is obtained by two openings shut by means of iron gratings. In the last chapter, we alluded to the funeral rites with which the royal bodies were consigned to their ancestral asylum. One, however, still remains at the door, a candidate for entrance, at the foot of the ladder which leads to this dark, still, and dreadful abode. It is the corpse of Louis XVIII., which, according to transmitted custom, must remain on that spot till its successor comes to relieve its silent watch at the gate. The scene, when it takes place, will be curious.

The abbey is now occupied by the "Maison royale de Saint Denis," an institution founded by Napoleon for educating five hundred girls, daughters of the members of the Legion of Honour.

The direct road from Saint Denis to Paris leads to Montmartre, and there, perhaps, is obtained the finest view of this magnificent capital. We must ourselves, however, keep close to the Seine, although we cannot refrain from pausing here for a moment to notice a very extraordinary circumstance connected with the neighbourhood of Montmartre. This is the existence, on the very skirts of the metropolis, of a most daring, united, and unclean horde of depredators, amounting, at Montfaucon alone, to more than a hundred thousand. The following is the substance of a report which was drawn up by a public commission.

These wretches dig subterranean galleries, in such a manner as to bring down every building raised in the neighbourhood ; and it is only by means of particular precautions, such as strengthening and defending their foundations, that a small house near the clos d'équarrissage* has been kept standing. All the neighbouring eminences, the Buttes de Belleville, have been undermined by them to such a degree, that the earth shakes under the foot of the passers-by ; while the steeper parts have entirely fallen into the plain, leaving open to view innumerable galleries conducting to their secret abodes. They are so voracious, that if the carcass of a slaughtered horse is left for a single night in the équarrissage, it is found next morning stripped of skin and flesh to the bone. During the winter, when work has been suspended on account of the cold, a horse is sometimes left where he fell, till the next thaw ; and the workmen, when they return, on raising the skin of the animal,

* Where horses are slaughtered.

find nothing beneath but a skeleton, better stripped and prepared than if it had been in the hands of the most skilful anatomists.

They do not all dwell upon the spot where they find their subsistence ; but many are established at four or five hundred yards distance, as is proved by the numerous paths across the fields leading to their subterranean abodes. The increase of their population is absolutely frightful, their females having five or six births in the year. Nay, the dead bodies of some have been opened, and from fourteen to eighteen foeti discovered ! The ferocity of these monsters is equal to their voracity ; and both surpass every thing the imagination can conceive. This is proved by a single fact. Twelve of them had been taken prisoners, and were sent to M. Magendie for examination. They were shut up all together in one vehicle, and sent to his house ; but when the door was opened to let them out, only three out of the twelve were found. These three had devoured the rest, and of the victims there remained nothing more than the *tails*. One would think that the spirit of the French Revolution had descended to the RATS, when they thus live upon blood and rapine, and after overturning all the edifices of society within their reach, finish by devouring one another !

Following the Seine from Saint Denis, we pass through Saint Ouen, and then the ancient village of Clichy-la-Garenne, only separated from Anières by the river ; and, arriving at Neuilly, linger for a moment on the magnificent bridge built over the spot where Henry IV. and his queen were nearly drowned in

crossing the ferry. At this bridge may be said to commence the finest avenue of Paris. The road leads in a straight line to the centre of the palace of the Tuileries. Nearly midway is the grand arch of L'Etoile, forming one of the gates of the city, where the eye, carried through a long descending vista of trees, passes successively, at the bottom, the Egyptian monument in the Place Louis Seize, and the gardens and palace of the French kings, and rests at length upon the dark roofs and towers and domes of the metropolis.

The line of the Seine, however, makes a wide and distant sweep round the Bois de Boulogne; and, wandering along its banks, instead of progressing towards Paris, we find ourselves getting farther off at every pace. It must be remembered that we are now ascending the stream; for this truly French river, when approaching the city, rolls down in an almost unbroken line, as if in haste to reach its destination. It is only when it leaves these beloved precincts, forced on by an irresistible destiny, that its unwilling waters describe a thousand serpentine turns before directing their course in earnest towards the ocean.

On the right hand Mont Valerien rises, like a stupendous rock, crowned by the conventual house of Calvaire. A single carriage-road winds laboriously up the steep ascent, on which is placed, at every turning, a little chapel, exhibiting, in groups of statues, some circumstances of the Passion. On the summit, the mass of building is by no means worth the trouble of climbing; but it contains an accurate representation of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, the dismal vault



Drawn by J. M. W. Turner, R. A.

Engraved by J. Raudlyffe.

Bridges of St. Cloud and Sèvres.

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lighted by gilded lamps. The view, however, is the principal attraction of the spot; for the days are gone by when Charles X. used to crawl upon his face, like some unclean thing, from idol to idol.

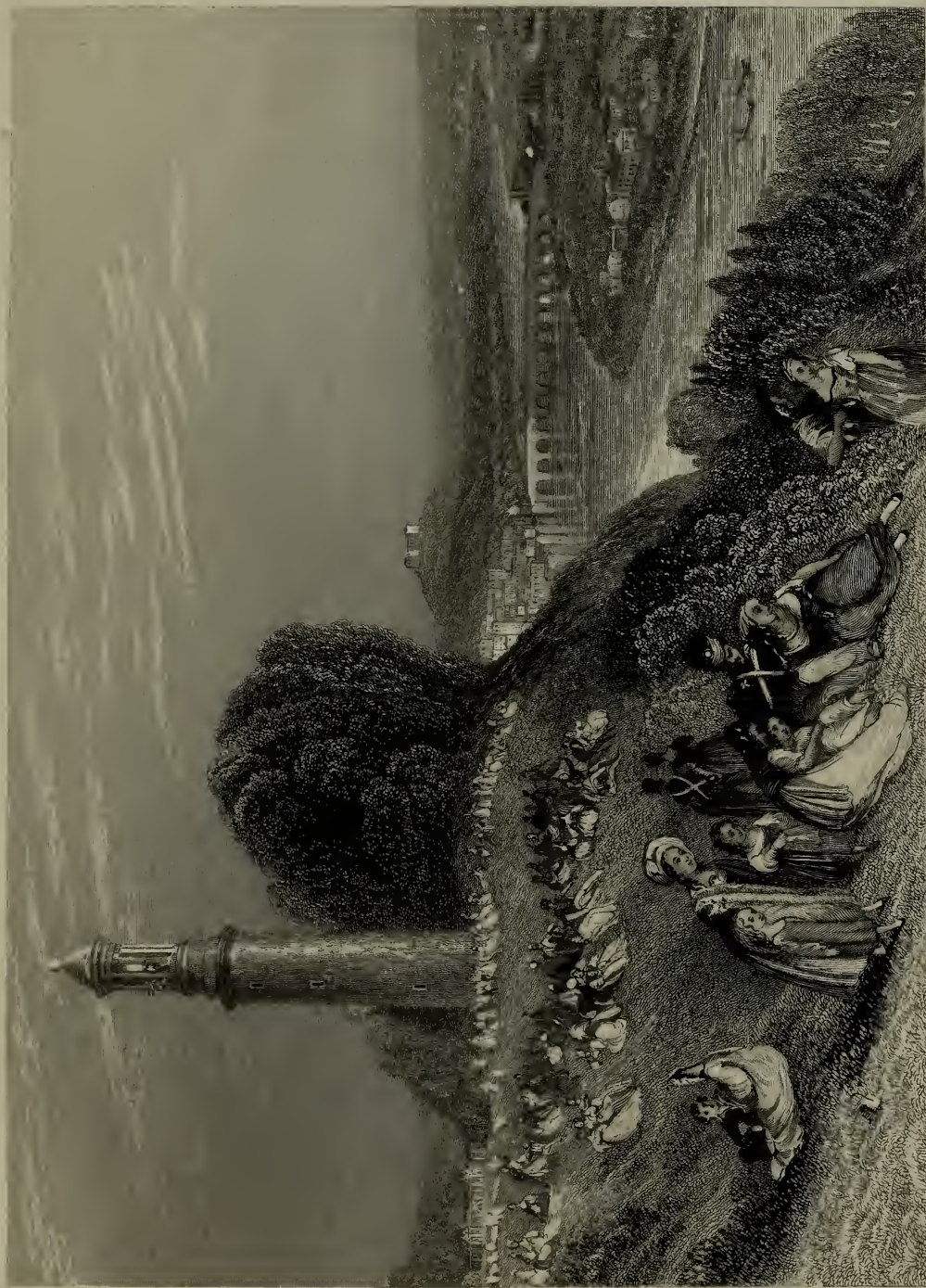
A little further on, the annexed view presents itself, containing the bridge of Saint Cloud, and beyond it that of Sèvres. Saint Cloud is said to have derived its name from a son of Clodomir, who founded a monastery there; but it occupies hardly any space in history till the time of Henri III. who was assassinated on the spot. It was afterwards the personal property of Marie Antoinette; and in the orangery, built by the Duke of Orleans as a tennis-court, the famous meeting of the Conseil des Anciens and the Cinq-Cents took place in 1799, which suppressed the Directory, and elevated Napoleon to the Consulate. The château is by no means equal to that of Versailles, either inside or out; but the park and wood, occupying a surface of four leagues, afford the finest promenade in the neighbourhood of Paris.

Basins and jets d'eau, groves, bowers, and grottos, form some of the details of the scene, while the long shady vistas through the wood, broken here and there by the inequalities of the ground, are picturesque even in their rectangular monotony. These very irregularities were thought, no doubt, an obstacle which nature had interposed in the way of the operations of taste; but Lenotre, regarding them with the eye of genius, only saw in them a still richer scope for the exercise of an art which the French writers delight to characterise by the word “magique.”

On the loftiest part of the park, on an eminence dominating the valley of the Seine, there is an obelisk constructed in imitation of the monument of Lysicratus at Athens, and called the Lanterne de Démosthène. It is here where the citizens resort in the greatest crowds, to eat, drink, and sing, to loll on the grass, to whisper tales of love, and, in short, to enjoy those to them inestimable blessings of fine weather and open air. It is here where we have often witnessed such scenes as that presented in the engraving, and where, wandering like a spirit, lonely and silent, through the throng, we have often wished that we could exchange the taciturn, meditative manner of our country for the restless happy buoyancy of the Parisian.

In the month of September, when all the fountains are set playing in honour of the annual fair, the crowd of promenaders is immense. Then is the time to see the metropolitans in their glory. In our epoch, when every day is a fair in every street, these periodical assemblages preserve little of the character which formerly distinguished them. Pleasure is the grand pursuit, not business. Toys, trinkets, sweetmeats, are the staple commodities; and the country lass who walks in from her farm at half-a-dozen leagues' distance, instead of sitting down weary and anxious in the market, stands up fresh, vigorous, and buoyant, at the *bal*. Very different were the fairs of her ancestors.

When France had fairly awakened from the lethargy of her iron age, the security and extension of commerce occupied a high place in the speculations of every man



Drawn by J. M. W. Turner. R. A.

Engraved by J. T. Willmore

The Tempest at St. Bees.

capable of thought. Fairs were supposed to be the grand panacea for all the evils of the country; and they were then the only important channels for the circulation of money and merchandise. The kingdom, however, had been drained of its gold by the crusades, and the legal interest of silver, fifteen per cent, was far below its real value. The want of a plentiful medium, therefore, was severely felt; and the more so that almost every province had its own money, which was unknown elsewhere. The infinite variety of weights and measures, also, was an endless source of annoyance and confusion, which they attempted frequently, but in vain, to remove, by the introduction of a standard. The baronial rights of the forty, or fifty, or sixty thousand lords who divided the kingdom* served as another great check; and the monopolies enjoyed by certain towns, although a vast evil in itself, by no means completed the list of grievances.

The roads were barely passable, and so unsafe that the travelling merchant was obliged to journey to the fair with his ell-wand in one hand and his sword in the other. If rifled, it was often by the connivance, or actual agency, of the baron through whose territory he passed; and his only recourse was to a ruinous lawsuit. The guides, established for his advantage, to lead him across the mountains, or wildernesses, which separated one province from another, were sometimes

* In the fourteenth century, there were forty thousand communes, or parishes, in France. The minimum of the number of lords must therefore have been forty thousand.

less guides than robbers; and, in many cases, he might think himself happy if he reached the rendezvous without the loss of blood as well as money.

These evils were partly checked by the establishment of leagues of protection, or defence, among neighbouring burghs, in imitation of the great combination of the Hanse towns; and answering, although on a larger scale, to what were called bonds of manrent in Scotland. They existed with Paris and the other principal towns of the north, and Montpellier (at that time the Paris of the south) and the other principal towns of the south. The church, besides, going foremost, as usual, in good as well as bad, caused the fair to take place on days of religious festival; and thus all the three great motives of piety, pleasure, and gain, wrought together in attracting a crowd to the spot. The confluence of foreign merchants was, above all things, a desideratum; and to obtain this, innumerable privileges and immunities were showered upon strangers. By way of shewing the manners and spirit of the age, we may be permitted to mention that, among other inducements held forth, gallantry was legalised, by the removal of the customary fine!

The fair, in some places, was opened by the prior and monks, mounted on great horses. In Champagne, more especially, the regulations were carried to what was supposed to be a degree of perfection. No workman there was allowed to expose his manufactures till they had first appeared at the fair. Each kind of merchandise had its own day of exposition; and the last

was appropriated to the show of horses, which were not permitted to enter upon the scene till all the stalls had been removed. Officers were appointed to inspect the goods exposed, that no faulty or fraudulent article might bring discredit upon the fair. Forty notaries attended, at each of the seventeen principal towns of the province, to write the contract between buyer and seller, without which ceremony the bargain was void. A tribunal sat upon the spot, for the purpose of settling, on the instant, every dispute that might arise ; and a hundred sergeants were in readiness to carry its directions into execution, and to preserve the peace of the fair. The merchants were admitted without fine or charge, and all persons were called upon to lend them aid and assistance. These regulations insured such reputation to the fairs of this province, that they were resorted to by dealers from all parts of Europe ; and for a long time the silver mark of Champagne was a standard and universal coin.

At other great fairs, although each species of goods had not its own day, yet each possessed its own place in the market. The money-changers, whose merchandise represented all the rest, commonly held the post of honour. Linens, woollens, silks, laces, all had their separate avenues. The wines of the different provinces held carouse together ; hams, bacons, herrings, cheeses, sat at the same table ; dishes rung and clattered together ; glasses hobnobbed ; and the dried fruits, genteel and exclusive, formed their own desert.

When the necessity for periodical fairs had been

done away with by the general diffusion of commerce incident to the construction of good roads, the establishment of an efficient police, the introduction of a national currency, and the other improvements which accompany the progress of civilisation,—the heavier description of goods no longer thought it worth while to travel. The people, however, although they might now buy in the town, or even in the single street of their own village, could not consent to lose the traffic of pleasure, or that amiable and natural enjoyment which human beings take in gazing at crowds of their own species. The fairs, in parting with real and important business, soon lost also their religious character; but the lottery still remained, in which sous might be ventured for a china cup, or liards for a cake—the whirligig, where, seated in the clasp of her lover, the happy paysanne might feel her soul and senses grow giddy at the same time—and the *bal*, that happy concentration of all human enjoyments, in which every particle of the frame partakes, in which head and heels, mind and body, dance, dance!

The next place, pursuing the line of the river, is Sèvres, so well known to English visitors by its manufacture of porcelain. The bridge here was gallantly defended by the inhabitants in 1815, against the Prussians; who revenged their loss by pillaging the bourg for three days. Looking back towards Saint Cloud, the view is singularly fine—and yet not more so than looking forwards. The river, clustered with islands, makes a magnificent sweep round the bottom of the hills on which stands the Château de Meudon.



Engraved by S. Fisher

Bridge of Maidenhead

Drawn by J. M. W. Turner R. A.

London, Published for the Proprietor by Longman & Co Paternoster Row, Rimer & Co Paris, Asher, Berlin.

The next village is Issy; then Vaugirard; and we enter the suburbs of Paris.

On our left hand, in the meantime, ever since passing Neuilly, we have had the Bois de Boulogne, with its villages of Boulogne, Auteuil, Passy; the last, which should be called a town rather than a village, extending to the walls of Paris. In the wood itself, there is nothing more remarkable than the endless vistas of trees, which we have noticed at Saint Germain. The Bois de Boulogne, from its contiguity to the capital, is a favourite Sunday haunt of the Parisians; and it is even more renowned than the other for its duels.

M. De Villiers tells a very remarkable story of a debtor of his own, who shot himself in this wood with his mistress. He went to the unhappy man's house, and found there *another* mistress tearing her hair, and bitterly reproaching the memory of her lover.

"It was with me," she exclaimed, "he should have done this! It was with me he swore to end his life—and yet the traitor loved another, and died with another!"

"How!" said M. De Villiers; "had you, also, formed a similar design?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply, "*qu'est-ce que la vie?* we were weary of existence; we resolved to enjoy all that remained of it;—to go to the play, the ball, the concert, the promenade; and then, when our money was spent—to die, as we had lived, loved, and

enjoyed, together!" Bruant, the object of this attachment, had neither talent nor education; he was far from being handsome; and he was naturally of a pusillanimous character.

Who can fathom the heart of woman?

CHAPTER XIII.

PARIS AND ITS RELIGION.

HAVING reached the Barrière de Passy, we enter Paris by the banks of the Seine. The view of the city, as will be seen by the opposite engraving, comprehends little more than the towers and domes of the loftier buildings, with the hill of Montmartre behind; yet the general effect—assisted prodigiously, no doubt, by the broad and beautiful river—is grand and imposing. Our own progress through this wilderness of men must be as swift as that of the river itself; and a glance on either bank is all we can bestow upon the wonders of the metropolis, as we breast the current of the Seine.

At present, we feel only a kind of dim consciousness that we have entered Paris; for as yet there are few houses, and nothing at all of the bustle of a great city. Before us, in the distance, are two square towers, which it is impossible not to recognise as those of Notre Dame. On the right hand side of the river appear the domes, no doubt, of the Invalides and the Pantheon, and the towers of Saint Sulpice; and on the left, an immense and massive pile of building, which, if there be any truth in pictorial representations, must be the

Tuileries and the Louvre, connected together like the Siamese twins. At this moment, however, a single horse-man, in scarlet livery, passes us at a round trot, and he is followed, at a more leisurely pace, by a plain carriage-and-four. Two or three well-dressed passers-by draw themselves stiffly up, and prepare to put their hands to their hats; while a cab-man, on the contrary, with the air of an old Jacobin, dashes past the carriage without deigning to look to one side or other. This scene is conclusive, even without the other evidence: we are actually in the capital of the French, the second city in the world—and in some respects the first—and the king of this mighty and remarkable people has just passed by on his way from Versailles.

On our right hand is the river; on our left, for a considerable distance, a plantation of small trees stuck in the bare earth, which, destitute of a single blade of vegetation, has been trampled as hard as the court-yard of an inn. This is the Elysian Fields! In the time of Louis XIV. the whole of this space was under cultivation except the Cours-la-Reine, which had already been planted by Marie de Medicis. At the end of these shady, though not very agreeable walks, we find an extensive area, denominated, according to the fancy of individuals, the Place Louis XV.—Louis XVI.—de la Revolution — de la Concorde.

Standing in the middle of this Place, the spectator beholds Paris in its most agreeable and imposing attitude. Looking towards the river, he sees before him the Pont de la Concorde, covered with colossal statues of the great men of France, and leading to the



Describ'd by J. M. W. Turner, R.A.

Engraved by J. T. Willmore.

Paris.

From the Harrière de Tassu.

London, Published for the Proprietor by Longman & Co. Paternoster Row, Edinburg & Co. Paris, Adair, Berkin.

Chambre des Députés. In the opposite direction, where every house seems a palace, the view terminates with the beautiful church of the Madeleine. On his right are the gardens of the Tuileries, with the palace at the bottom of their majestic walks; on his left, the ascending line of the Avenue de Neuilly, carried through the Elysian Fields, and terminating in the triumphal arch of l'Etoile. If you fill up the vacuities and background of this picture with the steep roofs, and towers, and domes of the city, your imagination will have achieved a view of Paris only inferior to the original.

On this Place de la Concorde there perished, in the year 1770, three hundred individuals of an immense crowd, attracted thither to witness the rejoicings on the marriage of Louis XVI. Twenty-three years afterwards Louis was still the hero of the scene: he appeared before his still rejoicing people on a stage erected on the same spot, and his head fell under the axe of the guillotine, amidst the plaudits of the spectators. The area about this time was called the Place de la Revolution; and a statue of Louis XV. which had adorned it was overthrown, and replaced by a colossal image of Liberty. When Napoleon fairly entered upon the scene, he wished to celebrate the triumphs of freedom by erecting triumphal columns. He was curious, however, about the site of these monuments; and the statues of Liberty were removed to make way for the trophies of success.

The garden of the Tuileries should be permitted

to remain as it is—a very fine specimen of obsolete taste, in which

“Grove nods at grove, each alley has its brother.”

At the time it was laid out, the study of the picturesque in gardening had not come into fashion; and we have ourselves some doubt whether the garden of a king's palace *should* imitate nature. These mathematical ponds, these symmetrical avenues, these parallel trees, these equidistant statues, seem to us to be consistent with the genius of the place. A king's guard is not composed of an irregular crowd, but of a body of well-disciplined automata; and a king's garden, in like manner, should be drilled on the principles of *étiquette*: Nature should stand upon ceremony, and never present herself but in a court dress. A knot of courtiers coming out in full costume from one of the balls of Louis Philippe, would look like very fine gentlemen in the rectangular walks of the Tuileries; but if the unfortunate persons were detected sauntering through that imitative wilderness known on the continent by the name of an English garden, the incongruity of their appearance would be hailed with a shout of laughter. Besides, let modern taste say what it will, there is something grave, and grand, and stately, in those disciplined troops of trees, and ponds, and statues. In a country residence, however, they would be out of place; and on a small scale—as we see them on the road-side box of a London citizen or a Dutch burgo-master—they are always ridiculous.

As we proceed along the river-side, the Tuileries and the Louvre, connected by the long picture-gallery, look like a single palace. The buildings on both banks, however, are so well known, that it would only be a waste of space even to name them; and we proceed without pause, till the Pont Neuf and its island city interpose like the defences of a fortress. These dark and lofty buildings in the middle of the view, with the two towers of Notre Dame rising behind, and the turrets of the Conciergerie on the left, are the heart of the city of Paris. The island on which they are built is the ancient Lutetia, the capital of the Parisii, and the nucleus round which has been gradually gathered the gigantic metropolis of France. Comparatively small as it is at present, it was still smaller before the construction of the Pont Neuf, which involved the addition of two little islands to the original parent of the capital. One of these, the Ile aux Juifs, was the spot on which the grand-master and other officers of the Knights Templars were burnt alive by Philippe le Bel — history knows not why.

The Pont Neuf, commenced under Henri III., was finished by Henri IV., and the two islets alluded to, the Ile aux Juifs and the Ile de Bucy, thus added to the island called, *par excellence*, the Cité. This island, before Clovis declared it the capital city of his dominions, was called the Island of the Palace; and, in fact, the palatial residence of the kings both of the first and second race stood on the site of the present Palais de Justice.

During the invasions of the Normans, the new

capital became, as a matter of course, the place of refuge for all the surrounding country; and the priests in particular carried thither those valuable relics, which, all-powerful as they were in the destinies of others, had little influence over their own. Those were received with respectful hospitality by the Parisians, but never found their way back again. In those times, and in regard to such goods, possession was *more* than nine-tenths of the law; for, believing, as the people did, in the preternatural might of the relics, the possessor *de facto* was always supposed to be the possessor *de jure*. But, to deposit them all in one church would have been almost as bad as to heap together in one shrine the legs and arms, noses and lips, of the crowd of male and female saints; and the zealous hosts were therefore under the necessity of building temples for their guests individually. Thus the narrow area of the Cité became holy ground. The inhabitants lived in darkness, because of the shadow of the temples that arose around them; and from morn till even-song they heard little else than the ringing of bells and the chanting of priests.

The unfortunate thing was, that however superior the dust of the saints might be to common earth, the priests were no better than other magnates of the time. When it was the custom of the lay lords to rob and steal, the ecclesiastics robbed and stole like the rest. In the affair of masses — their own peculiar department in commerce — they swindled their customers, by dividing the mass into various parts, and charging for each separately; and, worse than all, by



Drawn by J. M. W. Turner, R.A.

Engraved by W. Miller

Painted by Turner

recklessly undertaking to deliver as many souls from purgatory as they were paid for, it frequently happened that they were unable, notwithstanding all their industry, to go through the necessary conjurations for more than one half of their clients. Thus the unhappy dead, who had departed cheerfully in the idea that they had provided for their eternal peace, lost both their money and their salvation.

It was in vain that the councils of the church fulminated their decrees against such doings: the priests had grown proud in a long course of successful roguery, and the thing went on. Nay, they even carried their dishonesty so far—as we are informed by an indignant article of a council held at Paris in the beginning of the thirteenth century—as to undertake masses, and then get others to perform them for a smaller sum! Thank God! the modern clergy of England have more piety and more shame than to be guilty of so atrocious a felony!

But the pride of the Catholic priesthood, and the customs which asserted their claims to superiority over other men, are subjects almost exhausted. Perhaps a word on their humility to one another might have a greater air of novelty.

It was the custom, when the Bishop of Orléans was installed, for him to stop at the abbey of Saint Ouverte; and on this occasion, so gratifying to human as well as spiritual pride, he supped on a single egg, a small loaf, and a pint of wine. The next day he presented himself at the cathedral of Saint Agnan, where he was met at the door by two canons. On requesting permission

to enter, his hands were bound, and he was desired to swear to maintain the privileges of the church, and, in particular, to disclaim all power over the canons of Saint Agnan. Having done this, his hands were set at liberty, and he was allowed to go in.

At Mans, the canons had the privilege, which they sometimes exercised, of preventing the bishop from joining in their procession.

At Breteuil the regular clergy were obliged to succumb, on public occasions, to the monks. The cross of the latter headed the processions; and, on returning, the curé sat down after the last monk.

At Saint Medard de Bourges, a similar superiority was accorded by the priests. At Troyes, the curés of some of the churches could not choose a confessor without asking permission of the chapter.

The relations between the two sexes are not less curious.

When the Archbishop of Rouen passed before the abbey of Saint Amand, the abbess met him at the door, put a ring upon his finger, and, addressing the priests around him, said: "I give him to you alive; you will return him to me dead."

On entering Troyes, the bishop dismounted at the monastery, when the abbess, taking hold of his horse by the bridle, led him away, and kept the animal for her pains. In like manner, the bishop, after partaking of the hospitality of the nuns for the night, carried off the bed on which he had slept.

The customs of the church, in fact, are, like the mass itself, a tissue of absurdity, till explained. The

ceremonies of the latter, which seem to a Protestant the veriest babyisms in nature, have all their religious significations; and the former, if examined with reference to the manners of the times which gave them birth, will bear a distinct interpretation. When we learn from history, for instance, that the high ministers of the church wore some pieces of armour over their pall on religious solemnities, we are reminded, that at that early period the priests were only different from nobles by their higher privileges. In the same manner, it was the custom at the cathedral of Auxerre for the chanter to carry a falcon on his wrist when giving forth the mass.

The *amusements of religion* are in general well known, and perhaps are less destitute of signification than is supposed.

At the cathedral of Rouen, it was usual for the priests, while singing the *Gloria in excelsis*, on high solemnities, to let loose a flight of birds with little articles of pastry attached to their claws. The auguries drawn on such occasions were perhaps not less devout than those of the ancients; and if, perchance, some anxious worshipper, with upturned eyes, received a pâté into his open mouth, the gift was doubtless set down as an especial favour from the patron saint of the festivity.

At Bayeux, on the day of the Innocents, the office was read by a boy-bishop, elected for the nonce by the children of the choir. During this performance, the canons occupied the lower stalls, while the innocents sat on the higher.

At Beauvais, during the office of some day in January, a beautiful girl appeared in the most conspicuous part of the cathedral, mounted on an ass, and holding an infant in her arms. At the end of the responses, the upper choir emitted a tremendous bray, which was echoed with emulative enthusiasm by the lower. The people then took up the sound; a universal bray shook the walls of the temple; and the veritable ass, astonished at the noise, and indignant, no doubt, at the want of ear betrayed by his neighbours, brayed longer and fiercer than any of them.

At Troyes, in fine, the bishop and canons assembled in their robes to play together at *toupie*, a sort of whirligig; and, afterwards, the old boys took a solemn game at tennis.

But while touching slightly and timidly on a subject which has been ransacked too often to afford even a gleanings, we may be permitted a single glance at the past and present state of religion in Paris.

It is needless to advert to the corrupt manners of the clergy in the middle ages, or to repeat a proverb common in the fifteenth century, and reported by a Benedictine historian of Languedoc—"I'd as lief be a priest at once as do so and so!" The charge of unbounded licentiousness, established so fully by the investigations of their own bishops, alludes to the very least of their crimes. This offence, in fact, was a natural and almost unavoidable consequence of the absurd restrictions under which they were placed by the rules of their order; and the only wonder is, that still more irregularities did not take place in a society

where there existed such a multitude of individuals unprotected by the ties of home and family, or even the *hope* of these honourable bonds, from the frailties of human nature. The following is a classified list, greatly within bounds we should imagine, of the numbers of the priestly order in France in the sixteenth century.

One hundred and seventy-five thousand clerks.

Four hundred and fifty thousand secular clerks.

Twelve thousand nuns.

Seven thousand knights of Malta.

By this time the priests had waxed wealthy, while the pope, anomalous as it may appear, was waxing poor. The nations of Europe were now stronger; the human mind had arisen from the state of abasement in which it had lain so long; and, in consequence, the revenues of the papal see had begun to experience a decline. In this emergency, Leo X. had recourse to an experiment, which would probably have succeeded if tried a little earlier. He divided the kingdom of heaven into lots, represented by indulgences, just as Law parcelled out his imaginary capital into promises to pay; and then sent forth a crowd of agents to exchange those eternal treasures for a fixed value in the perishing gold and silver of the present world.

The scheme of Law, however, which was in itself a good one, and is still recognised in principle by the bankers of our own day, was ruined by its application falling into imprudent hands; and the speculation of Leo well-nigh destroyed the Catholic religion, and

changed the face of Europe, from a circumstance of nearly the same kind. He chose for the brokers of this rich merchandise the Dominicans; and the incensed Augustins — like the losers by Law's blow-up — immediately raised their voices in a general scream, and accused the holy father of swindling. Luther and Calvin, the one in Germany, and the other in Switzerland, and both uninfluenced, we freely concede, by mercenary motives, took advantage of the outcry. Their stern voices were heard with reverence, not only by the populace, but by bishops, abbots, abbesses, magistrates, and even doctors of the Sorbonne; and they were hailed, by almost universal acclamation, the apostles of a necessary reform.*

The religious revolution which ensued, however politically unsuccessful, destroyed for ever the Catholic religion in France. The mysteries of its august superstitions were laid open to public view, and were no longer mysteries. Even those who remained faithful to the ancient church discarded the puerilities they had worshipped before. The ignorant, however, still knelt before the countless deities of the heaven of their fathers, and before the earthly brahmins who officiated at the altar; and a large *majority* of the women remained true, as usual, in right or wrong, to their woman's fidelity.

The grand political convulsion at length came, and

* Catholics and Protestants of course disagree with regard to the motives of the first reformers. "Mais qu'importe?" says M. Felix Bodin — "Pour le philosophe, la question n'est pas là."

the faith of the nation, already weakened and divided, was broken into pieces as if by a thunderbolt. Men had not time to distinguish between individuals and systems. Kings and royalty were considered as one, and both went down together. It was not sufficient to scatter the priestly allies of the crown over the face of the earth—the saints themselves, the patrons of the priests, must be flung from their niches in the temples; the blessed Mother of God, as the queen of saints, must follow in their ruin; the Son of the mother must be torn down from the healing cross; the Eternal Father himself, the Father of the Eternal Son, must be hurled from the throne of the universe!

But amidst this piteous frenzy there arose a body of men—more memorable for France than is generally supposed—preaching the doctrines of Christianity without its forms. At the beginning of the year 1792, they met in a house at the corner of the Rue Saint Denis and the Rue des Lombards; on the walls of which were inscribed the articles and maxims of their simple creed:

“ We believe in God, and in the immortality of the soul.

“ Worship God; love your fellow-men; serve usefully your country.

“ Good is that which tends to preserve and perfect the human species: evil is that which tends to destroy or deteriorate it.

“ Children, honour your father and your mother;

obey them with affection ; comfort them in old age. Fathers and mothers, instruct your children."

On the altar was a basket of flowers and fruit, the only symbol of their church. It typified creation, and directed the grateful reflections of the worshippers to the Creator, and his works of goodness and mercy. The doctrine spread ; it was at least a *part* of Christianity ; and in the impossibility at that moment of regenerating the whole, it was encouraged by every wise and good man. The principal churches of Paris were opened to the Theophilanthropists, and for five years they continued to preach tolerance and respect for all creeds, the supreme love of virtue, peace on earth, and good-will to mankind.

This was not the religion of a conqueror. Napoleon believed in nothing but his own good fortune ; and he hated the Theophilanthropists with a perfect hatred. He assailed them first with the police, and at length shut the churches against them. They did not flourish under persecution, simply because they were not a sect. They had no forms to defend, no mysteries to cling to : they belonged to all faiths, and to none. They had no rallying points of their own ; and they were enemies to no creed, and no power, of another. The institution, if it can be called one, gradually crumbled away under the blows of tyranny ; and the world's dread laugh contributed not a little to the overthrow of the worshippers of simplicity and virtue, whose only watchword was " Peace ! peace !" and whose only symbol was a basket of fruit and flowers.

But it is not to be supposed that the Theophilanthropists returned to the temples either of catholicism or reform. They returned to the world; and it is only too probable, that their principles, unsupported by public union, were soon dissolved in the fatal stream. Thus a vast multitude, comprehending, perhaps, a great proportion of the inhabitants of Paris, were taken away from religion without attaining to virtue.

The corollary of this sketch is to be seen in the churches of the metropolis. A few women, a few peasants, a few Sisters of Charity — these are the congregation. The Sunday is a day of irreligious, but otherwise harmless, festivity, in which the wearied citizen flings care to the winds; and the priest, as he slowly paces up the deserted aisle, turns a thoughtless, good-humoured look towards the door, and repeats, mentally, the speech of Fenelon — “Eh! M. le curé, ne dansons pas, mais laissons ces braves gens danser; pourquoi les empêcher d’oublier un moment leurs peines?”

CHAPTER XIV.

PARIS AND ITS LAW.

WE must still linger on this little island, the origin and nucleus of the great city. If the reader will only look well enough at the engraving, he will observe us standing among the crowd in the *Marché-aux-Fleurs*, cheapening a bouquet, and looking the while so curiously in the face of the vender, that he may be in some doubt as to whether we covet the roses on her lips or those in her hand. In the right-hand corner of the foreground is a small portion of the *Pont-Notre-Dame*; the next bridge is the *Pont-au-Change*; and the furthest the *Pont-Neuf*. The edifices beyond, on the other side of the river, are the *Louvre* and the *Tuileries*, which we quitted in the preceding chapter to come into the island *Cité* by the last-mentioned bridge.

What strange contrasts are presented by a town! The old towers on the left, overlooking the flower-market, belong to the *Palace of Justice* and the *Conciergerie*! A friend, high in the ranks of literature, once said to us, in talking of the subject of a tale—"Who can feel interest in a felon?" We might have replied by the counter-question—"Who does *not* feel interest in a felon?" All history—all romance—are



Drawn by J. M. W. Turner, R. A.

Engraved by W. Raddcliffe

Marche aux Fleurs and the Pont au Change.

London, Published for the Proprietor by L. ... Paternoster Row, R. H. & C. Paris, Asher, Bernier.

filled with the crimes of men; and as we read, we gloat, in spite of ourselves, upon details which at the same moment sicken our heart. If we are asked, Why? we answer, It is our nature. Perhaps the philosopher may tell you, that we feel within ourselves a terrible fellowship with guilt, or that, while the fearful page unfolds itself, we reflect unconsciously how trivial and fortuitous were the circumstances which preserved *our* habits and character from the evil bent! As for us, we listen to such explanations; and still, whenever the question occurs, we answer briefly, and in a kind of awe — It is our nature!

The history of the penal laws of France is exceedingly curious, and even amusing. The very gravest crimes, under the feudal régime, were sometimes punished by pecuniary fines; and when the communes came to legislate for themselves, they carried the system to a ludicrous pitch of extravagance.

Even after feudality began to be broken up by the liberation of the serfs and the formation of communes, its spirit continued to exist in the new institutions to which the change gave birth. A commune, in fact, was a little feudal kingdom in itself, in which all the gradations of vassalage were visible.

The mode of preserving order in the mass of independent confréries, animated by different, and often jarring, interests, was by the infliction of fines, graduated with the most singular minuteness, and embracing every possible variety of offence. These regulations were frequently contained in the charters of the towns, although sometimes the towns had the

right of forming their own scale. The amount, however, was always divided between the king and the commune. It was in vain for an offender to say that if he had given a blow he had received one; for this was only striking a balance in the private account. The fines varied in the different provinces; but the following tarif will give a tolerably correct idea of the whole.

	Livres.	Sous.	Déniers.
An insulting expression	0	2	6
Taking hold of a person by the throat with one hand	0	5	0
——— with two hands	0	14	0
Throwing a stone, and missing your man ..	0	0	6
Throwing a stone, and hitting.....	0	3	0
A push	0	5	0
Fisticuffs, per dozen	1	2	0
A kick	0	5	0
Spitting in the face	0	5	0
Pulling a nose	0	5	0
Flooring	0	10	0
A sword-thrust, without hitting	0	10	0
———, with blood.....	1	0	0
Continuing the row after the provost inter- fered.....	10	0	0
Running away with a girl	3	5	0
Throwing slops from the window upon a town-counsellor	10	0	0

It was hardly possible to commit the above, or similar offences, without detection; for a crowd of officers, called sergeants, had no other means of existence than that of playing the spy. If the prisoner lost his temper and exclaimed against the decision of the

mayor, his house was pulled down, or the owner was permitted to redeem it at its value.

A buyer who accused a shopkeeper of dishonesty in charging too much for his wares, was obliged, on the following Sunday, to take himself by the nose before the whole town, and confess that he had lied.

A person committing a petty theft in a garden or field, if too poor to pay a fine, gave up one of his teeth in lieu thereof.

Every family in the town was obliged to be present at an execution; and the bourgeois cast lots to determine which of them should officiate as hangman.

Raising a false alarm of theft, fire, &c., whether intentionally or not, was punished by a fine; and a person who looked on at the pursuit of a fugitive offender without assisting, was prosecuted as an accomplice.

The punishment of blasphemous swearing differed greatly in the course of the fourteenth century. Philippe-Auguste condemned offenders to pay four sous to the poor, and in default, to be ducked in the river, whether in summer or winter. Saint Louis, in lieu of the ducking, exposed them on a scaffold for one hour, and then shut them up in prison to fast for eight days on bread and water. Children under fourteen years of age were simply scourged in public. Philippe-le-Hardi continued these regulations; but Philippe-de-Valois (he who lost the battle of Crécy) found them too lenient. With him, the pillory for nine hours, with mud and filth at the discretion of the by-standers, was the punishment of the first offence;

for the second, the upper lip of the swearer was cloven ; for the third, the lower lip was cloven also, so as to give the mouth the appearance of a cross ; for the fourth, the upper lip was cut off ; for the fifth, the lower lip was cut off ; and for the sixth, the blaspheming tongue was cut out.

In the following century, we find a curious difference in the treatment of the sexes by the police laws. If a man was so unpolite as to call a woman an *ugly slut*, he got off with a fine of five sous ; but if a woman insulted a man with the corresponding epithet, no number of sous could make her peace. On the following Sunday she was compelled to march before all the people, carrying a stone of fifty pounds weight under her arm. The men, alas ! were always the law-makers.

The municipal administration of Paris was for a long time in the hands of the provost of the merchants, in conjunction with the sheriffs ; and their sittings were held in different places, termed the “ *parlouers aux bourgeois*.” In 1532, however, they began to meet habitually in a house which they had purchased in the Place de Grève, and here at length the Hôtel de Ville was built—the Mansion-House of Paris. A view of a portion of this edifice, with the Pont d’Arcole leading to the Cité, has the condescension to come in as a tail-piece to what may be termed the by-laws of the French metropolis.

The Prisons for evil-doers, to pursue the subject, even those for the untried, formed in themselves fearful punishments. The ancient tower of the Louvre, till



Engraved by J. Johnson.

Drawn by J. M. W. Turner, R.A.

Hotel de Ville, 8. 27. 18. 18. 18.

the time of Francis I., was the privileged place of durance for the nobility ; and its successor, the Bastille Saint-Antoine, was distinguished by the iron cage which Louis XI. constructed for the reception of the Bishop of Verdun. But the prison of the Conciergerie, in the Palace of the Cité, was still more famous ; and the concierge himself enjoyed the title and the power of *bailli*, judge, or seneschal of the palace. Besides these, the provost of the merchants had his own prison : the bishop had *two*—one for laymen, and one for ecclesiastics ; and every abbey and monastery which possessed the privilege of haute justice, had theirs.

It is supposed, that in the early part of the fourteenth century there were about a hundred thousand seigneurial prisons in France, most of which were dug under ground. These subterranean dens continued in fashion for nearly three centuries after, till the time of Charles IX., when an edict of the States at Orléans prohibited the construction of any prison of haute justice lower than the ground-floor. After this reform they were sometimes placed in the first story of the donjon ; and that part of the château being generally in the middle of the court (as we see to-day at Vincennes), they conferred an air of feudal sovereignty upon the whole edifice. The donjon may be described as the citadel of the castle. It contained the state apartments, and the grand hall of banqueting or audience ; and there the garrison retired, when the surrounding defences were carried. The prison, at length, probably by way of a genteel and delicate

periphrasis, was called the donjon ; whence our word, which, notwithstanding its etymology, sounds like a groan — *dungeon*.

These prisons were not only penal abodes, but receptacles for the accused. All were allowed bread, but nothing else ; although, in general, they were pretty well provided by the piety or charity of the rich. The women were separated from the men, as at present, and criminals from their accomplices. Creditors paid an allowance to their imprisoned debtors of six *déniers* per day ; which, calculating by the difference in the price of bread, was equal to about a shilling in England at the time we write.

In the following century the rules were not relaxed. A prisoner attempting to escape was presumed to be guilty, and punished accordingly. He was not allowed to be seen by his friends ; and if the favour of writing implements was granted, his letters were read by the judge before being forwarded.

The fees were graduated according to the rank of the parties. A count, a countess, a baron, or a baroness, paid ten livres ; a knight-banneret or his lady, one livre ; an esquire or a demoiselle, twelve *déniers* ; a Jew, two sous ; and all others, eight *déniers*. The apartments were of course allotted according to these rates ; but as each bed was supposed to be capable of holding three prisoners, any one desiring to sleep alone paid six *déniers* per night in addition. When a prisoner was executed, his dress from the waist upwards belonged to the jailor ; from the waist downwards to the hangman.

In the sixteenth century, subterranean dungeons had entirely disappeared in the country, thanks to the edict of Orléans which we have mentioned; but in most of the towns the prisoners continued still to be lodged in barred caverns in the depths of the fortifications, whence, every now and then, an epidemic disease came forth to devour the population. The rules remained nearly the same, except as regarded the jailors, whose office appears to have been looked upon by the law-makers with much jealousy. If a prisoner escaped through negligence on the part of the keepers, the jailor immediately took his place, and remained there, locked up with his own keys, to await the pleasure of the judge. His intercourse with the female captives was also strictly observed; and sometimes a simple intrigue, unattended by official persuasion, involved the punishment of death.

When the report of a crime was carried to the authorities, a warrant was first obtained, and then, on the answers of the accused, a precognition, or information, as it was called, taken on the localities of the deed. If the facts were slight, he retained his liberty, was allowed to employ an advocate, and was adjudged to be tried by ordinary process; but, if the evidence assumed a graver character as the plea proceeded, all this was overturned. He was shut up in prison, and deprived of a defender; the witnesses were examined and confronted in private; and the trial was now by extraordinary process.

In every criminal trial there were (and are) two to one against the prisoner—the public party and

the civil party. The former pleaded for punishment, the latter for damages. If a man is murdered, for instance, it is the duty and interest of the community to demand blood for blood; but this is no compensation to the widow or orphan deprived of the services of the deceased: they must have money as well as revenge.

In the trial we have supposed, our accused is condemned by the inferior court. In many cases he might have bought off the civil party; and although the public party would have still prosecuted, it would have been with a diminished chance of conviction. He has neglected this, however, or found it impossible; he is condemned; and he appeals to the parliament.

If he now attempts a composition, the civil party will seldom be inflexible; for the parliament never confirms more than a fourth part of the sentences of the lower court. The civil party has yielded; and the trial returns at once to ordinary process. The witnesses are examined publicly; and the sentence is at length about to be pronounced. The accused kneels at the bar, if in Paris, loaded with irons — if in the cities beyond the Loire, confined with bands of stuff or linen, and is declared not guilty.

But, hold — we are mistaken, although only in one word, and that a very little one. *Dele* “not.” He is guilty; he is on the scaffold; and the executioner respectfully demands a *Salve* or a *Pater* from the assembled crowd. All drop upon their knees, and nothing is heard but the murmur of their voices, till

the hangman raises his arm to strike the fatal blow at the machinery, and—withdraws it again.

The friends of the delinquent, it seems, have been busy at court; they have obtained letters of grace from the king; and instead of fixing the rope round our friend's neck, they pass it under his shoulders, and give him a swing. The people laugh; but a thousand laughs are easier to endure than the more common sort of commutation of punishment, in which he would have been publicly scourged in the court-yard of the prison, with a cat-o'-nine-tails tipped with lead. At the same time, he would have liked better, no doubt, a free pardon, when he would have got clear off by simply kneeling before the judges while they were registering his letters of grace.

Even if, instigated by a bad conscience, or a dread of the lawyers, the delinquent had fled at the outset, the ends of public justice would not have been defeated. Another person would have been laid hold of in his stead, and scourged, hanged, or broken on the wheel, as the case might seem to deserve. This person, to be sure, would only have been a man of straw, covered with pasteboard, and marked and dressed so as to resemble the fugitive. Still, a great moral lesson would have been taught, and that is every thing.

In the comparatively civilised period of the sixteenth century, the torture by fire was rarely used for eliciting the confession of criminals. When actually brought into practice, however, it consisted generally in the accused being bound down before a furnace, and the soles of his feet presented to the heat for a pre-

scribed time. The cord, water, and wedges, were the usual engines of torture.

When the cord was in question, the accused was drawn up, by means of a pulley, by a rope fixed to his hands, joined behind his back, while a weight of a hundred pounds was suspended to his feet, also tied together. This was varied by drawing his hands and legs separately, in such a way as to require a surgeon to reduce the dislocations.

In the torture by water, the accused was drawn up by his arms joined above his head, while his feet, also fastened together, were made fast to the pavement. In this position, with his head hanging back, a horn was introduced into his mouth, from which water fell, drop by drop, into his throat. A gallon was usually ordered by the judge; but the unhappy sufferer seldom required more than a quart to induce him to confess every thing and any thing. This torture was sometimes applied in conjunction with that of the cord.

The other species of torture consisted in putting the legs of the accused each between two planks, binding them together with a cord, and then driving with a hammer as many wedges of wood between as were necessary to extort confession.

The office of inspecting torturer, called the "*Tourmenteur du roi, notre sire*," it may be supposed, was a very important one. Independently of his salary, he made considerable benefit by selling to the wretches who came under the hands of his assistants certain recipes and nostrums for moderating the pain of the torture.

The form of criminal law in France having undergone, since this period, almost as many changes as ours in England, perhaps the reader will not be displeased to have thus had an opportunity of comparing the existing process with that of the sixteenth century.

CHAPTER XV.

THE LATIN COUNTRY.

FROM central Paris, or the island of the Cité, we cross to the left bank of the river, where another city, altogether distinct in its history, manners, and even physical characteristics, demands our survey. Although without the aid of Turner in this chapter, we shall not permit ourselves to be tempted to describe objects so much better and more minutely painted than we could do it in at least a dozen native guide-books. We shall limit our task, as before, to touching slightly upon the distinctive features of the place, and to endeavouring to convey some general idea of those moral and historical associations which it ought to call up in the mind of the intellectual traveller.

The schools which Charlemagne, though ignorant of the mystery of the alphabetical signs himself, had attached to the monasteries, arose, in some cases, to considerable celebrity in the eleventh century. The episcopal school in particular was presided over by eminent professors; and among its pupils it included the children of the king himself, Louis VI. But there were other establishments, founded by private individuals, which owed all their fame to the learning and talents of the professor himself; and that of Abelard in particular attracted eventually to Paris, from almost

all parts of Europe, such a multitude of students as exceeded the inhabitants in number.

The lover of Heloise was not only learned in all the little learning of the times, but he possessed that daring and speculative spirit which so frequently elevates even men of ordinary talent to the celebrity of persecution. From Melun he fled to Corbeil, from Corbeil to Paris, from Paris back to Melun, to Saint Ayoul de Provins, to Nogent-sur-Seine, where he founded the famous abbey of the Paraclet, and finally to Saint Gildas de Ruis in Brittany, where he found the monks, as authors relate, more ready to cut his throat than to listen to his lectures. But wherever he went he transported his *camp* (in his own words) along with him. His school followed his wanderings, like a fugitive yet still compact army; and from its ranks, in the course of time, arose bishops, cardinals, and even a pope.

While at Paris, Abelard taught in a house in the Place Notre Dame, in the Cité;* but sometimes his lectures, like those of other professors of the time, were delivered in the open air, the scholars sitting down upon heaps of straw spread out in the street. The great ambition of learning in those days was to acquire the *trivium* and *quadrivium*: the former, the rudiments of grammar, logic, and rhetoric; and the latter, the elements of arithmetic, astronomy, geometry, and music. Still, as these were the highest attainments of human knowledge, the possessors were looked upon with corre-

* His dwelling-house was close by, in the Rue des Chantiers, No. 1.

sponding reverence by the multitude. Paris! Paris! became the cry. The young, the poor, the ambitious, the idle, all flocked to this new alma mater. Some carried with them a sword, their only property, and some a cudgel; these fought and plundered their way, while others, as earnest, but more timid, begged for food as they passed on, for the love of God and the Virgin.

The Cité was then Paris; and the Cité could not contain one-third of their number. A new Paris, therefore, arose on the left bank of the river — a town which was one vast school, and whose inhabitants were scholars.

In the time of Philippe-Auguste, this concourse of the aspirants of the muses increased rather than diminished; and the king, flattered by the extension of his capital, bestowed a premium upon the importation. The citizens, by an ordonnance of the year 1200, were ordered to protect a scholar from outrage, even at the risk of their lives. A simple accusation made by this powerful stranger was sufficient to condemn; and the condemned had not the right of appealing even to the decision of heaven, in the usual trials by battle, fire, or boiling water. A student, in fine, was safe from arrest, whether civil or criminal, and was subject only to the laws of his own establishment. The consequence of all this may be easily foreseen. The scholars became as dissolute and ignorant as the monks themselves; and at last earned the following character in the work *De Arte Predicationis*:—"They are more given to gluttony than to study; they run after money more than learning; they prefer the beauties of young

girls to the beauties of Cicero. Science is debased ; instruction languishes ; books are sealed."

Saint Louis, by establishing the famous corporation of schools called the University, raised to the highest possible pitch the insolence of the students. They now quarrelled and fought in large bodies with the confréries of the trades, the city archers, and even the mass of the citizens themselves. When the scholars conquered, no redress could be obtained ; when they were beaten, the University threatened — and rarely threatened in vain — to suspend its functions till the victors were imprisoned or hung. At one time the learned body actually left Paris in dudgeon, and did not speedily return. This was on the occasion of the scholars being routed in a general engagement with the archers and citizens, who opposed them in a premeditated attack they made upon a tavern, where they had quarrelled with the host about the reckoning. The University threatened as usual, but being so flagrantly in the wrong, obtained no redress ; and hence the metropolis was deprived of the blessings of scholarship for two years. The particulars of many more *rows* of the kind are given in Dulaure's History of Paris ; and the reader will be glad at last to arrive at one in consequence of which the Pope excommunicated professors, monks, and scholars together.

Having thus bespoken the favourable interest of the reader for the scholars, we are tempted to divulge the nature and importance of their studies in the fourteenth century. Among others less amusing, the following

opinions were inculcated, which seem in general to have descended, with very little change, from the days of Pliny the naturalist.

The world is divided into three kingdoms — minerals, plants, and animals.

In the first, our senses convince us that the limestone contains most of the principle of heat; for we see the fire come forth, and hear it hiss and bubble when thrown into the water.

Water, generally speaking, is the parent of the precious stones; and crystal is nothing else than water, which, remaining congealed for ages, acquires at length a permanent character of hardness and consistence. The diamond is still harder — it is the hardest of all bodies. It is impossible to break it with a hammer; and it comes out of the hottest fire unchanged. There is one thing, however, and one alone, which can dissolve it: this is the blood of a he-goat.

In salt resides the grand exciting and preserving power distributed throughout nature to prevent corruption.

The bases of metals are quicksilver and sulphur. Gold is formed of the union of the most subtle quicksilver and the purest and yellowest sulphur. In silver the sulphur is white, as well as in tin and lead; but in the two last, both it and the quicksilver are of a coarser quality. The bases of copper, in like manner, are coarse, the sulphur being a deep yellow; while those of iron are the coarsest of all. In iron there is one thing to be observed, which exhibits, in a very

remarkable manner, the mysterious justice of nature. This metal we all know, sheds most blood. Blood, in return, is the bitterest enemy of iron. It rusts and eats into its very heart, in a space of time when the action of the other fluids is scarcely perceptible.

The planets preside over the production and formation of metals, and confer upon them their colour and other properties. This is the reason why the alchemists confer the names of the planets upon their peculiar metals; denominating gold, the Sun—silver, the Moon—copper, Venus—tin, Jupiter—lead, Saturn—iron, Mars—quicksilver, Mercury.

The plants are no less indebted to these beneficent stars: to them they owe their growth, increase, beauty, and medicinal properties. The plants are susceptible of friendship or sympathy; for we often see them languish or thrive according to the neighbours that are beside them. Their vital strength lies in the bark. Among trees, the fir contains the greatest quantity of radical moisture; among smaller plants the mandragora is the most powerful soporific.

The vital strength of animals exists in the heart. The breath of the ass expels poison from a wound. The common saying, therefore, is literally true—that if a man stung by a scorpion will whisper his complaint into the ear of an ass, he will straightway be cured. Some prefer whispering the doctor (who has doubtless other means at command): it is all one.

The blood of the bull and the horse are deadly poisons. A bone is sometimes formed in the heart of the former animal. If a she-goat licks an olive-tree,

it will become barren : this creature breathes through the ears. The lion will attack a man ; but he does nothing more than roar when he meets a woman. He cures his complaints with the blood of the ape ; while a leopard, when unwell, drinks as medicine that of the she-goat. A lioness never reaches the natural term of her confinement, owing to the nails of her young. If you wish to rob the tigress of some of her cubs, you have only to throw one to her ; and while she is carrying it to her lair, you will get clear off with the rest : but if you are determined to have all, place a mirror in the road by which you fly ; when, seeing her own figure in the glass, she will take it to be that of one of her young, and allow you to escape, while she vainly endeavours to get hold of it. The hyæna is passionately fond of the flesh of men. She skulks round the lonely hut of the shepherd on the hills, imitates the voice of a comrade, and calls him by his name. At night, she gorges her foul appetite in a churchyard, opening for that purpose the tombs of the dead.

The viper is susceptible of love :—

This only proves, all other virtues gone,
Not guilt itself can quench that loveliest one!

At the approach of the lamprey his venom dies within him ; but when his mistress is gone, the evil part of his nature returns. The legitimate young of this reptile never see either father or mother : the female kills the male in her ferocious loves, and she herself dies in giving birth to beings as desperate as herself.

The family history of the scorpion is quite as tragical. Of her eleven young she devours ten ; and the one which remains devours the mother, in revenge for the murder of his brothers and sisters. It is on these animals that dragons habitually feed ; and their natural venom is thus increased at every meal.

The ancient enmity between the seed of the woman and that of the serpent continues still ; but this reptile, which will attack a knight in armour, is terrified at the sight of a naked man. It reminds him of that fearful moment, when the voice of the Lord thundered in his ear : “ Because thou hast done this, thou art cursed above all cattle, and above every beast of the field ; upon thy belly shalt thou go, and dust shalt thou eat all the days of thy life ! ” The lizard, on the contrary, is the friend of the human race, and takes the part of a man in danger from the serpent. If you eat of the fruit of a tree under which the salamander has lain, you will die ; if you drink the waters of a fountain wherein he has plunged, you will surely die. Fire itself has no effect upon this creature : he walks through the flames as if they were his proper element. The serpents with two heads, one at each extremity of the body, are also venomous in the extreme ; and so is that species of dragon which kindles the air into flames : but the basilisk is perhaps more to be dreaded than all, for a single look suffices to kill. This last is a little white-spotted serpent, ten or twelve inches long ; and its ashes, when burnt, as if to make up for the mischief of its life, transmute the baser metals into gold.

Two centuries later, the scholars continued to enjoy the most extraordinary privileges, of which Rebuffe, in his treatise "*De Scholasticorum Privilegiis*," enumerates one hundred and eighty.

A scholar was noble by his profession, in testimony of which he wore the sword. He had a legal right to the title of messire, and his wife to that of madame; although they were usually addressed monsieur and mademoiselle.

In travelling, if a scholar found all the lodgings occupied in the town where he chose to halt for the night, the inhabitants were bound to make room for him by turning out somebody else; he, on the contrary, never stirred for any body.

If he found his studies interrupted by the noise or smell arising from any trade carried on in his neighbourhood, he could cite the offender before the judge, and compel him to remove the nuisance.

If, tempted by his neighbour's fowl approaching too near his study, he killed and ate the intruder, confession, and restitution of the value, absolved him from the pains of law.

The scholar was free of the town by the fact of his studying there. He paid no rate of octroi, and was subject to no local tax. The officer who attempted to invade such privilege might be punished corporally, or even banished.

The arms of the King and University, affixed to his house, protected it from seizure.

On becoming a scholar, he escaped at once from all liability for debts previously contracted. For debts

contracted during his scholarship, he was summoned three different times before being obliged to plead.

When he was himself the creditor of another, his claims took precedence of all the rest.

His books could not be seized in any case whatever.

He could not be arrested within the liberties of his college.

His father could not be cited before a court of law, while he visited his son at the University.

His servants shared in their master's privileges, and sometimes demanded no other wages.

When condemned to death, he was reprieved if he could plead reputation in any particular branch of learning. So much for the rights of literature !

The college of the Sorbonne, the most ancient in France, was founded by Saint Louis in 1252 ; but this, as well as the numerous institutions which arose afterwards, was confined to bursaries and the education of ecclesiastics. In the fifteenth century, however, many of them were thrown open ; and in the sixteenth, the wells of learning being patent to all, the French became a lettered nation. At the University of Paris alone there were thirty thousand students, and in the other sixteen towns, a proportionate number. The streets swarmed with their sable figures, attired in long gown, leathern girdle, and round cap. The sum paid by these seekers after wisdom was small, but still it was something ; and to this, as well as to their superiority in the mode of teaching, may be attributed the sudden and rapid rise of the Jesuits, who gave their instruction, in imitation of Him from whom their

society derived its name, without money and without price.

Besides the cost of the letters of scholarship, which obtained entrance for the student, he paid two sous per month as the teacher's fee, and a proportion of the expense of benches, candles, and other school-room necessities. Books could not have been dear, even taking into account the relative value of money, since we know that Virgil was purchased for three sous, Cicero de Amicitia for one sous, and the Categories of Aristotle for half a sous.

The vast buildings of the ancient University, with its forty-two colleges, have now disappeared, but the seat of learning is still on the same spot. The whole of this district is called the Pays Latin, and here reside the Students of Paris. The name, however, is at present applied only to those who are engaged in the study of law and medicine; but even of them, there are seven or eight thousand come every year from the provinces and foreign countries, to take the place of an equal number, who carry home the learning, or the follies, of the great metropolis.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE COURT-END OF PARIS.

THERE is yet a third city, absolutely distinct from the other two, which we have to allude to before leaving Paris. This is the abode of the court, and of the people in business, situated on the right bank of the Seine. It was no inadvertence our passing along its distinguished buildings—the Tuileries and the Louvre—without entering at once into the subject of the present chapter. The Island was the first Paris, and demanded our first attention, as the early seat of power and religion; Learning came next, and called us to the left bank of the river; and now we are at leisure to visit the “court-end of the town,” and the warehouses of the merchants who minister to its luxuries and necessities.

At present, indeed, the two sides of the river are not much more different in character than London and Southwark; but the time has been when the traveller might imagine, in passing from one to the other, that he had entered a new kingdom. In costume, for instance, on one side of the river his eyes were dazzled by every gay and splendid colour; on the other, almost every human being he met was habited in funereal

black. The difference, however, it must be confessed, was merely external ; for the same ferocious and black-guard air was observable in both. The irregularities of both, in fact, were fostered, if not produced, by the other ; for they were natural enemies. The nobles, with whom church preferment in former times exclusively rested, had been for a long time so deeply sunk in ignorance and barbarity that they were become absolutely ineligible. To this was chiefly owing the rise and encouragement of these scholastic *clerks* (for all the students were ecclesiastical aspirants) ; and to this the perpetual broils of the Court and University.

At the commencement of the third race, the nobles were professed robbers, and the bishops were nobles ; but about the fourteenth century, it was thought ungenteel for a man of rank to go upon the highway in person. Such individuals were called in ridicule “ knights of prey ;” while those who had more regard for the dignity of their *order*, sent “ *coureurs*” to prowl about the roads, and make travellers stand and deliver. This was in imitation of the state kept by the kings, who had “ *chevaucheurs*,” or riders, to seize the spoil in their masters’ behoof. When the royal cortège entered Paris, these officers rode through the streets, went into the houses, and carried off without ceremony any thing they thought proper. This was not a disorder of the moment : it was a royal privilege, which was exercised for a considerable time. As for the later frolics of the nobility, when the *Rentiers* and *Ecorcheurs* went about the country pillaging and cutting throats, they originated in sheer necessity.

One of the famines of this period -- the fifteenth century -- carried off a third of the population of Paris.

The Parisians, at nearly the same epoch, were as gay and light-hearted a populace as could be found in Europe. At the fêtes of the church, the streets were illuminated, and all was music and mirth in the great metropolis. When the kings or queens entered the city in state, or when honour was to be done to other royal visitors, all Paris was in the street. Nobody thought of dining in-doors. The tables and chairs were spread upon the causeway; the toast of one party was cheered by the next; and every song was at least a quartetto. On these occasions, the public fountains ran milk, wine, or scented water; and the city gates were flanked with scaffolds, hung with silk and rich tapestry, where mysteries and other shows were exhibited, which in some cases would have done much better for private view.

The criers of wine went about the streets every day till twelve o'clock, and they jostled with the pilgrims, who made their rounds singing the mysteries of the Old and New Testaments. The night-guard of the town was composed of the bourgeois in their trades or confréries; and their principal stations were at the two Châtelets -- strong towers at the end of the bridges which connected the island Cité with the two banks of the river. They were posted also at the prisons, and before the relics of the Sainte Chapelle, and at many of the churches. When they made their rounds, however, they were not permitted to assume the appearance

of a military body, but carried their arms concealed in a bag.

At midnight the slumbering city was awakened by the clang of bells; the lamps and tapers in the churches were suddenly re-lighted; and dark figures were seen gliding along the streets. Then the voice of singing, mingled with the swell of the organ, rose wildly upon the night-wind; and the weary Parisian, muttering a drowsy prayer, turned his head upon the pillow, and departed again to the land of dreams. At this period, the fourteenth and beginning of the fifteenth century, the inhabitants of the metropolis are represented by contemporary writers as being equally fanatical and licentious, great lovers of exhibitions of all kinds, and of a mutinous and unruly spirit. At the general procession of Saint Innocent, there walked a hundred thousand Parisians with bare feet; but the same individuals were notoriously lax in conjugal morality. In some of the provinces, the husbands possessed the legal right of beating their wives as soundly as they chose. The bare proposal of such a law would have raised a rebellion among the women of Paris; who claimed—and who dare assert they were wrong?—to do exactly what they liked.

Notwithstanding the splendid accounts which some French writers give us of Paris in the middle ages, it was in reality a confused heap of dark, narrow, and dirty streets, of which those of Saint Denis and Saint Martin were the richest. These were only lighted by a lamp here and there burning before the images of the saints, and by the flambeaux and lanterns of the beau monde

when they ventured out at night. But darkness was not the only inconvenience of the streets of Paris: they swarmed with thieves and rogues of all descriptions; who, when detected in committing a crime, took refuge in the courts of great houses, where the police dared not enter. The principal disturbers of the peace, however, seem to have been the valets, who were looked upon with great suspicion by the authorities.

In the fifteenth century, the provost of Paris issued a proclamation forbidding all "varlets, lacquais, and serviteurs," to carry sword or baton. They were also prohibited from playing at the common games in the streets; and finally, all "varlets, serviteurs, lacquais, et autres *mal conditionnés*" out of place, were ordered to quit the city and fauxbourgs, if they could not instantly find masters, or others willing to answer for their conduct.

In some places, a valet could be confined under lock and key by his master on his own authority; and according to the Coutumes of Perigord, it was provided that a valet who seduced his master's daughter should be hung without mercy.

The streets being alike impassable in carriages and on foot at the above period, all the world was on horseback. Visits were paid on horseback; the judge went to the courts on horseback; monks preached on horseback: and men about to be executed rode up to the scaffold on horseback.

The whole city, or rather the whole of the three

cities, were surrounded by walls and ditches, except at the places where they were intersected by the Seine entering or quitting the guarded precincts; and there a heavy iron chain extended from bank to bank. The ditches were supplied with a living stream of water by the river, and the fish they contained were valuable enough to be farmed.

In great houses at that time there were five repasts: the breakfast; the ten o'clock meal, or *décimheure*, by way of shortness *décimer*, whence *dîner*; the second dinner; the supper, so called from soup only being eaten in earlier times; the collation. At court, the quantity of meat allowed to each guest was proportioned not to his appetite, but to his rank. In Dauphiny, for instance, the barons of the court were allowed just half the portion of the Dauphin; the knights a quarter; and the esquires and chaplains an eighth. Wine was doled out in the same way; and the two sexes being treated alike, a young and delicate baroness occasionally found herself with four quarts of wine standing before her, while the burly squire lower down bent a rueful glance upon his solitary flagon. The history of Dauphiny enables us to convey some idea of the treatment at the royal table, by describing the Dauphin's dinner portion on an ordinary occasion, by which may be calculated those of the other guests: A quantity of rice, leek, or cabbage soup; a piece of beef; a piece of salt pork; six fowls, or twelve chickens; a piece of roast pork; cheese; and fruit.

This was very well for such "barbarous ages" as

the fourteenth or fifteenth centuries; but a little later, a prodigious advance was made in the art of the table, and we now invite the reader to a dinner of the sixteenth century.

The premier mets, otherwise called the “*entrée*,” consisted of fruit and salads. This course was meant to open, as it were, the appetite, to tickle and excite it gently, and set at least its curiosity on the *qui-vive* for what was to come. Cherries, and even lemons, were used among other fruits for this purpose; the learned gastronomes being aware that the business now was to sharpen and brighten those divine faculties which had been blunted and dulled by an abstinence of perhaps several hours.

The second mets consisted of soups, pastes of macerated lobster, fowl, almonds, &c., and *brouets*, which are much the same sort of dish, only dressed in a different way, and mixed with bouillon. The soups were of rice, millet, wheat, fennel, or mustard; and of macaroni, macerated meat, or tripe; and of apples, pears, or quinces. But it was not only the palate which was consulted; the eye also must be gratified, or the artist would have lost his pains. Each soup was tinged with a colour nicely adapted to its nature; and the whole was arranged upon the table on a similar principle to that which guided the inventor of eye-music. Thus the optics of the diner, after dwelling for a moment tenderly and dewily upon the yellow soup, received a happy attraction from the white; from the celestial blue they sunk (children of earth!) to the soft and gentle green, the livery of spring; from the

red, blushing with conscious richness and heavy with fragrance, they wandered, languid with enjoyment, to rest upon the golden.*

The troisième mets consisted of roast meat à la sauce. The sauces were made of cinnamon, mustard, or nutmeg; of garlic, or other vegetables; of cherries, plums, mulberries, or grapes; of the tender sprigs of broom, or other bushes; of roses, and other flowers. There was also the hell-sauce, composed of pepper. These sauces, like the soups, were all tinged of a different hue; but sometimes the artist, in pride, or whim, or in the mere wantonness of genius, would mingle, without blending, a dozen different dyes in one dish, and astonish the applauding guests with the view of a parti-coloured sauce.

The quatrième mets, called also, the “second rôti,” consisted of roast game. The articles for this course were all boiled to a certain point before being put upon the spit, and to know when this point had been attained formed the grand difficulty, and was the very shibboleth of an accomplished cook. The lard used for basting was first spiced and perfumed, till it acquired an aromatic flavour as well as taste, and was then in every respect qualified for its delicate, and, so to speak, affectionate duty.

The cinquième mets consisted of pastry, particularly

* Colours were of great consequence in other things as well as in soups. In the fifteenth century, a lady of the court did not dare to bring forth in a *green* bed, or in a room carpeted or hung with green. Green was a colour reserved for the queen and princesses on this interesting occasion.

tarts — of herbs, rose-leaves, rice, gourd, cherries, chestnuts, oats, &c.; and the repast terminated with creams, confections, honeyed wine, and hypocras, a compound of wine and sugar spiced and perfumed with cinnamon and cloves. A dessert of fruits was also included in this course, although frequently they remained, during the whole repast, ornamenting the table, and hanging on boughs suspended from the ceiling.

But all this refinement was confined to a single art. Paris, as a town, was still in a state of barbarism; and even the sign-boards containing portraits of the saints, and the niches at the shop-doors filled with their statues, were no protection in the streets. Only one door, however, was allowed to each house, in order more effectually to prevent the escape of thieves; and sometimes one of the family was compelled to remain at the window all night to give the alarm in case of need. On seeing any deed of violence going on in the street below, he sprung a rattle, which was replied to in like manner by his neighbours, and thus the whole district was roused almost at one moment. The very appearance of a human figure walking along was sufficient to excite terror or suspicion; and therefore every true man was compelled, for the sake of his own safety or respectability, as well as by law, to carry a lantern. Rogues, however, took care to appear as seldom as possible alone. They roamed the town in confréries of their several trades of plunder, which were called *compagnies des guilleries, des plumets, des rougets, des grisons, des tirelaines, and des tire-soies*, the last named condescending

to transact business only with persons of quality. At this time there are said to have been in the whole of France,

Two hundred thousand nobles,

Fifty thousand officers of justice,

Thirty-six thousand advocates, and other practitioners of law.

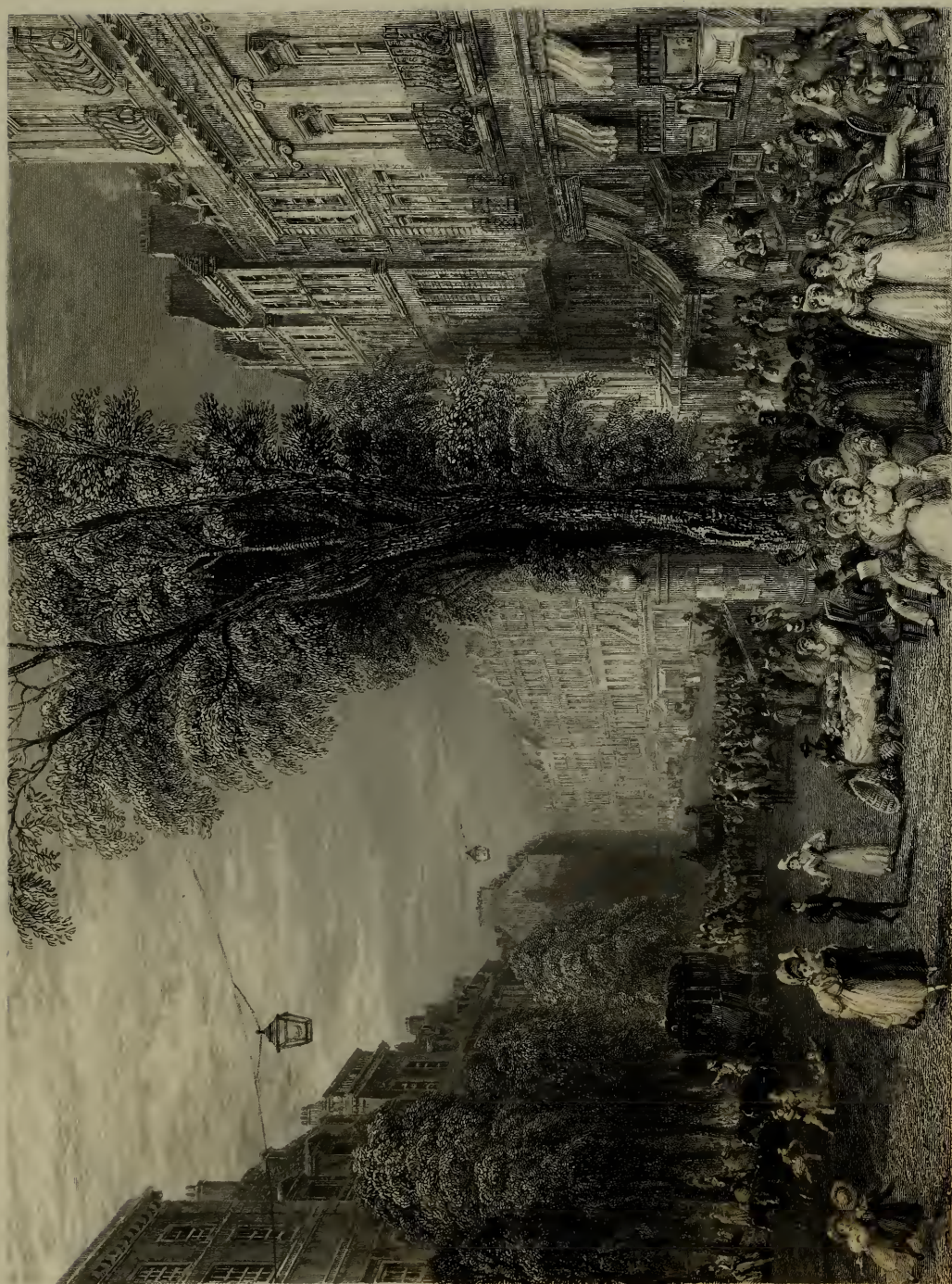
Thirty thousand serjeants,

Six thousand tax-gatherers, and

Two hundred thousand beggars.

The following century, the seventeenth, was distinguished by its swarms of *false* beggars, who haunted some dismal dens where the police rarely ventured to follow them. These places were called *Cours des Miracles*; because there the lame resumed their legs, and the blind their sight, in the twinkling of an eye. The most celebrated was entered from the Rue Neuve Saint-Sauveur, between the *no thoroughfare* (we dare not mention to ears polite the horrid French word) de l'Etoile, and the Rues de Damiette and des Forges. Others were in the Rue Saint Denis, Nos. 328 and 313; the Rue du Bac, No. 36; the Rue de Reuilly, No. 81; and the Rue des Tournelles, No. 26.

In some respects these haunts of misery and crime, where the men were robbers and the women prostitutes, answered to the Alsatia of London. The inhabitants, amounting at one time to forty thousand, had their own language, called *Argot*, and a supreme chief styled, like the king of the French gipsies, *Coësre*. It was the duty of the *cajoux*, or principal officers, to teach young aspirants the art of fabricating ficti-



Engraved by J. Hignam.

Boulevards
Paris

Drawn by J. M. W. Turner, R. A.

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tious wounds, and, above all things, of cutting purses. The latter was a very lucrative branch of trade; for even under Louis XIV. it was the custom to carry the purse openly suspended at the girdle. The mode fallen upon at last to break up these abominable communities, is not the least curious part of their history. To convert them to virtue was out of the question; but in 1667 the lieutenant-general of police (an office just then created) hit upon the expedient of bribing them to a kind of vice less hateful to the public. He organised a stupendous system of espionage, and took the thieves, robbers, and prostitutes of the Cours des Miracles into his pay. He then placed two lamps, one at the entrance, and one in the middle of their dismal passages, and the ex-vagabonds became all on a sudden agents of the government, and inquisitors into the foibles and vices of society.

Here we might take leave of this third quarter of Paris, and allow the reader to form and enjoy, at his own pleasure, the contrast between past and present times. Mr. Turner, however, is determined to take up the word, or rather the line, in his turn—and behold the fashionable Boulevards of to-day!

CHAPTER XVII.

FONTAINEBLEAU.

TRAVELLERS who are progressing in the direction of the source of the Seine, and who determine, on account of its historical celebrity, to see the ancient town of Troyes, if they should miss every other, save an immense circuit by going by the road to Provins and Nogent, at which latter place they rejoin the river. The route hence, till you reach Provins, is completely uninteresting. Vast fields, occasionally some miles in area, stretch away in the distance till they are only bounded by the dim edge of the horizon. Here and there their surface is dotted with an orchard, a grove of poplars, and, more rarely, a farm-house; but in general the effect is monotonous and wearisome.

At Provins, indeed, a change comes over the character of the scene. On the left hand, crowning a picturesque steep, an old château with its ruined tower, a beautiful church, and the remains of walls and broken ramparts, arrest the wearied eye as if by a spell. Here Charlemagne coined money in the year 768; and within these castellated precincts the ancient Counts of Champagne held their state, and might have seen from their donjon, if the human vision could carry so far, one half their dominions.

At the foot of the steep is the lower town, a place tolerably well built, which is much frequented in summer on account of its mineral waters. It contains an old convent of Cordeliers, where Henri Quatre at one time established his head-quarters; but affords nothing else worthy of remark. Here, however, occurred one of those scenes which the absurd system of passports continually gives rise to. Having no idea that our papers would be demanded at any place on the peaceable and well-travelled route we were traversing, we had resolved at Paris to save ourselves the trouble of getting our passport signed there by the police. Our dismay, therefore, may be imagined, when we saw the officers of this paltry little town coming forth, in all the pride of authority, to examine the credentials of the passengers.

Obeying our first impulse, we decamped at once from the diligence, and took refuge at a little café in the neighbourhood, where we remained in awful rumination on the unhappy adventure. Being always pinched for time—for the same reason that spendthrifts are pinched for money—we had not an hour to spare; and there was not an individual nearer than Paris who could testify that we were not a rogue as well as a vagabond. At length, when the operations of the police appeared to be over, and the diligence just about to start anew, we darted out of the café with the air of having put one of the silver spoons in our pocket, and jumped into the vehicle. The postilion had already smacked his whip, and opened his jaws to pronounce the magic *yee!* which sets in motion the vast machine.

We began to breathe—when all on a sudden a voice of fate was heard from the police—

“Halt!—there is a traveller who has not produced his passport!” The functionary opened the door, and fixing his basilisk eyes upon the faces of the company, repeated the remark more mildly. We looked at him with the stolid gravity of a bullock; but it would not do.

“Will monsieur have the goodness to exhibit his papers?” said he, seizing us with his eye in an instant. We pulled forth our pocket-book mechanically, opened it slowly, and put the passport, with its maimed rites, into his hand. He read every word of it; compared the portrait of our person with the original; examined it back and front with infinite minuteness; and then returned it with a bow—without having discovered that it was worse than no passport at all!

From Provins, the scenery is varied by hills and valleys till, arriving at the town of Nogent, we meet again with the Seine.

This, we say, is the route for hasty travellers; but the idle wanderer will do well to embark in the steam-boat on the river, and proceed by this conveyance at least as far as Melun. The scenery, indeed, is not very striking for some distance after leaving Paris; but there is one point worthy of all observation—where the broad Marne mingles its waters with those of the Seine in so imposing a volume, that the spectator is at a loss to know why the united streams should take their name from the latter river.

But we must not look only with the eyes of the



Drawn by J. M. W. Turner R.A.

Engraved by J. C. Armistead.

Confederate of the Line and Marine

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senses ; for here there is much matter for the study of human nature. Owing to the *gentility* of the accommodation on one hand, and the cheapness of the fare on the other, the steam-boat is the resort of all classes, from the peasant girl who has visited the capital to lay out her year's earnings in a new cap, to the city-bred dame who comes forth once a-year to fright the Dryades with the ghastly features of town dissipation. Among the lower middle classes, or perhaps *middle middle* classes on board, we are again struck with a peculiarity we have perhaps mentioned before—the sort of familiarity which exists between female servants and their mistresses. They chat together, and laugh together like friends ; and the servants, enjoying themselves with the constant companion of their wanderings, a huge loaf, make no scruple of talking to their ladies with their mouths as full of bread as of words. One would absolutely think that these two classes of society, so distinct in manners, dress, and station, belonged to the very same species !

The most interesting objects for speculation, however, are a young wife and an old husband, who seem to belong to a class a little higher than that of the other passengers. The lady is a mere girl—perhaps not more than sixteen—and they appear to be newly married. She is beautiful, and conscious of her beauty. She looks at the old man like a queen regarding her slave ; and rather endures his services as matter of course than condescends to command them. Sometimes, however, his anxious unwearied assiduity produces a sudden change in her manner. She looks at

him kindly, and thanks him sweetly and earnestly : but by and by her thoughts flit away ; a shade of care descends upon her bright brow ; she looks back unconsciously along the wake of the vessel — her heart, young though it be, is busy with memories ! Look *forward*, poor girl ! — to look back is death. Learn to endure what you cannot avoid ; and know, that soon or late, time will bring round the revenges of nature.

At some distance from the confluence of the rivers, there is a handsome village on the right bank, where, in 1682, a princess of the house of Orléans built a château which qualified the name of the place, Choisy Mademoiselle. This was bought, however, by Louis XV., who spent vast sums of money in re-constructing it, when the village took the name of Choisy-le-Roi, which it still retains, although the keepers' lodges are all that remain of the royal dwelling.

Corbeil, an ancient but common-place-looking town, is built on both sides of the Seine, the two parts being connected by a very handsome bridge, beneath the arches of which we pass. This was a station fortified by Charles le Gros in the ninth century, to arrest the downward progress of the Normans towards the capital. Abelard came hither from Paris, followed by his camp of scholars ; and, in later times, Laharpe found an asylum here after his proscription.

After this, the banks of the Seine become more picturesque, diversified by hills, and dales, and woods ; but there is nothing which particularly demands the traveller's attention till he arrives at Melun, where we invite him to leave the steam-boat, for the purpose of

viewing more closely the place which is the subject of the opposite engraving.

It is no wonder that authors differ so fiercely as they do on abstract questions, when they cannot agree even on those subjected to the evidence of the outward senses. M. de Villiers, whose book we so often take up, in deference, perhaps, to the travelling authority of his title—Inspector of Posts—remarks thus of Melun : “ For our part, this town appears to us to take its place so naturally among those of which one says nothing, that we cannot imagine how we have been able to detain our readers here even so long as we have done.” Now, to *us*, Melun, in addition to being rich in historical associations, appeared to be one of the best-built, most substantial, and most respectable-looking towns in France !

It certainly is one of the most ancient, and in situation presents some analogy with Paris, being built on an island in the Seine, and on the two opposite banks. At the end of the island there is still pointed out, we know not with what correctness, a portion of a building said to be the remains of a temple of Isis. The vestiges, also, of its ancient château are still in existence, where Saint Louis lived, and where Robert and Philippe I. died. Amyot was born at Melun ; and Law received there his second birth, being converted to Catholicism preparatively to becoming grand financier.

We have not time to tell how this town was taken first by the Normans, and then by the English ; or how the latter people, being unable to capture it by

open force, reduced it by famine; and how, after garrisoning it for ten years, they were at last driven forth by the inhabitants. We cannot, however, omit a more important anecdote, mentioned by M. de Villiers himself, with the view of detaining his readers during the space which a town of six thousand inhabitants demanded. It conveys the origin of the common proverb of “the eels of Melun, which cry out before they are skinned.” It seems it was the custom here to represent the martyrdom of Saint Bartholomew, who, according to the tradition of the church, was skinned alive; and on one occasion the principal personage was enacted by an individual called Languille. This man, after being bound hand and foot to the cross, exhibited for some time sufficient saintly patience to do honour to his part; but at the sight of a blood-thirsty-seeming fellow advancing towards him, as the executioner, flourishing an immense eager-looking knife in his hand, he scandalised the audience by his cries of terror. Hence the proverb—“Languille crie avant qu’on l’écorche.”

We were well pleased to observe here the comfortable and primitive manner in which the people of our hôtel lived. After the table d’hôte was over, the landlord and landlady, with six servants, sat down to dinner at the table. It consisted of course of the remains of the feast; but they were not worse off than a late traveller would have been. The fare, excellent in itself (as we had discovered by personal experience half an hour before), and consisting of all varieties of meat, fish, and game, was served without stint to the



Engraved by W. Miller

A. Meduna

Drawn by J. M. Turner R. A.

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servants ; and even the wine appeared to us — although possibly some secret understanding may have existed — to be at their pleasure. The whole company talked freely and happily together ; and the voice of the kitchen scullion herself did not sink from its gleesome loudness, except when, sometimes, a glance at our national features in the distance, made her bethink herself of the *predjudices* of the English. This was the only thing in the entertainment we did not relish.

On leaving Melun, instead of pursuing our journey by the Seine, we put ourselves into the voiture for Fontainebleau, and crossing the river from the right bank, soon plunged into the shade of the forest. This immense wood, which is twelve leagues in circumference, with a surface of nearly thirty-three thousand acres, owing to the natural inequalities of the ground, is still picturesque, and sometimes grand, notwithstanding that it has been subjected to the operation of the same taste for mathematical lines, which has metamorphosed almost all the other forests of France into fashionable drives and lounges for nursemaids and children. “ It is fearfully beautiful,” says a French author ; “ those ancient oaks — those crumbling rocks, dark and shapeless — those blocks of granite, heaped upon one another as if by accident — those immense beeches, towering in the air, or lying prone upon the earth, blasted by thunder, or ready to fall in ruin upon our heads.” Even in the immediate neighbourhood of the château, where the vestiges of the presence of man are more numerous than elsewhere, the scene retains a character of wildness amounting almost to

the sublime. Looking down from a lofty eminence, you see on one hand the palace and town embosomed in dark masses of trees, which extend on all sides to the verge of the horizon ; on the other, you may fancy that you behold Solitude herself cradled in a deep glen, surrounded by granite cliffs, piled on one another in all the rudeness of primeval nature.

Fontainebleau is a paltry-looking town, with one wide street ; and the palace a collection of houses, imposing from the magnitude of the picture they present, but without character in any other way that we could discover. This royal abode has been the scene of so many important historical events, and all of them so well known, that perhaps we ought to pass by without touching upon them at all. The interview between Henri IV., however, and Biron, may be alluded to, as a trait of individual character rather than of history. It was here that Henri, for nearly two days, employed himself in endeavouring to soften the obduracy of his old comrade in arms, in order to obtain disclosures from him respecting the conspiracy, which would justify a pardon. All was in vain. The marshal remained obstinate to the last ; a reluctant warrant was granted by the king ; and he was carried in the middle of the night to Paris, and hung by torchlight in the court of the Bastille.

In the year 1642 a strange cortége presented itself at the gates of the castle. This was a movable chamber, carried by eighteen gardes-du-corps, marching with uncovered heads, and followed by another party ready to take their turn time about. This immense

machine was built of wood, richly ornamented, and covered externally with crimson damask. In the course of its journey, rocks had been levelled, and walls thrown down, to allow it to pass; and when at length it reached its destination, among a concourse of curious spectators, it was found to contain no less valuable a treasure than—Cardinal Richelieu. He had been seized with illness in Dauphiné, and, unable to endure the jolting of an ordinary carriage, had caused himself to be transported in this manner over the greater part of France. It was at least going to his grave by as easy a mode of travelling as could be devised. From Fontainebleau the chamber resumed its travels, and landed the cardinal finally at Paris, where he died.

If Fontainebleau was famous for nothing else than the murder of Monaldeschi, the secretary to Christina of Sweden, while she resided here, this extraordinary event would be sufficient in itself to make it one of the most remarkable places in Europe. Christina was no longer a queen, and Monaldeschi no longer a subject. He was her private secretary, her friend—her lover, as some suppose; perhaps a deceitful friend, perhaps a faithless lover. She received, apparently, proofs of his guilt in his own hand-writing; and, in the presence of Father Lebel, whom she had brought hither on purpose, and of three others, gentlemen of her suite, she dared him to deny his signature. The scene was curious. It took place in the Galerie des Cerfs, where Christina stood in the middle of the floor with her false friend or faithless lover. In the back-ground

were her three officers, all armed ; and the wondering ecclesiastic, as he entered the room, in obedience to the ex-royal summons, struck with the singularity of the picture, became alarmed he knew not why.

She called him *traitor* ; Monaldeschi threw himself at her feet ; and the three men drew their swords. But Christina did not give the signal. She listened calmly to what he had to say ; allowed him, with imperturbable patience, to draw her aside to a corner of the room that he might deliver his explanation unheard by the rest ; and, turning to Father Lebel, requested him to observe that she was in no haste to condemn. Her passion had been concentrated in the single word *traitor* ! and this having escaped, her heart was as still as death. After an hour's conference with the victim, she turned again to Lebel, and addressed him in a grave but moderate tone.

“ Father,” said she, “ I now retire, and leave you in charge of this man's soul. Teach him how to die ! ” The princess then left the apartment, slowly and loftily : the door shut behind her, and the executioners advanced. Monaldeschi threw himself on his knees before the ecclesiastic, not to confess, but to implore his intercession. The armed men themselves were moved ; and one of them went out to try whether their mistress had not yet relented. His blank visage, when he returned, declared the ill success of his errand ; and at length Father Lebel, in desperation, sought the queen himself, and first with supplication, then indignantly, demanded that she should stay her hand from so unheard-of a murder.

He threw himself on his knees, and implored her, by the memory of the wounds and sorrows of Jesus Christ, to have mercy on the victim. Christina expressed no impatience at the interference; she heard him calmly and graciously; merely replying, that she neither would nor ought to pardon a crime which, instead of simple death, deserved the wheel. The father then desired her to remember that she was not now in her own palace; that she was a guest in the house of Louis XIV.; and, that whatever her own views might be, it was necessary, before taking so extraordinary a step, to inquire how far it might correspond with the ideas of justice of the King of France. To this Christina replied, that she was a guest, indeed, but not a captive; that she should ever claim the liberty of doing justice in her own household family as she thought proper; and that as for the propriety or impropriety of her course of action, for that she was answerable to God alone.

When Father Lebel returned, and informed the victim of the result of his intercession, the unhappy man at length commenced the duties of the dying; but in such confusion of mind that he mingled several different languages in his recital. When he had finished, the almoner of the queen entered the room; and Monaldeschi, without waiting for absolution, sprang from his knees, and rushed towards him. They remained for some time in earnest conference; and at length some farther hope seemed to arise, for the almoner and the chief of the three armed men

went out. The latter, however, soon after returned alone.

“ Marquis,” said he, “ demand pardon of God, for there is no mercy below !” and pressing him up into a corner, he made a plunge at the victim’s breast with his sword. Monaldeschi, in the agony of mortal terror, seized hold of the blade with his hand, and three of his fingers were severed ; but the point of the weapon snapped upon a cuirass which he wore beneath his clothes. Seeing this, another of the assassins aimed at his face, with more effect ; and the unhappy wretch, perceiving now that he must die, begged that they would permit him to receive absolution. This done, he threw himself upon the floor, and received while falling, from one of the executioners, a tremendous blow upon the skull. He was as tenacious of life, however, as of hope. He did not die ; and they attempted, by repeated strokes, to sever his head from his body : but the coat of mail, and the collar of the doublet above it, interrupting the blows, they only mangled without slaying him.

At this moment the almoner re-entered the room ; and Monaldeschi, maimed, bleeding, and mangled as he was, crawled towards him. But there was no reprieve. The almoner only confessed and absolved him over again ; and the chief of the assassins, plunging his sword into his neck, silenced his lips for ever, although he did not cease to breathe for a quarter of an hour.

Perhaps it may be said that this anecdote is too

well known to demand even the above slight abridgement from the minute detail given by Father Lebel himself. We hope, however, that to some of our readers it will seem new; and in the same hope we append, in a note, a letter from Christina to Richelieu on the subject, which we consider the most prodigious instance of female audacity and queenly insolence on record.*

* “ Mons. Mazarin, ceux qui vous ont appris le détail de Monaldeschi, mon écuyer, étaient très-mal informés. Je trouve fort étrange que vous commettiez tant de gens pour vous éclaircir de la vérité du fait. Votre procédé ne devrait pourtant point m'étonner, tout fou qu'il est, mais je n'aurais jamais crû que ni vous ni votre jeune Maître orgueilleux eussiez osé m'en témoigner le moindre ressentiment.

“ Apprenez, tous tant que vous êtes, valets et maîtres, petits et grands, qu'il m'a plu d'agir ainsi; que je ne dois ni ne veux rendre compte de mes actions à qui que ce soit, surtout à des fanfarons de votre sorte. Vous jouez un singulier personnage pour un personnage de votre rang; mais quelques raisons qui vous aient déterminé à m'écrire, j'en fais trop peu de cas pour m'en intriguer un seul instant. Je veux que vous sachiez et disiez à qui voudra l'entendre, que Christine se soucie fort peu de votre Cour, et encor moins de vous; que pour me venger, je n'ai pas besoin d'avoir recours à votre formidable puissance. Mon honneur l'a voulu ainsi; ma volonté est une loi que vous devez respecter; vous taire est votre devoir; et bien des gens que je n'estime pas plus que vous, feraient très-bien d'apprendre ce qu'ils doivent à leurs égaux avant que de faire plus de bruit qu'il ne convient.

“ Sachez enfin, Mons. le Cardinal, que Christine est Reine partout où elle est, et qu'en quelque lieu qu'il lui plaît d'habiter, les hommes, quelques fourbes qu'ils soient, vaudront encore mieux que vous et vos affidés.

“ Le Prince de Condé avait bien raison de s'écrier, lorsque vous le reteniez prisonnier inhumainement à Vincennes: *ce vieux Renard ne cessera jamais d'outrager les bons serviteurs de l'Etat*, à moins que le par-

lement ne congédie ou ne punisse sévèrement cet illustrissime faquin de Piscina.

“ Croyez-moi donc, Jules ; comportez-vous de manière à mériter ma bienveillance ; c’est à quoi vous ne sauriez trop vous étudier. Dieu vous préserve d’aventurer jamais le moindre propos indiscret sur ma personne ; quoiqu’au bout du monde, je serai instruite de vos menées ; j’ai des amis et des courtisans à mon service, qui sont aussi adroits et aussi surveillans que les vôtres, quoique moins bien soudoyés.”

Quinze jours après cette lettre, le Roi de France, accompagné du Cardinal Mazarin et de toute sa Cour, vint rendre solennellement visite à la meurtrière de Monaldeschi.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CHAMPAGNE.

WE set out for the nearest point on the Seine, by a little country voiture, one of the most primitive-looking carriages we have yet seen, but the only public conveyance to the place where passengers sailing down the river, and whose destination is Fontainebleau, land from the steam-boat. The company consisted of two peasants; one of the former a sedate-looking man who conversed with us about one of the works of Mrs. Opie, with which he was well acquainted, and the other a “robustious periwig-pated fellow,” who speedily fell out with the driver, who sat in front of the whole. The driver seemed to have enough ado to scold, and swear, and drive, at the same moment; but when the argument terminated in a fight, in which handfuls of hair were lost on both sides, we could not sufficiently admire the dexterity with which he contrived, in the midst of all, that the rickety machine should trundle on as before.

Now, admirers of rude nature as we profess ourselves to be, we have no hesitation in confessing that we should have preferred the company of a couple of lords to that of our travelling champions. However, variety is every thing. On the outside of a stage coach in England, we can travel with lords any summer’s

day in the year ; but it was necessary to visit France, and journey with the peasantry, in order to see two men, after spouting a torrent of abuse, with innumerable odd and laughable oaths dancing like froth at the top, fix on one another's hair as the most pregnable portion of their enemy, and tear it out in handfuls.

On resuming our voyage up the river, we found that a considerable improvement had taken place in the character of the scenery. Indeed, there is perhaps no portion of the Seine where a greater multitude of sites of more beauty are to be found. The banks are bold and picturesque ; the hills on either side are covered with wood, and numerous seats and villages appear as we pass, with gardens arranged in terraces on the steep slopes above them. By degrees, however, as we proceed, the land begins to sink, and continues to grow tamer and tamer. The banks by and by are so flat, and their line so indefinite, obstructed perpetually by stones and sand-banks, that we can hardly believe we are really travelling on a great water-road. At length we reach Montereau, at the confluence of the Seine and the Yonne, where the former river retains little else than the name to remind us of our associations of grace and beauty.

This is a compact little town, with so much bustle in its principal street, that the traveller guesses its population at much more than the reality—somewhere about three thousand. It possesses nothing, however, worth remark, except, perhaps, a Gothic church, in which is preserved the sword of Jean sans Peur, Duke of Burgundy, who was assassinated here in the year

1419, in the presence of the Dauphin of France, afterwards Charles VII. The scene of this murder was one of the bridges of the town, long since destroyed and replaced.

During a portion of the year, a small steam-boat performs the voyage between Montereau and Nogent; but the water was at this time so low, on account of the extreme heat of the weather, that her operations were entirely suspended. We therefore set out in a voiture for the little town of Bray, which is about half way, trusting to Providence for the remainder of the journey, as no public carriage runs upon the road, and private ones, we heard, were sometimes difficult to be had.

The scenery improved a little as we proceeded, but only enough to avoid remark one way or other. Our fellow-passengers (who were neither lords nor peasants) had not a word to say for themselves; the conducteur was a solemn lump of humanity, and as empty as solemn people usually are; the horses were a pair of grave, grey, elderly brutes, who would not even wag their tails in the way of companionship. The banks, somehow, seemed to slide from beneath the vehicle; the trees looked dim and shadowy, now here and now there; sometimes we were hissing along in the middle of the river, and sometimes under it; but more frequently we were riding backwards to Montereau. All on a sudden we were thrown into the arms of a neighbour by the stopping of the voiture, and a discordant voice croaked at the same moment in our ear — “*Nous sommes arrivés!*”

For some moments we could not comprehend where we were—the *rows* of the Parisian students, the dancing and fiddling of the peasants of the Seine, and the death-screams of Monaldeschi, mingling in inextricable chaos in our brain. But the scene into which we had plunged so suddenly from the land of dreams at length explained itself, and the tumult of sounds, separating into its component parts, formed an intelligible whole.

The narrow street was crowded with youths and girls, hurrying to and fro; the former sometimes singing, sometimes hallooing, with what seemed to us a strange, unnatural mirth. Occasionally an old woman was seen in the throng, either snapping her fingers and screaming with shrill joy, or tottering along with a pale, anxious look, and silent but moving lips. Small troops of soldiers parading in the middle of the street,

“Gallant and grave, the lords of holiday,”

with their ceaseless drum reverberating through the avenues of the town, gave a military character to the confusion; and the clusters of ribands with which the hats of many of the young men were decorated, served as conclusive token, if any more were wanted, that we had arrived at Bray-sur-Seine at the moment when the Conscription was drawn.

Posting ourselves in a café which seemed the favourite resort, we watched the scene with much interest. The *sortes* were just going on in the neighbourhood; and news were brought every few minutes of the fate

of individuals, either by themselves in person, or by some of their friends. When a youth entered the room with the ominous riband in his hat, his face was in general flushed, and his manner confused and excited; but these tokens of emotion, if such they were, were drowned in an exhibition of boisterous mirth. One might have thought, at first sight, that it was the patronal fête of the town, rather than a day on which sons were torn from their mothers, brothers from their sisters, and young lovers from their sweet-hearts.

Sometimes, however, we saw a sudden shade descend upon one of these youthful and apparently happy brows. For a moment the thoughts of the conscript wandered, and the scene of tumult vanished from his eyes; but presently bursting from his reverie with a shout, he startled even his wild comrades by a song still louder and gayer than their own. Among the groups of women hurrying along the street, we observed one pale, fair, slight young creature, throw a hasty, searching, but apparently stolen, glance into the café as she glided by. She was observed also by a conscript who was then at the height of his mirth, in the middle of a military drinking-song, and with his glass held at arm's-length before him. His eye no sooner caught the pale apparition, than he stopped suddenly in the midst of a stanza, set down the untasted glass, and hurried out.

The soldiers, in the meantime, afforded a fine contrast, both moral and physical, and added greatly to the effect of the scene. Their erect, artificial-looking

figures, and weather-beaten faces, mingled well with the rounded lines and glowing cheeks of the young conscripts. They appeared to look with a kind of grave ridicule upon what was going on around them, as they accepted the offered wine or brandy, with a complacent shrug. Years, and war, and travel, and new sweethearts, had obliterated all their early recollections. Even the scene before their eyes had no power to call up those old associations, which sometimes make a man pause suddenly in the hurry of the world, and looking round bewildered, demand, in utter loneliness and desolation of heart — Is this a dream?

Although Bray and the next place on the route, Nogent, are both thriving towns — the former with a population of two thousand, and a considerable trade in grain, there is no public vehicle whatever on the five leagues of road between them. The steam-boat for two or three months in the year, is all the inhabitants have to trust to, except their own wagons, for the interchange of goods, if any takes place. For our part (having sent forward our baggage), we were only concerned about the transit of our person; and although many authors, we are aware, perform their journey very well without that incumbrance, we were loath to make the experiment. As for postchaises and cabriolets, it is possible that such things existed in the town — and even horses to draw them; but on this day such an article as a postilion, either sober or otherwise, was not to be had. It was necessary, therefore, either to remain at Bray till the people had slept off

the excitation of the conscription, or walk five leagues on one of the most broiling days of a broiling season.

In vain we ransacked the church, crossed the bridge, and prowled about the neighbourhood. There was nothing to be seen, nothing to be done. The thoughts excited by the foregoing scene had eaten one another up, like the rats of Montfaucon — all but one survivor; and this was nothing more than a dull, indefinite feeling of envy, a foolish, boyish fancy, that of all the multitude in the town of Bray, we alone had no one to rejoice with, or to grieve for, and no one who would grieve or rejoice with us. We resolved, therefore, to gird up our loins and walk; and we had no reason to repent our resolution.

This is the country of poplars. Groves and alleys of these graceful trees lined the road the whole distance. Sometimes the Seine was seen stealing among them, and sometimes the prospect opened, and displayed ranges of low hills in the distance. The little place we have just left was a frontier-town of the Brie Champenois, a portion of the ancient province of Champagne; but the vast plains from which it took its name are not visible here. The department of the Aube, however, which we are about to enter, and its neighbour, the Marne, has much of this monotonous character; and the country between Lezanne and Vitry, from its chalky, gravelly soil, has obtained the name—which the reader need not translate aloud—of Champagne Pouilleuse.

A considerable number of vines are seen on the low hills of the Brie; but the department of the Marne,

however uninteresting to the lover of the picturesque, is the richest in this produce. There grow the white wines of Aï, Pierry, Epernay, Mareuil, Sillery, Dizy, and Antvillers; and there the red wines of Aï, Epernay, Versenay, Bonzy, Taisy, Cumières, Verzy, Mailly, Saint Bâsle, and Saint Thierry.

In early times the whole province was famed for its commerce, and the fairs, especially, as already mentioned, were frequented by all Europe. The Counts of Champagne, perceiving at an early period the natural preponderance of wealth in the state, had recourse to the expedient of making the nobles rich by ennobling commerce. By becoming merchants, the nobles did not forfeit their nobility; but, on the contrary, there are numberless instances in the old charters of great lords *vivant marchandement*. While thus, however, they gave a share of the riches of trade to the high-born, they did not forget to open a path to nobility to the trader. A merchant was permitted to become noble himself by marrying the daughter of a noble; and thus, in carrying his fortune into her house, he at once rendered his own family illustrious, and conferred the splendour of wealth upon hers.

Louis Hutin struck a fatal blow at the fairs of Champagne by his edict forbidding all traffic with the Flemings, Genoese, Italians, and Provençals. Troyes was the entrepôt for all these merchants; who, thus driven away, performed their journey to each other's markets, either by sea or by the way of Germany. Several of the succeeding kings made every possible effort to recall them; but although it is an easy matter

to turn away the stream of commerce, even the power of kings is insufficient to lead it back again to its original bed. The same improvident prince, besides, by establishing enormous imposts upon the goods sold at the fairs, drove away a host of others, both buyers and sellers; and this is not surprising, if we consider that he ordered a brokerage of sixty per centum to be charged by the agent who, when the amount of the bargain was not paid in ready money, advanced the sum out of his own funds. This brokerage, as a matter of course, was *farmed* for the profit of the king; and Louis very soon found that he had killed his goose with the golden eggs.

About the same time, the rights of péage exacted by the barons, if not so oppressive, were so singular and so absurd, that we are tempted to give the substance of a few of them from the “Pancarte du droit de péage du Comté de Lesmont,” preserved by the antiquarian Grosley in his *Ephémérides*.

A horse with four white feet, free of toll.

A man loaded with glass and bottles, two deniers.

The same, if he exposes his goods for sale in the said country, must give up the second glass, at the choice of the Sieur Comte de Lesmont, receiving from the said comte the glass full of wine.

A Jew passing through the said comté must kneel before the gate of the said Sieur Comte de Lesmont, or of his farmer, and receive a buffet.

A tinker, travelling with his gear, must pay two deniers, if he does not like better to say a Pater and an

Ave before the gate of the said *Sieur Comte de Lesmont*, or of his farmer.

It is curious that a people who had so keen an eye to the commercial riches of this world, should have been, of all others, the most anxious to lay up for themselves treasures in heaven. It is scarcely half a century since Champagne was crowded with convents and abbeys; and since, its episcopal and archiepiscopal cities reckoned almost as many churches as houses! The credulity of the population goes beyond any thing recorded by history of a civilised people.

So late as the middle of the eighteenth century, the host of a public-house at Troyes finding himself with a couple of hogsheads of wine in his cellars, and only a very few customers in his café, bethought himself of a plan for attracting a crowd to the spot. He lived just opposite the church of Saint Remi, and being a publican of great sanctity, had been in the habit of contemplating, like the other inhabitants, with suitable veneration, an *Ecce Homo* behind the choir. This was a gigantic image of our Saviour, cut out of the solid stone, in a sitting posture, and popularly known by the name of the Gros Dieu of Saint Remi. Our publican placed himself one day before the Gros Dieu, and began to shout—"A miracle!"

"Behold!" said he, "the blessed image has changed its posture. Before, it looked to the south—it now looks to the north!" Now there was not one man, woman, or child, in the town, who had not been in the habit of bending daily before this Gros Dieu; but

the evidence of their senses was nothing to the magical word "miracle." All agreed that the figure had actually turned, while the stone in which it was cut, and of which it formed a part, remained unmoved! The whole town assembled; the whole town bore testimony to the miracle; and the Gros Dieu was surrounded by a manifold hedge of lighted tapers and kneeling worshippers. The Procureur du Roi at last had the inhumanity to destroy an illusion so flattering to the piety of the parishioners of Saint Remi. He traced the report to its origin; and the publican, under the threat of imprisonment, was compelled to acknowledge the trick. He added, that the result had far exceeded his expectation, three hogsheads of wine, in addition to the original two, having been miraculously emptied by the multitude.

In Champagne, the excommunication of rats and other creatures hurtful to the property of man, was a common process; and in the *Ephémérides* mentioned above (now a scarce book, we believe) the curious reader will find entire a sentence pronounced in the year 1516 by the Official of Troyes against the urebecs, a sort of caterpillar which destroys the buds of the vine. This singular document, which is given in the original Latin, commands the urebecs to retire from the lands of Villenauxe within the space of six days from the date thereof, and apprises them, that if ever they presume to return, they will be subjected to the pains of excommunication. The inhabitants are recommended, besides, to strengthen with their own prayers the influence exerted on their behalf by the

church, and, above all things, to take care to pay their tithes.

Lest the simple reader, however (if there be such a *rara avis*), should be surprised at the grace of six days accorded to the urebecs, we beg permission to enlighten him by the following anecdote of nearly the same date.

The neighbourhood of Autun was at this time ravaged by incredible swarms of field-mice, and the peasants after vainly exerting the temporal arm, had recourse to the spiritual. They repaired in a body to the Official, and begged him earnestly to excommunicate the field-mice, and send them forth for ever from the country, under pain of being burnt alive. This application threw the holy personage to whom it was addressed into a two-fold embarrassment; he did not dare to insinuate any doubt of the power of such excommunication, and he did not dare to try the experiment, lest the field-mice should not comprehend him.

In this dilemma he laid the case before M. Chas-senée, the King's Advocate, who, being a man of more talent, treated very lightly the scruples of the Official.

"Why," said he, "you know, as it is a question of legal process, according to the canon law, things cannot be done in a hurry. Where is the difficulty about the matter? You must assign the said mice their tribunal; you must give them space to appear and reply; you cannot even condemn them, through contumaciousness, without every reasonable delay; and by that time —"

“ Oho !” cried the ecclesiastic ; and, with a wink of infinite meaning, he laid his finger on his nose. The people found all this nothing more than just and legal ; advocates were employed on both sides ; a process commenced ; and after many pleadings *pro* and *con*, an instruction was obtained against the mice, and they were excommunicated without mercy. This was doubly hard upon these poor animals, for the rains and frosts of winter set in at the same instant, and would have dislodged them at any rate !

There are many jokes against the Champenois, which we have the less scruple in alluding to, as, at the present day, they are mere jokes. They are accused of possessing a simplicity of character which degenerates into absolute folly. “ They are as silly,” say these mauvais plaisants, “ as their own sheep ;” and a story is then quoted from Cæsar, which the reader will look for in vain in the Commentaries, to support the assertion. From this it appears, that when the Roman general conquered Gaul, he imposed a tax upon all the Tricasses* who possessed a flock of a hundred sheep. This was doubtless a great hardship ; and the cunning Champenois, for the purpose of eluding it, immediately resorted to the expedient of dividing their charges into droves of ninety-nine. This, however, would not do. The fiscal officer counted the shepherd with his flock, reckoning that ninety-nine sheep and one Tricassis made out a hundred beasts !

To this day the Dijonnais call their neighbours, the

* The inhabitants of the country of Troyes in Champagne.

Langrois, the *fools of Langres*; and we should not omit to mention, that in the days when such things were in fashion at the French court, Troyes enjoyed the exclusive honour and privilege of furnishing the king with fools. In our time the Champenois retains nothing of his original character, except a certain goodness and amiability of disposition which are supposed, in this wicked world, to be component parts of folly. He sings and dances — no one dances more; and his heart is as light and merry as his own sparkling, flashing wine. As for the Troyen, although we have not yet reached his ancient city, we think it our duty, by way of a *per contra*, to present the reader with his eulogium drawn up by one of his own townsmen.

“ The true Troyen is frank, earnest, determined in his opinion, obstinate in his tastes and purposes. His spirit, more ingenious than fine, less brilliant than solid, is capable of any thing demanding application. Naïf, easy, without stiffness in his commerce with society, he loves pleasantry, raillery, and noisy pleasures. Although frequently open to the defects and absurdities of his neighbours, he is only offended by foppery. Despising compliments, which to him appear the sure sign of falsehood, and detesting in the same degree pride and meanness, he suffers constraint with impatience. He is little adapted for servitude, and little skilled in gallantry and small-talk. An obliging friend, an amiable enemy, he is the first to seek reconciliation. Careful, attentive to his interests, he knows how to ally magnificence with economy. Capable of

work, of care, of attention, of details, he yet dreads continued labour; he flies it from a certain softness of mind which sometimes leads him to indolence. In general, he is less capable of acquiring than of preserving. Attached to his country, his town, his fireside, he yet gives himself up to strangers, who occasionally make him their dupe. If ambition, interest, or views of gain, obtain the mastery over his mind, which, however, is rarely the case, he becomes laborious, active, indefatigable; he learns to flatter and insinuate; one would take him for a Gascon, if his speech did not betray him. For the rest, the circumstance is very rare, of a Troyen quitting his province with the firm purpose of making a fortune and not fulfilling that purpose."

CHAPTER XIX.

TROYES.

Just before entering Nogent, we obtained a very beautiful peep of the Seine stealing along between its rows of poplars. We then entered a busy bustling town, very well pleased with our journey, and the reflections it had given rise to.

These are the best part of a journey. What are palaces or ruins, if you cannot connect them with their associations, and fill up their vacant precincts with the shadows of history? What are rocks, and mountains, and rivers, if you cannot feel this moral relationship with the soul of man? It is this identification of himself with the things of external nature, and even with the works of art, which forms to poetical minds the charm of the musings of the wandering Childe. There is no other poem existing in which the *inanimate* objects are so redolent of life; because no other poet ever felt so exquisite a consciousness that he was himself what an old author calls "a piece of the universe." In general, the sons of genius play the part of Pygmalion, and animate, through the influence of the god, their own creations. Byron found the whole world and its very minutest component parts

alive and breathing, and stirring with the same kind of ghostly energy which he felt within himself.

All this, no doubt, is wide of the matter of our present journey; but it is the privilege of the idlers of literature to wander at will from the wayside. Let him whose genius and fortune direct him to nobler aims, pursue steadily that onward path in which he is followed by the admiring eyes of the world. For us, poor summer vagrant, loiterer on the outskirts of the sacred hill, whose fate it is to see the annual garlands we have been at the trouble of gathering thrown away, trampled, and forgotten in an hour — why we claim gipsy's law and gipsy's liberty !

Nogent-sur-Seine is, as we have said, a busy bustling town, and it is nearly twice as large as Bray, and this is nearly all that it is necessary to say about it. It, however, notwithstanding the want of ready communication with the latter town, is considered to be the entrepôt of commerce for the whole department of the Aube; and in earlier times was a place of still more importance. The principal hôtel is very miserable, and as dirty as hôtel need be; and altogether, it was with considerable satisfaction we found ourselves the next morning walking briskly away from it across the fields, at the same moment that the lark began his matins.

The walks by the river side are very agreeable at both ends of the town, but more especially so in the direction we are now taking. The Seine is speedily to lose its character of a navigable river; and already its low green banks, shelving over the water, or a bed

between of sand and gravel, give it an appearance wholly different from any it has yet assumed. After a pleasant stroll of two leagues and a half, just sufficient to stretch the limbs before breakfast, we reached, to our great surprise, at Pont-sur-Seine, a very neat and entirely new suspension-bridge. The purpose of our present walk was to see this little town, and the ruins of a remarkable château mentioned by Richard, after which we intended to rejoin the great road and wait for the diligence.

The contrast between the village of Pont-sur-Seine—for there must be some strange blunder in Richard's "*petite ville sur la Seine, au confluent de cette rivière avec l'Aube — population deux milles,*"—the contrast, we say, between the village and its bridge is one of the most curious imaginable. The former is a village of the middle ages, preserved even to this moment in uncontaminated antiquity, and the latter a trim, self-sufficient, mathematical specimen, in body and spirit, of the nineteenth century.

Where all the men were, Heaven knows, for we did not see a single face masculine except that of the toll-keeper of the bridge; and he, poor man! was followed from his den by his wife, and at least a dozen female children, to gape at the unaccustomed traveller and his sous. The inhabitants were women, with complexions of the deepest Asiatic hue, and all, we believe, without exception, considerably beyond the three-score and ten years of human life. They sat at work, in parties of some half-dozen, not at their doors, but in

the middle of the street — a fact which proves that the invention of wheeled carriages had not yet been adopted in Pont-sur-Seine.

After insinuating our way as gallantly as possible through those antiquities, we prepared to view, in the ruins of the ancient château, a monument as venerable as themselves. Alas! these ruins exist only in the book of M. Richard. They have now vanished, and on their site has arisen a great, glaring house, built in exceedingly bad taste. The view, however, after we regained the road, which we found on the top of a hill overlooking the village, was sufficient to compensate for the trouble of a much longer walk, and the rather that it afforded almost the only prospect worth noting till we reached Troyes.

The approach to this ancient capital of Champagne would be fine at any rate, but coming in as a relief to the monotony of the route, one unconsciously exaggerates its beauty. Seated in the midst of a plain, however, covered with rich plantations, through which the Seine, cut into numerous branches, rushes with energy, and surrounded by ditches and ramparts, above which appear the dark roofs and spires of the city, Troyes certainly breaks upon the traveller's view in a very imposing attitude.

It is all imposition. We no sooner enter the gates than we find ourselves in a mean and miserable town, without even that character of the picturesque which almost always belongs to antiquity. The houses, old without dignity, are chiefly built of wood, and the streets are narrow without the grotesque irregularity

which, in the ancient part of Rouen for instance, so amply compensates for inconvenience. The only thing which can make the city tolerable at all as a place of residence is the walk round the ramparts; and even there, solitude is the principal charm. The ditch in some places is extravagantly wide, and considerable trees grow even at the bottom, while beyond, interminable groves and alleys shut in the view abruptly. Looking one way, you may fancy yourself in a wood; but you no sooner turn your head than the walls and roofs of houses, to which even those seen from the ramparts of Calais are palaces, produce a disagreeable conviction that you stand within the precincts of a city.

The cathedral is the edifice most worthy of notice. It is of vast extent; the vaults are more than commonly bold; and there is much grandeur in the general proportions. Among other curiosities which it contained is one which it contains no longer. This was the statue of a bishop in the act of performing the ceremony of marriage, who received from the people the name of Saint Eternon. Certain old women, who went piously through their *neuvaines*, or nine days' devotion, at length acquired so much influence with the saint as to whisper in his ear, with unfailing effect, the names of the young people who had a vocation for matrimony, and who were willing to pay for such interference. Whether this gave scandal to the authorities or not, we cannot say; but the statue was removed to a house in the neighbourhood, and from that unlucky day the number of marriageable, but unmarried, girls at



Engraved by J. C. Armytage.

Drawn by J. M. W. Turner R. A.

Thouze

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Troyes “ has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished.”

In the church of Saint Jean, the memorable marriage took place of our Henry V. with Madame Catharine of France, daughter of Charles VII. On the 21st of May (1420, according to the *Art de vérifier les Dates*), the contract was drawn up “ *soubs des conditions extresment inhumaines,*” and published at the crossways of the town. On the 30th, the marriage was performed in the parish church; and, for the offering, the happy pair gave each three nobles, with two hundred nobles to the church, “ *et feurent les soupes au vin faictes en la magniere accomtumée et le lit bénit.*” The English, add the chroniclers, were on that day so richly arrayed in cloth of gold and silk, loaded with precious stones, that the French and Burgundians wondered where so much wealth could have come from. Besides the above-mentioned liberality, Henry presented to the church the crown in which he was married, and his mantle of brocade, sprinkled with gold flowers and eagles. The crown, of gilded copper, ornamented with gold, still exists as portion of a reliquary of the True Cross.

In the church of Saint Etienne are the tombs of the Counts, of which the most worthy of notice is that of Count Henri, surnamed the Liberal. A story of this prince’s liberality is told by Joinville with exquisite quaintness. It appears he was one day going up the steps of Saint Etienne, accompanied by Ertaut de Nogent, a bourgeois, whom he treated as a friend, and who had made a large fortune in his service. His

path was obstructed by a poor knight kneeling on the steps, who addressed his prince, according to a usage of the time, in these words :—

“ Sir, I beg of you, for the love of God, to give me wherewith to marry my two daughters, whom you see here !”

“ Sir Knight !” cried Ertaut, interposing ; “ this is uncourteous. My lord has already given so much that he has nothing more to give.”

“ Sir Villein !” said Count Henri the Liberal, turning sternly to his dependant, “ you have spoken falsely in asserting that I have nothing more to give—for I have *you* ! Here, Sir Knight ; I bestow this man upon you, and warrant him your bondsman !” The knight, it may be supposed, sprang upon his prize like a tiger ; and the historian adds, that he did not loose his hold till Ertaut had bought himself off with a fine of five hundred livres.

The church of Saint Jacques-aux-Nonnains depended formerly upon the abbey of Notre-Dame-aux-Nonnains, the abode of a nun, whose sudden desire to become a hermitess drew from Saint Bernard one of the most admirable letters ever written. “ ‘ What !’ you ask,” says the saint, in the course of a piece which we regret much we have no room to give entire ; “ ‘ What ! is it imprudence to fly from the opulence, the grandeur, the pleasures of a large city ? Shall I not be more secure from my own weakness in the depths of a desert, where I can be wholly His to whose service I am consecrated ?’ By no means, my dear daughter. The wilderness has its delights, the forest its shades,

and solitude its dangerous silence—all the more dangerous, since the eyes of our fellows are not there. No one sees us—nothing upholds us; the tempter approaches with confidence, and the recluse falls insensibly.” * * * “In a word,” continues he, “you are either one of the foolish virgins, or one of the wise virgins; for the parable of the Gospel admits of no intermediate class. If of the former, the community is necessary to you; if of the latter, you are necessary to the community.”

At the church of Saint Loup, the canons were accustomed to carry in the processions of the Rogations a great winged dragon, who opened his eyes and jaws, and flapped his wings by means of springs moved by cords. The children of the town were of course greatly delighted with the spectacle, and amused themselves with throwing cakes into the monster’s mouth. At the first procession, *la Chair Salée*, for such was his name, appeared adorned with garlands, and was betrothed; on the second day, decked with ribands and trinkets, he was married; and on the third, stripped of all his finery, he died, and was carried into the church tail foremost. This custom, which was not peculiar to Troyes, lasted there till the year 1728, when the curé shut the doors against the hideous absurdity.

Still more strange was a procession which took place in most of the churches of Champagne before Easter, on a day when the part of the service called the Hallelujah is omitted. In general, the Hallelujah was buried with great pomp, and with all the religious

ceremonies for the dead ; but the “ Fools of Langres” *whipped* it out of the temple ! They wrote upon a spinning top the word Alleluia, and the children of the choir, at the time appointed by the ritual, came in procession, with cross and banner, and, amidst psalms and canticles and the thunder of the organ, scourged it into the street.

Perhaps after this the diablerie of Chaumont will appear a trifle not worth mentioning. To prepare for the fête of Saint John, the people went out in a body, dressed and painted like demons, and scoured the highways for three leagues, robbing every body they met. With the money thus piously obtained, they erected theatres for the representation of the different adventures of the saint ; and on the important day the clergy walked in procession to the spectacle. This was not suppressed till the beginning of the last century.

The omnipotence of the priests in this state of things may be easily imagined ; and in fact there is one circumstance which occurred at Auxerre that surpasses, in our opinion, every thing of the kind recorded in history.

Pierre, grandson of Louis-le-Gros, and afterwards emperor of the East, on returning from a crusade, quarrelled with the bishop of Auxerre, of which he was the temporal lord, and his estates were put under interdict. On presenting himself in the middle of the town, he found the church shut, and the chapels hung round with black. The consternation of the people was at the highest ; for the very atmosphere was polluted by the dead bodies of their kinsmen that

were left unburied. While the lord of the place, as he looked round upon the scene, was gnashing his teeth with rage, the wife of one of his officers came rushing up to him like a maniac, and with insults and execrations for the calamity he had brought upon the country, laid her dead child at his feet.

The smothered fury of Pierre immediately burst forth; and he commanded his soldiers to bury the little corpse in the very chamber of the vindictive bishop, at the foot of his bed: and this was done. The churches and convents resounded the while with dismal sounds; funereal hymns floated on the air; the banners of the dead were displayed; and the priests denounced, with terrible voices, the judgments of the Lord upon the devoted city. Wives were commanded to separate from their husbands, children from their parents, and servants were absolved from allegiance to their masters. The curse fell even upon the domestic animals, the associates of man, and upon the aliments which preserve his life of sin and misery. The whole town was struck with horror and dismay. The name of Pierre was pronounced as that of a wretch abhorred of earth and Heaven; his soldiers turned away their heads when he looked at them; and his servants fled from before his face.

The Bishop of Auxerre now issued his commands with confidence; and the prince obeyed. He walked in procession on the Sunday of the Rameaux, barefoot and in his shirt, to the house of the prelate; disinterred the corpse with his own hands; placed it upon his back, and thus carried it to the cemetery!

But we are wandering from Troyes, and this we cannot afford, however short may be the distance, since our wanderings are so near an end. Besides its ecclesiastical antiquities, there are the remains of some ancient baths, on the arm of the Seine at the western angle of the town, which ought to receive the attention of the traveller.

The baths of Troyes lay between one of the streets and the river; and appear to have consisted of five vaulted apartments on the ground floor containing the baths, and other conveniences for the bathers above. A wide gallery ran along the building in all its length on the river-ward side. These, however, were only the baths of the men; those of the women, about a gunshot lower down, were destroyed by fire, and even their ruins subsequently removed.

Early in the sixteenth century, the use of linen became general, and frequent bathing was not so imperatively demanded as before, either for the purposes of cleanliness or health. From this period, therefore, the public baths began to vanish; but up to that time they were established in every town in France. They were frequented, however, not only by bathers, but by idlers of all kinds. Some went to wash themselves in water, and some in steam; but many more to talk over the news of the day in an atmosphere more pleasing in point of temperature than the open air. The baths at length became altogether a place of amusement and debauchery; and a synodal statute at Avignon, published in 1441, prohibited ecclesiastics from entering them, "*quod dictæ stupræ sunt prostibulosæ, et in eis*

meretrícia prostibularia publicè ac manifestè committuntur."

But in the more northern parts of the kingdom, the rules of decency and propriety were observed probably to the last; and a man who presumed to enter the baths of the females, would not only have been punished by the ecclesiastical law, but would have incurred the popular infamy which attached to Clodius on a similar interference with the mystic rites of women. It was, perhaps, thought at the time, an interdict still more necessary, which forbade the Jews and Jewesses to pollute the waters with their touch. "When will ye go into the baths to wash yourselves?" became the periphrasis made use of by the preachers in inviting into the true fold the strayed sheep of Israel.

We have already mentioned Count Henri the Liberal, and it would be unpardonable to conclude without some notice of a still more celebrated prince of Champagne—more especially as the latter is said by some authors to have died at Troyes.

Thibaut IV., the minstrel-count of Champagne, was equally celebrated for his love and his verses, and his history presents the spectacle, so extraordinary in a barbarous age, of a great and powerful prince being ruled, for the greater part of his life, by a passion which, in general, although all-powerful in romance, has but little to do with the destinies of nations. He was tall and elegant in person, and possessed that union of the amiable and majestic in appearance which captivates the eye of woman. He was not a mere poet, like those of later times — no dreaming minstrel to

woo Solitude for his love, and make verses to the moon ; he was first in arms as well as in song, and managed the lance as skilfully as the pen, and moreover “ *onques ne fut qui connut mieux l’art de bien dire aux dames.*”

Thibaut, like most men, owed his virtues and accomplishments to his mother ; but Blanche of Navarre committed the mistake of sending her son, when yet in the heyday of proud, ardent, and inexperienced youth, to the court of the all-beautiful Blanche of Castile. She was fifteen years older than the youthful count ; but the soul of a boy of genius can never mate itself among his equals in age. She was the Queen of France—but what of that ? A true poet can always soar to his “ *bright particular star,*” even if she neither can nor will descend to him. Thibaut loved and sung, and all Europe rang with the praises of his lofty mistress. In vain the husband of the queen, Louis VIII., manifested his displeasure : the fiery youth made love to his consort before his very eyes.

It is not known what was the precise degree of encouragement which he received ; but he followed her wherever she went ; he continued to celebrate her in his songs, and to send her poems, which Blanche did not send back. At length Louis died, and the queen seized the regency. The fiercer nobles rebelled ; they disdained the sway of a woman ; and Blanche’s government began to totter. Then Thibaut came upon the scene. In a moment her minstrel-lover was at her side ; and, renowned in arms as well as song, he held the discontented in check. But this was a critical

moment. Blanche was now a widow, and the sovereign Count of Champagne, one of the most powerful of her subjects, might reasonably demand her hand as the reward of his protection. This did not come into the arrangements of the fair Castilian. To have a man love, and sing, and bleed, and die for her, was all very well, but to marry a vassal of France was another thing. She signified, with little delicacy, what was passing in her mind.

Thibaut threw himself, in the desperation of insulted love, into the arms of the malcontents, who joyfully elected him their chief. Here is a situation for tragedy—which Blanche turned into comedy. She merely sent, by the same messenger who had been accustomed to bring her his poems, to desire an interview; and the poor count forgot his oath and his honour at her feet.

This exigence was no sooner over than he was again neglected and disdained. Again he became her enemy; and again she brought him to her footstool by a word and a smile. His character as a man of honour gone, his influence in the state diminished, Thibaut at length looked back with horror upon a life lavished on a vain and fantastic love, which should have been devoted to glory. Besides, his mistress was now growing *old*; and when Blanche ventured to drive him away for the twentieth time, he replied in the following stanza:—

“Amour le veut, et ma dame m’en prie,
Que je m’en pars; et je moult l’en merci;
Quand, par le gré, ma dame m’en chasti,
Meilleur raison ny voy à ma partie.”

These were the last verses sent by the Count of Champagne to Blanche of Castile.

The abundance of water at Troyes, and the rushing noise of the various branches of the river, as they perform cheerfully their mechanical duties in the service of millers, paper-makers, and other manufacturers, would lead the traveller to imagine that the Seine was increasing in volume rather than diminishing. We are approaching, however, surely, although slowly, to the point where this river—so beautiful and so majestic—might serve for the sport of a boy to leap over it with closed feet.

The next place worthy of any notice on the route is the little town of Bar-sur-Seine. This was the scene of many a dreadful struggle between the Catholics and Calvinists. Bar-sur-Seine appears to have been the chosen arena. It was taken, retaken, sacked, burnt; and the annals of this little town exhibit, perhaps, more traits of atrocity than those of any other place in France before the massacre of Saint Bartholomew. At one time the Troyens pursued a large body of Calvinists, with their wives and children, to Bar-sur-Seine, and put the whole to the sword, with the exception of ten or twelve whom they took prisoners. One of these, an unhappy man called Pierre Clément, lord of Pouilly, was condemned to be hung; but maintaining his faith to the last against the persuasion of two priests who tried to convert him on the scaffold, he was torn down alive by the infuriated populace. The soles of his feet were roasted at a fire; his eyes were torn out;—but the pen refuses to pursue the sickening detail. The

miserable wretch was at length thrown over the bridge into the river.

The promenade on the banks of the Seine is delightful; and a little chapel, dedicated to Our Lady, which we meet on a hill, as we proceed on our journey, surrounded by woods and groves, is a shrine which the pilgrim of nature should not pass without visiting. The next place is a small town, or rather village, called Mussy-sur-Seine, and immediately after we enter into the department of the Côte d'Or, a portion of ancient Burgundy.

When the Pope, or anti-Pope, Benedict XIII. resided at Avignon, Philippe-le-Hardi was deputed to endeavour to shake the resolution of the pontiff, who had resolved to remain there with his court. Among other presents, however, he unfortunately gave twenty *queues* of Beaune to the cardinals; and this, if we are to believe Petrarch, frustrated his views. "In Italy," says the lover of Laura, "there is no vin de Beaune; and our prelates, after once tasting it, could not enjoy life without a beverage which is to them the fifth element."

This was in 1395, so that the wines of Burgundy boast a reputation of some antiquity. The strange thing is, that the ecclesiastics had not only the reputation of being passionately fond of good wine, but were, in fact, the best brewers of that fifth element. When the monks of Dijon sent a proclamation through the streets, by sound of trumpet, that they had wine to sell, not a merchant in the city could sell a drop till their stock was exhausted. The trumpeter, on these occa-

sions, appeared in the garb of a priest, clothed with a surplice.

The best wines of Burgundy are not on this side of the capital, Dijon, but beyond it, on the ranges of hills, or eminences, called the Côte de Nuits, and the Côte Beaunoise. The former produce the famous wines of la Romanée, the Clos de Vangeot, Chambertin, Richebourg, la Tâche, Nuits, and Chambolle; the latter those of Vollenay, Pomard, Beaune, and Lapeyrière, and the excellent white wines of Montrachet and Meursault. It is said, however, that in the course of the last half-century a degeneration has been going on in the wines of Burgundy, accounted for by the avarice of the growers, who prefer the most fruitful plants without regard to their quality, and who force vines, by means of manure, on lands where nature never intended them to grow.

The wines of the Côte d'Or, when genuine, are the best and most wholesome in France; for this reason, that they neither require, nor will bear, the *doctoring* which is absolutely necessary to most others. They possess in themselves all the high qualities which constitute a good wine, and are destroyed by the slightest adulteration or admixture,—like those Venetian glasses which are said to have burst in pieces at the touch of poison. The white Burgundy mousseux, lately produced in imitation of Champagne, has not the rich flavour of the latter, but is more agreeable to some palates. Partaking also of the generous nature of the red wines of this district, it is much stronger; and he who is in the habit of

drinking Champagne in the *draughts* customary at English tables, will find it a dangerous substitute.

In the arrondissement of Beaune, a table of observation was kept for thirty-seven years, which presents some results that are highly curious :

1. In those thirty-seven years, the vintage took place twenty years in September, and seventeen years in October.

2. Of the twenty September crops, eleven were good, and nine bad or middling; while those of October were all inferior or middling.

3. Of the whole thirty-seven vintages, four were extraordinary in point of abundance, thirteen good, and twenty middling, bad, or entire failures.*

The next town to Bar is Chatillon-sur-Seine; and here the aspect of the country is altogether changed. Surrounded by mountain, heath, and woods, we might imagine ourselves in Scotland. The Seine receives here the little river Douix, and its stream becomes narrower and narrower above the confluence. Chatillon was a residence of the dukes of Burgundy of the first race; and in 1814, a conference held here between the ambassadors of Napoleon and the allied sovereigns attracted again the attention of Europe to the spot.

Our task now begins to narrow like the river; and our pages would soon become as barren as the

* From a periodical pamphlet, entitled "France Pittoresque" (which should be entitled "France Statistique") by M. A. Hugo, a brother of M. Victor Hugo. Such a work is much wanted, and would certainly succeed, in England. We invite the attention of the speculators in cheap literature to the subject.

rude country through which we are journeying, because their subject—denuded of the historical and pictorial interest which has hitherto redeemed them—would require to be—ourselves. We pass through a few little villages, and see two or three little streams lend their waters to swell the pigmy current of the Seine. Chanceaux comes last; and a little way beyond, with hills, and rocks, and forests, around us, darkness above, and barrenness below, we arrive at the termination of our journey, and insult the infant Hercules at our feet by springing across its cradle!

THE END.

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